

Los Angeles Times For Liberty and Law, Equal Rights and Industrial Freedom

BY THE YEAR, \$9.00. (Six Months, postpaid, \$5.00. Three Months, postpaid, \$2.50.) SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1912. PRICE: (Single Copies, on Streets and Trains, 5 Cents. For Month, Per Copy, Delivered, 15 Cents.)

PROPOSED GRAND LARCENY OF CALIFORNIA REPUBLICAN ELECTORS.

THE expected has been announced. Today's dispatches from Sacramento state that Gov. Johnson and his sub-bosses have determined to abandon the third party idea in California and to carry on their campaign for Roosevelt masked as the Republican party. This means that they propose to nominate as Republican Presidential Electors men who, if elected in November, will violate their obligation and vote for Roosevelt in the Electoral College instead of for the Republican nominee, President Taft. This bold declaration is a call to arms to the real Republicans, the Taft Republicans of California. Straight, honest Taft candidates for Electors must be placed on the ballot by petition. There is no other way. It would be a craven thing to fail to do it or to delay the necessary work. The fight is on!

SEVEN SLAIN BY HEAT.

Summer Season Is Open in East. Great Lakes Region Swelters in Humid Atmosphere at High Temperature. Horses Drop Dead in Chicago Streets—No Relief for Three Days. Iowa Cities, St. Louis and Cincinnati Suffer—Poor Beg for Ice.

War Scene Shifting. Rebels Change Tactics in Mexico. Organized Revolution to Be Supplanted by Methods of Guerrillas. Two Thousand Rebel Soldiers Reach Juarez in Retreat from Chihuahua. Orozco Will Now Direct His Forces Toward Devastation of Sonora.

Political Leaders in Panama Republic. Conflicting Ambitions. Of Porras and Arosemena, chiefs of the rival forces in Panama, are supposed to have been the ground for rioting in Panama in which American firemen and marines are reported to have been roughly handled, one killed and a number fatally and seriously injured.

FATAL RIOT IN PANAMA AROUSES WASHINGTON. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) WASHINGTON, July 5.—Officials here supposed that what was at first believed to be nothing more than one of the common rows peculiar to the "red light" district in Panama may actually have a very serious foundation and may be connected in a way with the political situation.

CHIHUAHUA IS TAKEN WITHOUT RESISTANCE. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) CHIHUAHUA (Mex.) July 5.—Federal cavalry took possession of the city of Chihuahua this afternoon. No resistance was offered by the rebels, who moved north along the Mexican Central toward Juarez. No disorders occurred. Gen. Orozco, who was at Saus, (Continued on Thirteenth Page.)

THIRTY-ONE DEAD AND MANY FATALLY INJURED. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) LATROBE (Pa.) July 5.—Twenty-one persons were killed and thirty injured, a number fatally, at 3:40 o'clock this afternoon when a passenger train on the Ligonier Valley Railroad was smashed by a double-header freight train. Only one passenger escaped without injury. The accident occurred at the fair grounds at Wilpen, one and a half miles from Ligonier, a summer resort.

CUMMINS QUILTS COLONEL; CAPERS FOLLOWS SUIT. Iowa Senator Finds Nothing to Allure in Party that Is Founded on Disappointment and Egotism—South Carolina Committeeman Reminds Third-Term Candidate of His Methods of Four Years Ago in Chicago.

THE CONSERVATIVE INNOVATION. The conservative innovation is to July 5th, 1912. The rush to the polls is crowded with all day long. EARLY. The original amount, and the order for the Western Union street.

THROWS LIGHT ON LAND DEALS

Interesting Statements Are Elicited at Hearing

Former Estate Land Agent

Relates Inside History to the

[By Federal (Wireless) Line to The Times.
SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF
THE TIMES, July 5.—[Special Dis-
patch.] Highly important assertion
tending to prove the government's
case that the rich oil lands of the

Elk Mills were secured by the Southern Pacific Railroad by resorting to fraud, were made by Charles W. Eberlein, former acting land agent of the Southern Pacific, in response to questions put to him this afternoon by Willis N. Mills, special assistant to the United States Attorney-General.

It was at the conclusion of the resumed examination of Eberlein that

Mills drew the damaging admissions from him. The questions followed some testimony regarding a letter Eberlein wrote to his chief, the late W. D. Cornish, in 1964, telling of the insistence of Vice-President C. H. Markham that he make a lease of

railroad lands to the Kern Trading and Oil Company, a dummy corporation of the Southern Pacific. This attempted lease was approved by Chief Counsel W. F. Herrin as to form, and by E. T. Dumble, consulting geologist of the company, as to description of the land.

"At the time you wrote that letter,

"Mr. Dumble's name on there was a surprise to me," said Kberlein.

"I objected to the preparation of such a document without reference to my office at all. I did not think Mr. Dumble had any knowledge of the Southern Pacific Company's lands at all. I thought he was only the consulting geologist of the Southern Pacific Company. There were mistakes

"Did you not have reason to suspect at that time that Mr. Dumble had knowledge of the mineral character of the land which he had withheld from you?" insisted Mills, in an effort to establish knowledge of the

"As to just what my state of mind was at the time it is hard for me to fix now," replied Eberlein. "It may raise its head again some day."

In his letters to and conversations with Judge Cornish, Eberlein objected to Dumble examining lands of the railroad company as yet unpatented.

TO AVOID RATIFICATION,
Cornish was also very insistent at
all times that Eberlein should not ap-
prove any piping charges submitted

the Kern Trading and Oil Company, as such action might be interpreted as a ratification of the attempted lease of 1904, even though Eberlein had not signed it.

During the hearing Eberlein testified that he had depended on George Stone, his assistant, to give him the

information on which he would make a non-mineral affidavit. Stone supplied the list and Eberlein made the affidavit while ignorant as to the real character of the land, although on cross-examination he said he had "instigated" Stone.

Charles R. Lowers and Guy V. Shoup, representing the Southern Pacific, devoted very little time to the

...Every little time to cross-
examining Eberlein today. Lewers
was unfortunately, however, forcing
Eberlein to say that protests against
the activity of Dumble were made by
Eberlein to Cornish as far back as
1994. Immediately after Eberlein re-
fused to sign the lease. The case will
be resumed at 11 a.m. today.

Transit

ANGELENO WOM

FROM A HO

(BY FEDERAL (WIRELESS))

AN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF P

THE TIMES

Dispatch.] Confident that her companion, an acquaintance of a month, known as Mrs. Lillian Perry of Los Angeles, will return and pay the bills presented by the St. Francis Hotel, Miss Edith Johnson, arrested because she could not pay the

man contracted, maintained an air of optimism and hope today in her cell in the city prison.

She declares she is innocent of any attempt to defraud the hotel and is assisting her companion.

"I am sure she will come back from Mateo," said the young woman. "I told me Wednesday that she would be gone until Friday."

IN POLICE COURT.

Miss Johnson appeared this morning before

Police Judge Sullivan to the charge of defrauding an inn. She was represented by Atty. Douglas, who requested a continuance until tomorrow. The continuance was granted.

... sister-in-law of Mrs. [un]

Happenings on the Pacific Slope.

THROWS LIGHT ON LAND DEALS.

Interesting Statements Are Elicited at Hearing.

Former Espee Land Agent Is Put Through Hard Fire.

Relates Inside History to the Government's Attorney.

SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, July 5.—[Special Dispatch.] Highly important statements were elicited at the hearing of the Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

The Espee land agent, who was put through a hard fire by the government's attorney, related the inside history of the land deals.

BANKER SHOT AND ROBBED.

Wealthy Citizen of Idaho Town Held Up by Highwayman. Wounded and Relieved of Diamonds.

[POCATELLO (Idaho) July 5.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] C. A. Valen-

line, a wealthy banker of this city, was shot twice and seriously wounded last night by a highwayman who robbed him of a diamond stud.

Valentine was assaulted in his private garage upon his return from a motor trip downtown, and struck twice over the head with a gun. He managed to make his way to the back door of his residence, where he was shot again, his diamond taken, and his pockets rifled. Only a foot-print affords a clue.

FIND PLAGUE SQUIRRELS.

Public Health Service Reports Twelve Ground-Burrowing Rodents with Infection in North.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—[The

Health Service, received here today, shows that, although not one rat infected with bubonic plague has been reported from the Pacific Coast since September, 1911, positive diagnosis of plague was made during the twenty-two days reported for 1912 in twenty-two states and territories of the Pacific Coast and Alaska.

For the same week, 2921 rats were examined and 7242 acres of land were covered with aqueduct poles, with a view to eradicating a squirrel-free zone, the last case of bubonic plague in a human subject was reported in San Joaquin county, also in September, 1911.

OPERATION RESORTED TO.

Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, Denver Leader of Women, Remains Easily Following Orders in San Francisco.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—Mrs.

Sarah Platt Decker, Denver, the well known suffrage leader, who was operated upon today at a sanatorium to remove an intestinal obstruction, was resting easily tonight, and it was reported that the outlook for her recovery was very favorable.

The operation was performed by Dr. Thomas W. Huntington, with Dr. Lewis T. Howe, Charles Miner Cooper, Howard S. Adler and Cornelia De Rey as assistants. Dr. Huntington said that the operation was successful.

Mrs. Decker withstood the shock of the operation well and showed relief from the general supplication threatened. Her danger now is from the after-effects of the operation itself, which, if they exist, will probably make themselves known within the next thirty-six hours.

Mrs. Decker was released last Monday night at her apartment with acute pain. The fact that the inflammation has not been reduced by her physicians to be an unfavorable symptom. Her daughter has been summoned from Denver.

ARRIVES FOR THE WEDDING.

Man Who Is to Wed Miss Crocker Witnesses Brother's Marriage En Route to the Pacific Coast.

[BY FEDERAL (WIRELESS) LINE TO THE TIMES.] SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, July 5.—[Special Dis-

patch.] Miss Helen Whitman, whose marriage to Miss Jennie Crocker will take place July 16, at San Mateo, has arrived from his home in Brookline, Mass., and is en route to the game country club, where he will remain until the wedding. En route West Whitman spent a few days at the home of his brother, Herbert Whitman, and Miss Alice Chaffin Taylor.

DRILLERS SET NEW MARK.

TONOPAH MINERS ARE AHEAD.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] TONOPAH (Nev.) July 5.—Aver-

aging sixty-six hours to the minute for 15 minutes, the team of Page and Pickens set a new world's record today for driving a miner's drill into Rockville granite. Their distance was 45-7-16 inches, four inches better than Lundquist and Dahlen of Victor, Colo., their nearest competitors. Porter and Goddard of Oatman, Ariz., were third with 44-7-16 inches.

STATE SITES ACCEPTED.

CEREMONY AT FAIR GROUNDS.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—In the

presence of State and city officials, deeds conveying title to sites on the Panama-Pacific International Exposition grounds in this city were given to representatives of the States of Arizona and Pennsylvania today. Gov. John E. Tener accepted the gift for Pennsylvania, and A. L. Moore, acting for Gov. Hunt of Arizona, received the tender for the new State. Eugene Brady, head of the delegation from Arizona. The selection of the two sites was preceded by a public ceremony in honor of the visitors.

Transition.

ANGELENO WOMAN TAKEN FROM A HOTEL TO JAIL.

[BY FEDERAL (WIRELESS) LINE TO THE TIMES.] SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, July 5.—[Special

Dispatch.] A woman, known as Mrs. Lillian Perry, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

The woman, who was taken from a hotel in San Francisco, and put in the city prison, was charged with the murder of a man.

HERDS OF ELK TREK TO COAST.

Some Straggling Stags Reach the Convention City.

Ritual Committee Is Against Goat Rides in Lodge.

Will Not Restore What Has Been Once Voted Out.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] PORTLAND (Or.) July 5.—[Exclu-

sive Dispatch.] From every quarter of the American continent where are found the Stags and Stripes, straggling stags from the mighty herd of Elks have been passing before the registration booths in the Oregon Hotel building today. Although the big delegations on special trains have yet begun to arrive, Elks in singles, twos and threes have put in appearance from Alabama, Massachusetts, California, Texas and nearly every intervening State.

With the arrival this afternoon of Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan and his party aboard their special train from Seattle, pre-convention politics and committee meetings caught their full stride.

The Grand Lodge, it is said, probably will vote the proposition to re-establish the Elks Home in Portland. The new Home Committee was in session today and it seemed to be the feeling that, at present, at least, the proposition should be indefinitely postponed.

NEW CANDIDATES.

A new candidate for Grand Lodge office has entered the field. He is W. H. Welshar, Past Exalted Ruler of Goldfield (Nev.) Lodge No. 1073, and he seeks the office of Grand Exalted Ruler.

He is the only candidate who has the support of all the Elks lodges in Nevada, and comes to the convention next week with fifty members of his home lodge to exploit his candidacy.

PASADENA WANTS IT.

Charles H. Ward of Pasadena, has previously announced his candidacy for this office. In fact, he has been in the field for the last three or four months and has almost the solid California delegation behind him. He has the support of numerous eastern lodges also.

R. M. Dickman of Tucson, Ariz., and L. R. Maxwell of Marshalltown, Iowa, are in the race for Grand Exalted Ruler. Dickman is a member of the Grand Exalted Ruler of Pasadena, and Maxwell is a member of the Grand Exalted Ruler of Marshalltown.

COMMITTEE MEETING.

So far, only two committees, the Judiciary and Ritual Committee, are holding sessions. The Credentials Committee has not met, owing to the non-arrival until today of its members, the majority of whom were aboard the Sullivan special.

Members of the Ritual Committee, of which Fred Harper of Lynchburg, Va., is chairman, predicted today that the committee would probably make no recommendation in regard to the proposed change to include "goat rides" in the ritual of the Elks.

"Rough-housing" was prohibited by the Grand Lodge at the Atlantic City convention last year. Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan was given a reception upon his arrival this afternoon by several hundred enthusiastic Elks.

AGAINST "GOAT RIDING."

HELD TO BE UNDISGUILSED.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] PORTLAND (Or.) July 5.—The Ju-

diciary Committee of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks made its third attempt today to get down to business today. The Judiciary Committee made a new attempt to get to work yesterday and the Ritual Committee is expected to get down to business today.

Both, however, adjourned without transacting any business, owing to the numerous diversions at the convention. The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

The Judiciary Committee is expected to get down to business today.

TWO ARMY OFFICERS KILLED.

Their Aeroplane Turns Turtle and a Captain and Sergeant Major Meet Death on Salisbury Plain.

[BY CABLE AND A. P. TO THE TIMES.] SALISBURY PLAIN (Eng.) July 5.

E. B. Loring and Sergeant Major Wilson of the army flying corps were killed this morning while flying over the great military encampment here. They were taking their usual early morning practice and the aeroplane had reached a height of 400 feet when the machine turned over and fell to the roadway.

Sergeant Major Wilson was killed instantly, but Capt. Loring lived a short time, although he was unconscious when picked up.

SLOPE BRIEFS.

"Winning" with Revolvers.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] Three men in long linen dusters, wearing linen masks to match, marched into the Southern Club, Inc., conducted by Dan Smith, the manager, and six play-

ers in "winning" with revolvers. The men, looking down the barrel of his revolver. He died, 1750. No arrests have been made.

Auro's Fatal Plunge.

PORTLAND (Or.) July 5.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] Auro's fatal plunge was reported today. Auro was killed and Mrs. E. Steele was seriously injured when Ruedy's automobile struck her while driving alone on the Sandy River several miles east of here late yesterday. Other occupants of the car escaped with slight bruises.

Killed Under His Auto.

THE DALLIES (Or.) July 5.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] A man was killed and Mrs. E. Steele was seriously injured when Ruedy's automobile struck her while driving alone on the Sandy River several miles east of here late yesterday. Other occupants of the car escaped with slight bruises.

Firemen Rescue Lodgers.

OAKLAND (Cal.) July 5.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] Firemen rescued two lodgers from a two-story lodging-house in the retail district gave the firemen a few minutes' busy work in rescuing three lodgers. The firemen rescued the lodgers from the ground floor and the lodges will be heavy. The building was of wood and burned severely. The firemen rescued the lodgers from the ground floor and the lodges will be heavy. The building was of wood and burned severely. The firemen rescued the lodgers from the ground floor and the lodges will be heavy. The building was of wood and burned severely.

Hawaiian Princess Discovered.

VANCOUVER (B. C.) July 5.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] The Hawaiian Princess, Elizabeth Annette Kaiulani, an heir presumptive to the Hawaiian throne, has been discovered. The child, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Acher, was reported in Vancouver, B. C., as having been discovered by the Hawaiian throne.

Kahn Is a Candidate.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] Congressman Julius Kahn of San Francisco is out for renomination from the Fourth Congressional District as Republican representative. The Secretary of State today received a request for renomination petition blanks.

Curry Files Petition.

SACRAMENTO, July 5.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] Charles Curry, former Secretary of State, who is seeking the Republican nomination to the United States Senate from the Third District, of which Sacramento county is a part, today filed the nomination petition which will insure his name being placed upon the ballot for September primaries.

ONLY A FAMILY ROW.

Congress Not Much Disposed to Go Into the Matter Exploited By the Letter of Platt Andrew.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] WASHINGTON, July 5.—The proposed Congressional investigation of the row in the Treasury Department between Secretary MacVeagh and former Assistant Secretary Platt Andrew may not come about unless Mr. Andrew makes some specific charge against Mr. MacVeagh.

Representative Cox of Indiana, chairman of the House Committee to investigate the controversy, was referred said his committee regarded the controversy so far as a family row. Mr. Cox of Ohio declared he would press his resolution.

It was reported that some of the officials mentioned by Mr. Andrew in his letter to the President as being dissatisfied with Mr. MacVeagh's administration had threatened to resign or had offered to resign with Mr. Andrew.

Director Ralph of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, when asked he had offered to resign some time ago, said:

"There is just sufficient truth in that to warrant Mr. Andrew making the statement that I regret he saw fit to mention my name."

NAVAL BILL IS PASSED.

Adopted by Senate With Two Battle-ship Provision and Will Now Go to Conference With House.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] WASHINGTON, July 5.—The naval appropriation bill, carrying \$133,609,447 and a two-battle-ship provision, was passed by the Senate today. It now goes to conference with the House to thresh out the naval increase programme and other Senate amendments.

It threatened a lively course in the Senate. Senator Johnston, of Alabama proposed a substitute provision for one battleship, and gave notice he would propose, when the Panama Canal administration bill is considered, to deny the use of the canal to all nations which do not agree to build only one battleship a year. The provision was rejected, 15 to 4.

Senators Bacon, Fletcher, Johnston, Kern, Pomeroy, Smith of Oregon, Tillman, and Williams, Democrats, and Brewster, Burton, voted for it.

An amendment was adopted to make the recent house law applicable to work on new ships, which, Senators Gallinger and Heyburn called for, and increased the government expense by \$1,000,000 of \$8,000,000.

A committee amendment to provide for creation of a second court of defense was defeated on a point of order made by Senator Overman of North Carolina (Democrat), who did not withdraw his point, notwithstanding a whispered suggestion that the plan was endorsed by the new Democratic administration. The point was sustained the point of order.

The Senate rejected the amendment that proposed reviving the grades of admiral and vice-admiral.

For 28 Years You Have

watched the wonderful growth of the Wiesenlager Realty and Building Business. You see the big buildings all over town. The business became too big for one man. It is now the Conservative Investment Company, with property worth \$1,400,000 with an income from rents of \$140,000 a year to pay large dividends with every shareholder a friend, a helper, a contributor to greater growth and prosperity. More extensive operations, larger profits. Shares advance to 30 cents July 7th. Now 20 cents. Think of it, of what it means to you. Lose no time. Send your order now, before you forget it, to the Conservative Investment Company, 428 West Sixth street. No investor has ever failed to get his money back for shares and gold notes. "Watch Us Grow."

No Deliveries Saturday

—This will be the first of the Saturday half holidays. It will also be the day of our Annual Outing and this store will close at 12:30 instead of 1 o'clock, as on the preceding Saturdays.

—We eliminate the deliveries for the day in order to give the drivers an opportunity to share in the outing and accompanying the rest of the employees Saturday afternoon.

ARTHUR LETTS

Broadway 1007. BOWLING 4344. BROADWAY COR. 4TH L.A.

SEVEN SLAIN BY HEAT.

(Continued from First Page.)

leaded lastly across the sky, brought the only relief from the sun. There were slight breezes, but the air was stiflingly saturated with the intense humidity.

POOR SEEK FRESH ICE.

The office of the county agent was besieged all day long by lines of poor persons, seeking fresh ice, but the supply was exhausted. Thousands of sufferers sought relief in the parks and playgrounds, and the bathing beaches were packed to the limit.

Lake Michigan, outside the narrow fringes of surf, is still quite cold, but while the wind blows from the southwest or west, there can be no cool breeze from the vast body of water. The range of warm water is extending out into the lake every day, so that a week of steady heat will deprive the city of the cool lake winds, customarily its salvation from torridity.

Dispatches tonight from various parts tell of considerable suffering and lower water supply. Reports were reported in Oklahoma, North-western Canada, New Orleans, Toronto and Vicksburg.

Decision.

SETS THE DATE OF NOTIFICATION.

PRESIDENT WILL BE TOLD OF RENOMINATION IN AUGUST.

Mr. Taft Will Give a Reception for Subcommittee of the National Committee Next Week, When Party Leaders Will Hear His Suggestions of Campaign Manager.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] BEVERLY (Mass.) July 5.—President Taft will receive the formal notification that he is the nominee of the Republican party for President at the White House in Washington about August 1. The President told his visitors at Parametta today that he has talked with Senator Ross of New York, permanent chairman of the Republican National Convention, and that they had decided the notification should take place in Washington.

The President has planned a reception for early next week to the subcommittee of the Republican National Committee, and he is expected to go over the situation and hear his suggestion for a chairman of the National Committee.

Several hundred invitations have been sent out also to prominent Republicans of the country and it is expected there will be a large group of delegates to plan the fall campaign.

President Taft explained to callers today that as far as he is concerned, the row between Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh and A. Platt Andrew, the assistant secretary, who resigned, is a closed incident.

The President was said today to have taken the position that Mr. Andrew clearly disobeyed orders by going to Chicago to attend the Republican National Convention, and that he had formed by Mr. MacVeagh that the two other assistant secretaries and MacVeagh himself would be away from Washington.

"LORD" HENRY INDICTED.

OAKLAND, July 5.—[Special Dispatch.] "Lord" Thomas S. Henry, who it is alleged, carried on extensive swindling schemes in the Bay Cities, and who duped Mary C. Inger into a marriage, was indicted today by the Superior Court on a charge of embezzlement. The indictment charges that Henry has been bound over to a grand jury.

Peek-a-boo Home Have Arrived.

[Chicago Tribune.] Has the peek-a-boo striking? All of devices that have proved a boon to mosquitoes, the peek-a-boo hosiery that is about to twine its negligible filaments about the shapely ankle and classic calf strikes the final chord.

The interludes or the peek-a-boos are about an inch square, and will stretch farther. They need no darnings. You couldn't darn the darn things, for there isn't a darn thing to darn.

The peek-a-boo stockings, is on view at 299 West Thirty-fifth street. If Lady Godiva had worn a union suit of it she would have been the same Lady Godiva who made the famous ride.

It is really no stocking at all. The peek-a-boo waist is a cloak of mail beside it. She who wears it may know in her heart that she pulled on her stockings, but others who look without the aid of strong glasses will know nothing about it.

BALBOA ISLAND

—IS—

TALKED BY EVERYBODY AND LOTS ARE BOUGHT BY THE MAJORITY OF THOSE WHO SEE IT. WHY DON'T YOU GO AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

WANTED—
To Purchase, Miscellaneous.

WANTED TO PURCHASE FOR CASH
 Good quality good class of furs in the
 high grade or low grade, from 8 to 12 pieces.
 Must have it immediately. South Panama,
 Gendale or Lee Angeles. No agents. Ad-
 dress JACK COREY, Box 178, TIMES OF
 OCEAN.

WANTED - CLOTHING-TRADE WITH
 Golden Rule Clothing Parlor, highest
 prices paid for good clothing, evening
 dresses, full dress deail. \$350.00, absolute
 guarantee. Main 3246.

WANTED - LADIES' AND MEN'S CLOTH-
 ing, evening wear, full dress, Tuxedos,
 trunks. Deal with a reliable house which
 pays highest prices. 531 W. SEVENTH ST.
 Main 1000

WANTED-TOY PRICES PAID FOR LA-
DERS AND MEN'S GOOD USED CLOTH-
ING. HATS. COATS. SUITS. DOUGHT. 86 S.
SPRING. MAIN 605. 7389.

WANTED - TO BUY FROM ONE TO CAL-
LOW second-hand sewing machines. State
make and price. Address: The Toy Man
8. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED - DIAMONDS, EMERALDS,
JEWELRY. I will pay the highest
net cash prices. HARRY REID, 70 Grant
Ride, Phone 1-10.

WANTED - HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR
second-hand clothing, suits, CHEAP JOHN-
NIS F. 17TH ST., L. A. MAIL 878.

WANTED-HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR
second-hand clothing, suits, hats,
and hats. 101 W. 47TH. PAGE.

WANTED - GENTS USED CLOTHING,
HATS, COATS, SUITS. Full value paid
7401. 104 E. FIRST ST.

WANTED - DIAMONDS, OLD GOLD, AN-

CO. RT. W. Sixth st.
WANTED- DIAMONDS, PEARLS, JEWELRY.
I pay 3-5 more than others. FRITCH
LAWYREN CO., 101 Grand Bldg., Astoria.
WANTED - CASH PAID FOR FEATHERS.
Inds. TU SAN PHEDON ST., Mtn 1919.
WANTED - CASH PAID FOR FEATHERS.
Inds. 347 S. MAIN. Phone 504, 30414.
WANTED Miscellaneous.
WANTED- YOU TO KNOW THAT NIKERU
3-dish recipes for jams, marmalades &
pickles are in The Times New Cook Book. Ex-
pense on sale. Price 12c, postage 10c extra.
WANTED- YOU TO KNOW THAT TU

best books in California are contained in
The Times New Cook Book. Now on sale
Price 25c, postage for extra

WANTED - TO BUY OR SELL FOR CASH
any quantity of the following: silverware, lace,
linens; also stamp collections. 614 W. 9th St.
near Grand.

WANTED - MEMBERSHIP FOR
Athletic Club. PHONE 1021

TO LET -
Furnished Rooms.

—

OLD-
fashioned
HOTEL VAL DE MAR.
A.E. CORNER SIXTH AND HOPE STS.
NEWLY FURNISHED.
Bright sunny rooms hot and cold water

water, steam heat, hot or without private bath. The location is the best and prices reasonable. Call for details.

With private bath, \$6.00 per week and up.

MAIN 192, F224.

TO LET—

HOTEL SHERMAN.

Main entrance, 314 W. Fourth st., near Broadway. The center of the shopping district.

12 ATTRACTIONS—An exceptionally light, new, airy atmosphere. All rooms, unparaleled in furnishings—hot water, tile, tilebaths had new tile, hot water and free telephones in every room.

POPULAR SUMMER RATES—\$12 to \$15 a week; \$1 a day. Parlor suites and bath suites at attractive prices.

ENTERTAINMENT—Provides the extensive following of permanent guests, nearly ten thousand suburbanites and tourists annually register at the Sherman.

PHONE MAIN 787.

TO LET—FURNISHED AND ENJOYMENT.
Why suffer this summer in hot crust rooms when we offer large, cool outside rooms at 2:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. with air conditioning, juke boxes, phones, lobby, parlor, billiard-room, etc. and more. Call for more information. **ABOTSFORD INN, P.N. 81. S. Hope St.**

TO LET—
HOTEL MORGAN.
Eighty and Hope Sts.
To let, clean, in modern building. Every detail rates 75¢ and up per day. Special by week or month.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, IN STRICTLY
private family, every convenience, large bath, central heating, refrigerator, gas range, brood, corner house, garage. 3202 S. UNION ST. Call for more information.

TO LET—JUST OPENED, RAYMOND E. JONES
561 N. Building, newly furnished, strictly private family, every convenience, large bath, brick building, heat, bath, D-1 and central.

water. \$3 week up.

TO LET - NICKELY FURNISHED ROOMS
hot and cold running water, hotel style
and modern. \$1 a week. NEW HOT
BROADWAY, 291 N. Broadway.

TO LET - 3 NICKELY FURNISHED ROOMS
with hot and cold running water and quiet
in small, strictly modern brick building.
\$1 week. Apply 3845 CENTRAL AVE. over
the garage.

TO LET-ATTRACTIVE CLEAN, SUN-
ny rooms for one or two gentlemen, quiet
home, walking distance, terms reasonable.
Call Mrs. J. M. Smith, 147 GEORGIA, near
W. Ninth.

TO LET-FURNISHED ROOMS WITH ALL
modern conveniences, at very reasonable
rates. Call Mrs. J. M. Smith, 147 N. BROADWAY,
New Hotel Broadway.

TO LET-2 VERY DESIRABLE ROOMS

to LET—NICE, MODERN HOME, BREAKFAST
if desired. 110 WEST 87TH. Phone 3464.

TO LET—THREE-ROOM APARTMENT 1013
E. 87TH. \$8.00. Call 3-1111.

TO LET—NICE, FURNISHED ROOM, IN
modern convenience; walking distance
gentlemen preferred. \$5 per month. 919 W.
101ST. Call 3-1111.

TO LET—FINE, LARGE FRONT ROOM,
with or without light housekeeping. Privately
cleaned and ironing. Rent low. SEE
S. HOPE.

TO LET—A 5 MINUTES FROM CENTRAL
Park; newly furnished, bright and sunny
bath; bath; H.O. a well. 50 S. FLOWER
ST. Call 3-1111.

TO LET—ROOMS, FURNISHED, IN
pleasant, special summer rate. 311
\$10.00. Call 3-1111. 311 E. 87. CR. 3-1111
\$6.00. W. Third St. A4115.

TO LET - NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS
for a family, connected with bathroom.
reasonable. Telephone 21964. 14114 R.
CROWN.

TO LET - NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS
with bath and all other conveniences.
Close to Crown Hill district, private home.
Call 21964.

TO LET - 3 ROOMS AND SMALL KITCHEN
on bath, gas, good location, cheap rent.
Call 21964.

TO LET - NICE, AIRY SLEEPING ROOMS,
\$1.50 and up; also 2-room housekeeping suite;
walking distance. 213 E. EIGHTH.

TO LET - 3 OR 4 UP-TO-DATE FURNISH-
ed housekeeping rooms, adults \$25 W. 17713
W. 17713.

TO LET - THE SWEET, 43 TEMPLE

to LET—LARGE, AIRY, FURNISHED ROOM. \$1 per week.
Call 2-5100.

to LET—34 W. 11TH, NICELY FURNISHED
rooms, upstairs, bath, phone, \$256 week
and up.

to LET—415; DESIRABLE ROOM FOR
rent. 1 block north of 2nd and 1 block
west of Courthouse, 255 CALIFORNIA ST.

to LET—ATTRACTIVE ROOM. QUIET,
close residence, close in. 716 WIL-
TIER.

to LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOM,
gentlemen preferred; hot and cold water.
Call 2-5100.

to LET—HADDON HALL HOTEL,
323 1/2 SOUTH SPRING STREET.
\$3 to \$4 per week.

to LET—2 ROOMS, 1 BATH, WEEKLY, NEW
Symetite Apartments, modern 2-room suite,
MA EAST PICO.

to LET—LARGE, AIRY FRONT ROOM.

TO LET-FURNISHED. NICE SUNNY front room at 1021 S. GRAND AVE.
TO LET-2 WEEK EACH. FURNISHED housekeeping rooms. 548 EAST PICCO ST.

TO LET-- *Unfurnished Rooms.*
TO LET - LARGE COOL ROOMS. FURNISHED or unfurnished; close-in. 1023 INGRAM.

FOR EXCHANGE—

[illegible]

FOR MONTHLY PAYMENTS. OWNER, LEO BELLER
W. ARIZ.

FOR SALE - 3 HOMEROWNS, 3 ACRES, 1
block north of electric track, soil heavy
sandy loam, practically free water, single
or together. Terms. Address J. box
TIMES OFFICE

FOR SALE-NEAT HOME, 4 ROOMS, COT-
tage furnished, half acre lot, one block
from car and school. \$1800. F. C. WENT-
WORTH, 712 E. Spring, room 114.

FOR SALE - 5 ACRES AT MONTESIELLO
suitable for nurseryman or florist. var-
ious trees, terms can be arranged. No agents. J.
LAWLEY, R.F.D. & City.

FOR SALE—RANCH
For eight thousand yearly income from
forty-eight thousand dollars. Ranch adja-
cing Santa Joaquin Valley town. See
CITIZENS REALTY COMPANY,
Chamber of Commerce, Pasadena.

FOR SALE—SNOW
360 acres, flowing well, splendid alfalfa land,
miles from railroad, Los Angeles county.
\$2.50 per acre, one-half cash. \$20 I. W.
WELLSMAN, BLVD.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—
Twenty acres alfalfa land with water, close
town, 18900. Terms reasonable. Address
box 14, TIMES OFFICE.

HOME SALE—DO YOU WANT A COUNTRY HOME of 11 acres? Highly improved, one featuring every convenience, yielding good profits; located between Los Angeles and Long Beach; must move on account of mother's health. Address: A. L. E. Los Angeles, California. F. D. No. 12. For more reference call 703 on Fernandeo Bldg.

FOR RENT—VILLA LIFE'S OPPORTUNITY. Several energetic farmers with farming interests and small capital, can each secure a large and beautiful land with water worth \$1000 per acre, paying for same with services, accepting small payment showing good faith. Principals only. Owner, Box DALTON AVE.

and selling rooming-houses, grocery stores, picture shows, etc., from the GLOBE Bldg., Bargain Real Estate, 604 Story Bldg.

REAL ESTATE—BUYS HOTEL, 100 ROOMS.—Selling 14 per cent. Money-maker. Located on beach. Cost little for bargain. Call S. S. Hill.

REAL ESTATE—ROOMING-HOUSE, EAST OF—Selling 14 per cent. Money-maker. Located on beach. Cost little for bargain. Call S. S. Hill.

REAL ESTATE—FIRST-CLASS FURNISHED apartment house, E. Hill, close to 24 years' experience; will sell cheap for cash; no agents. Address A.A. box 130, TIMES OFFICE.

large or small, in farm or city property in
 State. J. A. KING, Region 1, Lyon Hts.,
 Chicago, Ill.
 R EXCHANGE-100 PLACES, CITY AND
 country. See our list. RAND & CO., 429
 Madison Bldg.
 R EXCHANGE-WANT REAL ESTATE
 or modern dental outfit. Inquire 835 CON-
 TINGENT REALTY BLDG.
 R EXCHANGE-ANYTHING. W. L.
 URMANTAGE, 35 Bryson Bldg., Los An-
 geles.
 R EXCHANGE-I WANT YOUR PROP-
 erty for exchange or sale, can match any-
 thing. J. A. CRAIG, 213 H. W. Holman,

portunity in good suburb. Full price, reason for selling, death in family. Address box 250, TIMES BRANCH OFFICE.

R SALE - RESTAURANT, FINEST ON SALE 5th st., valuable long lease. Will sell cheap. Make offer. Owner, 230 LANSING ST., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

TERMS, LUNCH COUNTER, BEAT UPH. MAIN. SEAS. ST. Water and 3 months' lease. COSTA COMPANY, 1305 S. 1st Ave.

R SALE - DANDY LITTLE LUNCH counter, cheap rent, doing \$25. Nice for CO. 126 S. 11th st.

Classified Liners

LOST, FOUND, & AD.
LOST—PINK CORAL
lost, also about 2-3 in. in
Sattahdee, Tinn, morning
between Hingham and
Pacific Electric stop.
Hospital. Suitable man
his return to 881 Lige
gain.

STRAYED—BROKEN
from Los Angeles
about May mare, 9 years
on from front legs, and
previously had
5 PATTON, 1300 E. 4th
LOS.

LOST—GOLD STICK
lost and stuck by
Hingham Island and The
vicinity of 7th and
WINTHROP.

LOST - FRIDAY AFTERNOON
A lady's alligator handbag,
dark green, wrapped in box, was
returned to Apt. 47, West
Crescent St., and room
number 40.

LOST-ON SUNDAY
A black dial, or between
6 and 8 o'clock, at
St. Main, a suburban
diamond is missing. First
Phone SOUTH 94.

LOST-HAND BAY CO.
of money, and pair of
shoes, two vanity keys,
entrance of Santa Monica
please return to J. A.
Flower st.

LOST-COLLIE DOG

ENOW-
made,
America

YOUNG
and Black
Buckley

DUCKE-
T. J. W.

WRIGHT
to Wright

THAN A
and the
Griffin

ACKLES
W. 1978
Griffin

YOUNG
Griffin

senior tag, and name to
find please notify ever
who will call and pay

SPRAYED - ABOUT
and hope
or 00 lbs. 3 hind with
breathed. Finder will be
praised.

SOUTH
LOVE - MARQUETTE
lavery,
Alexandra
slight
Cashier at the ALEXA

LOVE-ONE IN DEGREE
ated charm. Name, b.
and
Grass D, box 6, TIMES

LOVE - IN EASTLARK
day lady's gold waist
Return to MAY DAY
ave. Newark

LOVE - HORSE AND MA

A 433-
 Weight about 1000 lbs
 Main 4274, A3916, Holli-
 LOST—JULY 4, PART
 give and come forward
 INFORMATION BUREAU
 want.
 LOST — IN FRONT
 Green Park, lady's gas
 can abandoned on corner
 Occidental Hotel, 428 S.
 LOST—WHITE BULL
 lbs., brown spot on
 trimmed, license Nu. 8
 H. E. and rec'd
 LOST — BLYTHAN FAR
 plated, double-barrel
 back, "P. H." Ten dollars
 Van Nuys Hotel.
 LOST—SMALL BLACK

telephone booth at New
Return to and receive re-
NATION BUREAU

LOST-AT VENICE.
black handbag, contain-
small purse and \$50. Re-
KER HILL. Miss Shuf-
LOST-LADY'S HAND B-
solid gold watch, RT
Pendar keep money and
6 MAIN ST.

LOST-LADY'S GOLD W-
July 4 at Venice. How-
phone, Phone MRS. WOO-
50.

LOST-FRIDAY AT 5TH
in Fifth Street Owl
silver purse containing
in city. Me-

IN TRUST & SAVINGS
LOST-A BROWN TOPAZ
diamond. Reward, if re-
turned, \$100. H. G. Day,
Central Bank Bldg.
LOST - AT CLIFTON A-
nd garnet pin. Reward,
\$10. NIA BLDG.
LOST - JULY 4, CORAL
Set 31, between HAW-
AUBLE reward, \$250.
LOST-SETTING FROM
Black stone with gold
ward. Return NO RECUR-
LOST-IN RYACOMO C
one lady's gold double
ward. Phone SOUTH 824
LOST - LADIES' GOLD
type?

JAY & If found please to
 TIMES BRANCH OFFICE.
 LOST—FRIDAY, DOWN
 china belt for waist,
 Phone WILSHIRE 10.
 LOST—LADY'S GOLD WA-
 rained as keepsake. Has
 Reward. Address J. box 1
 LOST—SMALL PLEATED
 ters to suit
 LOST—A DOLL ON JULY
 station in telephone booth
 REWARD.
 LOST—MIS. S. AN UNSE-
 R. ARDINE, 2104 W. S. &
 ward. A. W. NYER, 645 S.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
 For Sale, Exchange

R A WEEK—
BUTS A CHOICE
 Take advantage of the ELLIORS by
 by seven of the nation's largest
 structures have combined,
 to give you the benefit of
 the lowest terms ever qu
 prices. Not a sale of
 brand new pianos, every
 ELLIORS lifetime guarantees
 them. It is too late, they a
 MILLERS MUSIC
 344 South Ross
 Los Angeles

PLAYER PIANO ROLLS

FREE.

Join the ELLIORS library.
 Borrow your own of books.

A member beginning at once and let us explain. The trials are eliminated. Unlike all other trials to select from. Call today.

HILKES MUSIC
341 S. BROADWAY.

FOR SALE — I AM IN money and through from heart sell my new, elegant, fine player piano with music box. **CALL** can furnish clear **DIAMOND ST.** Take First **LEAVE** out to Fremont.

PIANO EXCHANGE—PIANO work. I have about 120 work.

messages even if you
 for piano and pay the
 or installments. Address J.
 OFFICE.

MUST SELL! JACOBUS
 Amici violin. Has been in
 general use. Call evenings.
 ST. JOSEPH HALL NACKI.

FOR SALE—CABINET OR
 May be sold at once. 214
 near Broadway.

FOR SALE—MY NEW CABINET
 on beautiful case, H.S. S. S.
 32 W. NINTH.

TO LET — NEW PLAYERS
 piano assortment of music
 WILLIAM COMPANY, 523-428

NURSES—With Experience
WANTED—NURSING IN-M
Quiet, unobtrusive, healthy
nurses, all cases a specialty; ad-
dress E. A. A. box
call Gladstone III, Party 2.

PHYSICIANS—
—Wh. Office and F
A COMPETENT MIDWIFE
—Special privileges at 3806 AD

SANTARIUMS
A PRIVATE HOME-BERO
ing confinement, reasonab
ing comfort; best of ca
ing apartment. MRS. S.
W. Lick at. Main 0123.

U. B. Blackstone & Co.

215-225 South Broadway.

Store Closes Today at One O'clock
During July and August this store will close each Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

Uncommonly Good Knitwear At Prices Uncommonly Small

Merode Underwear sustains us in every word of praise we can give in its behalf. It satisfies!
There's no style or quality or price you could require or ask for which we cannot supply. Our summer lines are complete.

VESTS AND PANTS—all styles, at 50c.
UNION SUITS—all styles, at \$1.25, \$1.00 and 75c.

Sale of Belts 50c A Clean-Up—Values to \$1.25

In this lot of Belts you will see those whose duplicates brought 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25—belts of good style and quality, and in good condition. But July is house-cleaning season, so away these go with other lines.
All colors, all styles,
all materials 50c

Latest Veils and Veiling

Full-sized Auto Veils, of the latest chiffon with deep hemmed border. Good range of colors \$1.00
Veilings by the yard of Chiffon Cloth, with satin border. Leaf green, primrose, Copenhagen, tan, black, white, etc., yard .. \$1.25

New White Hosiery

3 PAIRS FOR \$1.00 AND 50c A PAIR.
Just received several new lines of White Onyx Stockings—those we've been expecting these past ten days.
Plain Lisles, Gauze, Gossamer and Silk Lisles. Ask to see those marked 3 pairs for \$1.00, and the finer ones at 50c a pair.

Violin Outfit

3 Fine Violin, modeled after the Stradivarius Violins. Extra good Brazil wood Bow, Black Enamelled Case, Chin Rest, Resin and extra set of Strings, all for \$15

July

Cornet Special

American Professional Cornet, strictly up-to-date, modern throughout, beautiful tone, easy to learn—in fine case. Outfit complete at special \$18

Specials

Ukulele Outfit

Genuine Hawaiian Ukulele, Case, Instructor and extra set of Strings. The Ukulele is only three-eighths the size of the guitar, with a tone much like a harp. This little instrument has won its way into the hearts of thousands. Get this outfit at special \$10

Geo. J. Birkel Co.

446-448 South Broadway

Going July 13-14-15
Return Limit August 31

Salt Lake City \$40.00 Excursion

\$40.00 for round trip from nearly all points on Salt Lake Route in California.
\$46.00 for return via San Francisco.
\$61.00 for return via Portland.
Full particulars at Ticket Office.
Los Angeles Office 601 So. Spring St.

PHILANTHROPY AND ROMANCE.

Local Widow Changes Name
Without Remarrying.

Starts It With "Miss" as
Adopted Daughter.

To Start a Girls' Farming
College Here.

By a strange and romantic metamorphosis of names Mrs. Elizabeth Murray Newman, a charming young widow residing at the Hotel Astoria, this city, yesterday became Miss Elizabeth Murray Coffin and the heiress of millions with which she is to conduct many philanthropic institutions in the United States. One, and perhaps the chief, of which is to be an industrial farm and an agricultural college for young women to be located near Los Angeles.

The peculiar manner in which this rich transformation took place was through the adoption of Mrs. Newman, who is now Miss Coffin, by Lorenzo S. Coffin, aged 85 years, and whose career, as indicated by "Who's Who in America" for 1910 and '11, is that of one of the remarkable philanthropists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

The curious rise of Miss Coffin from newspaper woman and magazine editor to daughter and heiress of a millionaire and the director of his fortune in philanthropic enterprises is no more romantic and promising than the life led by the old man who adopted her. Withal it is an exemplification of the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction."

TEACHER OF GARFIELD.
Coffin was born on a New Hampshire farm April 9, 1825. He took a preparatory course at Oberlin College and then went to teach in Gaucha Seminary, New York, where among his pupils who later became distinguished were James A. Garfield and Secretary Randolph, who later became the wife of the martyred President.

Serving through the Civil War as a private and later as a sergeant, Coffin finally became chaplain of the Thirty-second Iowa Volunteer Infantry. He had enlisted in Iowa because he was homesick for a land where the State was the center of the war was precipitated. Afterward he preached for sixteen years and then took up a long and brilliant career of reform work among railroad men.

His first work of this nature was as a member of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners of Iowa from 1883 to 1888. Then he became the author of the State and national legislation compelling the adoption of safety appliances in coupling cars and running trains. By doing this it is estimated that he has been instrumental in saving thousands of lives and to this day he goes about the country making speeches on the necessity of improvements in life-saving devices in railroad operation.

His lesser philanthropies have been many. He organized the White Button temperance movement among railroad men and was the first president of the Railroad Temperance Association. Near Chicago he founded and still maintains a home for aged and disabled railroad men. He is also president of the State Anti-Slavery League of Iowa, and on his big estate at Ft. Dodge he has founded Hope Hall as a home for discharged convicts. He was the Prohibition nominee for Governor of Iowa in 1907 and the United Christian party's nominee for Vice-President of the United States in 1908.

DAUGHTER OF SENATOR.
Miss Coffin, who was Mrs. Newman, is the daughter of the late Senator Murray of Iowa. She first met Coffin in Chicago more than a year ago when she was interested in a social settlement work in that city. She is known in the newspaper field in Chicago and other eastern cities for her special articles on social settlement work. She is also the author of a long series of short stories and of beautiful lyric verse. An admirer of her poetry is James Whitcomb Riley.

When he first met her Coffin wanted her to associate herself with him in establishing an agricultural college for women in Iowa, to be conducted in connection with the university of that State. Her health not being the best in the Middle West she decided a few months ago to answer a call to become associate editor of the West Coast Magazine, in this city. Here her health was rapidly restored and here Coffin came to visit her. Instantly he was captivated by her. He had thought his health good in Iowa, but he felt immediately that it would be far better here, and he at once fell in sympathy with the plan of his now-adopted daughter to locate their agricultural college for women in or near this city. Her adoption followed and they will make their permanent home here, although Coffin's interests will keep him elsewhere a part of his time.

Twice before in his life Coffin has adopted daughters, but the young women are now both dead and his only living relatives are of the remotest kinship. He desires to have his many good works continued in his name and Miss Coffin is to do everything possible within her power to see that his wishes are executed as long as she shall live. This will be easy for her since she has always cared for works of this character.

When Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.



Philanthropist Coffin and His Adopted Daughter.

She was Mrs. Elizabeth Murray Newman and yesterday she changed her name without remarrying and became heiress to millions. As Miss Elizabeth Murray Coffin she will conduct various philanthropic institutions for her foster father, who purposes to establish an industrial farm and an agricultural college for young women near Los Angeles.

DEATH RATE LOW.

Only Thirteen to Thousand in Los Angeles Last Year—Births Show a Good Increase.
That the death rate of Los Angeles is extremely low and that there was a decided increase in births was shown by the annual report of Statistician Henry Self of the Board of Health for the fiscal year ended June 30.

The total number of deaths for the year was 5267, which out of an estimated population of 400,000 persons, was at the rate of 13.17 per thousand; and which was over 1/2 per cent. the thousand lower than the previous year, when the number of deaths recorded was 4821 out of an estimated population of 350,000.

The births showed an increase of 614 over the previous year. The total number recorded was 6446 against 5792 for the preceding year. The number of males was 3439 and females 3007.

Tuberculosis led the list of deaths with 995, of this number 133 were persons who had resided here less than three months. Diseases of the heart were next on the list, with a toll of 568. There were 170 deaths from accidents, 133 suicides and 37 murders.



Naval Reserves Marching to the Train Yesterday.

A well-trained body of slightly over 100 young land sailors left by the Southern Pacific last evening en route to San Francisco, where they will embark on the cruiser Marblehead for a practice cruise in northern waters. The portrait is of Lieut. Woodbine, commanding.

WAIT THE WORD OF WASHINGTON.

More Than Score of I.W.W.
Indictments Ready.

Presentment to Grand Jury
May Come Today.

Ruling of the Department of
Justice to Decide.

Indictments involving between twenty and thirty principals in the activities of the so-called Industrial Workers of the World, are this morning ready for presentment to the Federal grand jury, which will today make its final report to Judge Woodbine of the United States District Court.

The question of presentment depends upon the reply of the Department of Justice to a significant communication forwarded to it by the local United States District Attorney's office last Saturday. In this message a transcript of the testimony was included. Secured in the investigation, which has been going on under the direction of Assistant United States District Attorney Robinson for some months past, much of this evidence is of a most important character. Whether sufficient to serve as a basis for indictments returned remained undecided at the closing hour last night, as no answer had been received to the communication setting forth the views of the local office. Many of the questions relating to possible indictments on the counts of seditious conspiracy, inciting to rebellion or conspiracy against the government are entirely new, and it was regarded as desirable to have the ruling of the chief judicial authority of the government before proceeding to present the indictments to the grand jury.

It is known that the men under the judicial ban are not only leaders in the I.W.W., but that anarchists, nihilists and so-called Socialists, are included in the list. It is also known that the investigation made by the grand jury has been under the direct orders of the Department of Justice and that if the prosecution here is induced by that department, similar actions will be begun in other parts of the country.

If the department this morning gives the authorities here to proceed along the lines indicated in Saturday's communication, the grand jury will be asked today to work on the indictments already prepared. If the information is that some other elements are necessary in order to comply with the statutes, and this may follow for the reason that some of the cases under consideration are unique, the

next grand jury will take up the work and pursue it in the manner laid down by the Department of Justice.

Except in the charge alleging treason, points have been raised that have not so far been passed upon by the supreme law department of the government. The inquiry has been most searching and exhaustive under Attorney Robinson's direction. Not less than fifty witnesses from San Diego have been examined. Some of the testimony, furnished by witnesses, who are not only members of the I.W.W., but have had a leading hand in its management, is declared to be of the most startling character.

"Aye, Aye, Sir."

SEA WORK FOR LAND SAILORS.

NAVAL RESERVES OFF FOR TWO
WEEKS' PRACTICE CRUISE.

Volunteers Will Man Big Cruiser,
Have Gun Practice, Visit Strange
Cities and for a Fortnight Live and
Work as Do the Regulars—Los
Angeles Division Off for "Front."

"Here sir," responded 105 alert, clean-cut young Americans, the local members of the California State naval reserves as they lined up in martial array before the Arcade Station just before they left at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, for a two weeks' practice cruise in northern waters.

"You bet they're there," shouted an enthusiastic onlooker. "A good boy and don't get your feet wet," cried a sweet-faced little old lady who wept later as though her boy was off for a really, truly war cruise upon the deck of a battleship.

The naval reserves, under command of Lieut. Woodbine, embrace two Los Angeles divisions, each of twenty-five men, to which is added an engineer division of twenty men, and a division from San Diego, of twenty-five. At Santa Barbara twenty-five more will join the party, and when the cruiser Marblehead sails through the Golden Gate tomorrow, she will have on board 400 young men representing one-half of the State's naval reserve force.

The cruise will last for two weeks and the conduct of the cruiser will be entirely in the hands of the naval reserves and its officers. Capt. Baser will be in command of the vessel, and two United States naval inspectors will watch the work of the land sailors and report upon their efficiency.

After picking up the Eureka division the Marblehead will proceed to Fort Angeles for three days of target practice. This has been promised in previous years, but this is the first time the premises have been materialized into real action.

From Fort Angeles the Marblehead will drop into Seattle Harbor in time to take part in some of the

(Continued on Third Page.)

VICTIMS OF SANTA ROSA SUE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A CIVIL action against the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, involving the loss of the steamer Santa Rosa, off Pt. Arguello last July, was filed in the United States District Court yesterday. Damages for the alleged neglect of the officers in command of the steamer and the loss of baggage, amounting in all to \$39,454.65, are asked by the petition.

The orators are Elizabeth Fellows, John Briley, F. W. Collins, Mary W. Collins, Charles Brady, E. E. LaFetra, Christ Glen, Cora Varley, Frank M. Rudolph, E. Hewitt, C. J. Hewitt and Ida M. Herman, all passengers on the steamer when she went on the rocks. The petition sets out that the vessel grounded on Saddle Rock on the morning of July 7. It is alleged that at the time the vessel struck that the sea was calm, but that, when the wreck of the vessel was imminent and it would have been perfectly safe for the passengers and crew to have left the ship, her officers refused to allow them to do so. The result alleged was that, when the sea got rough and the ship broke in two, they were with difficulty rescued and were compelled to undergo much suffering in addition to losing all of their baggage. Strong allegations of neglect and a total lack of responsibility under the circumstances are set out in the complaint and the defendant company, through its officers, is held responsible for their physical suffering and inconvenience, in addition to the financial loss suffered by the complainants.

Testimony taken in this city concerning the loss of the Santa Rosa by Capt. Bolles and a board of inquiry tended to show that the time the ship struck, all of the passengers might have been taken off with their personal belongings if it was testified in behalf of the officers of the boat that help was expected immediately, and that there was no idea that any real danger existed. Efforts have been made by the survivors to secure remuneration for their losses, but so far without success.

FEDERATION'S OWN HOME

Building to Be Heard for State and Provincial Organizations of Southern California—Officers.

To consider propositions for a building for the Federation of State and Provincial Organizations of Southern California a special meeting of the organization will be held next Friday evening at Mammoth Hall, No. 517 South Broadway, at 8 o'clock.

The different organizations in the federation will be represented at the meeting by delegates from each society. They will consider a number of propositions which have already been submitted. It is expected that other proposals will be made at that time.

Several of the large building concerns of the city have expressed a willingness to aid in financing the building. It is expected that a definite decision will be reached next Friday.

Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

Waivers of damages on the Pacific-avenue route were filed with the Streets and Boulevards Committee of the Council, yesterday, and there was also filed a protest from San Pedro business men against the selection of Beacon street as the temporary route to the harbor front.

The City Council yesterday instructed the recommendation of the Legislation Committee that the City Attorney prepare an ordinance abolishing the free lunch in saloons and also in hotel bars.

Street improvement proceedings for South Main from Thirty-sixth place to Manchester avenue were abandoned yesterday so that a more extensive plan of improvement, including the widening of the street to 100 feet, can be taken up.

The Board of Public Works yesterday opened bids for 1,300,000 pounds of copper wire for constructing 200 miles of line for the aqueduct power project.

Chief Engineer Mulholland reported to the Aqueduct Advisory Board, yesterday, that engineers from all over the United States are greatly interested in the aqueduct, and that twenty have been in the city since they camped there without his knowledge.

A young southern attorney slipped a witness in the trial of Gorham Tuttle, Jr., yesterday afternoon after Judge Cabanis's court had been adjourned, and a scene followed in which Tuttle's lawyers demanded that the southerner be held in contempt of court.

At the City Hall.

PACIFIC AVENUE NOW IN LEAD.

PROPERTY OWNERS PRESENT WAIVERS OF DAMAGES.

Also a Petition from Business Men of San Pedro Protesting Against Improvement of Beacon Street as Section of Proposed Outlet to the Harbor Front.

The relative merits and advantages in prospect of the Pacific-avenue and Beacon-street routes for the proposed temporary highway to the water front at San Pedro have been a prolific source of discussion at the City Hall in committee meetings, commission and council sessions, and private gatherings, for the past few weeks, and from time to time the situation has varied; but yesterday the Pacific-avenue route seemed to have gained a decided point of vantage, for a delegation of San Pedro citizens appeared before the Streets and Boulevards Committee and presented waivers of damages to the property, covering all but three pieces of property along Pacific avenue. The owners of these three pieces are in the East and have not been reached, but it is believed they will join the others in signing the demanded waivers.

Meanwhile, the Beacon-street proponents have failed to present the waivers of damages on their streets, as suggested when the Mayor, Council and Board of Public Works and Harbor Commission met last week, and recently and inspected the two routes. Following up this advantage, the Pacific-avenue adherents yesterday filed with the Streets and Boulevards Committee a protest against the adoption of the Beacon-street route, signed by a large number of business men of San Pedro, and including the banks of the harbor town.

This protest is based on objections to the Beacon-street route that the thoroughfare is but forty feet wide, that it has a cut in the middle, and is the principal retail business street of San Pedro, and that as there is no alley in the blocks immediately east of the street, it is necessary for the channels to receive and discharge the congestion of traffic that would make it proper for a boulevard to carry as the traffic to the water front.

The Streets and Boulevards Committee decided to refer the waivers to the City Engineer for checking and a report on the actual number of feet represented. Meanwhile, the Beacon-street people intend to regain their lost advantage; they will have to get busy with a counter-offer of waivers.

NEXT FREE LUNCH?

MAY MAKE WIDE SWEEP.

A consideration by the Legislation Committee of the Council of the proposed abolition of the free lunch in saloons brought a mixed assemblage to the Council chamber yesterday morning. Representatives of the Associated Liquor Industries, urging a continuance of the free lunch; representatives of about 33 per cent. of the saloons of the city, urging that the free lunch be abolished, and a determined delegation of the Women's Christian Temperance Union workers, made up of the personnel of the company addressing the committee, while the body of the Council chamber was filled with an interested audience.

The committee, after hearing fully by both sides, appeared to be in favor of the abolition of the lunch, and continued the subject one week, instructing the City Attorney to take up the subject of lunch served in hotel bars and determine whether the proposed legislation could be made to eliminate this as well as the free lunch in saloons.

Arthur McDevitt, representing the Associated Liquor Industries, made a plea for the retention of the free lunch on the grounds that this has been a business tendency for many years, that the saloons of Los Angeles up to the highest standard of any large city in the United States and that it is beneficial to eat something when drinking liquor.

The representatives of the W.C.T.U. made strong arguments for the position, declaring that the free lunch must induce men to drink more or more men to drink, or else would not be favored by the saloons. Mrs. Hester T. Griffith, who has been engaged in reform work among frequenters of saloons for many years, states that she knew all about the free lunch proposition, as she had been "hand-cuffed" to the subject for eighteen years. She was strongly opposed to the lunch as at present constituted, but stated that if the saloons would substitute a lunch of fruits the W.C.T.U. would withdraw its opposition.

Attorney Cliver, representing sixty-eight saloons, urged that the free lunch be abolished and declared it as a fact that the police records of Los Angeles will show that a large number of men almost live on the free lunch. He stated that the Council decided to deny the petition that the name of San Fernando

observation of the effects of the system and stated that his experience upon beats had convinced him that if there were no free lunch, a lot of men would be constantly hanging around the saloons, would get out and go to work; but that under the present conditions there are a large number who practically live in the saloons and are "leggers" for the bar, with the consent of certain classes of saloons, as this increases the volume of drink sold.

A casual discussion of the proposition to abolish the treating habit occurred, but it was decided that it would be better to dispose of the subject of free lunches first. Members of the committee expressed themselves as feeling that the anti-treating plan would be a big step toward correcting evils of drinking, but that an enforcement would be a serious matter.

DARGE PROJECT.

AND MORE TIME WANTED.

South Main street has more pretensions than were held when a street-paving proposition was inaugurated some time ago, and in order to give time to work out the larger ideas the City Council yesterday voted to abandon the present proceedings.

The street is now eighty feet wide, from Thirty-sixth place to Manchester avenue, four miles. The new plans would be to construct a double-track street railway and the widening of the street to 100 feet, besides paving the thoroughfare with asphalt.

These plans were presented by the representatives of the South Main Street Improvement Association, from the Streets and Boulevards Committee of the City Council and the Public Utilities Board, yesterday afternoon, before the meeting of the Council.

Arrangements were made for a public hearing before the Board of Public Utilities next Wednesday at 3 o'clock p.m., in regard to the proposed advertising for sale of a franchise for this street. Property owners stated yesterday that they had assurance from representatives of the Los Angeles Railway Company that if a franchise, with reasonable provisions and the indemnities feature, could be secured for this line, it would probably be built.

Basement Sprinkler System.

The City Council yesterday adopted an ordinance providing for the installation in business buildings with basements to be constructed hereafter, a system of automatic sprinklers for safety from fire. The system is such that should a fire become a serious point, the heat when it reached a certain point would cause the system to act automatically, and it is also so arranged so that a fire alarm can be attached to the system and give added force to the sprinkling.

Monticello Wins.

What "Uncle Jerry" Andrews of the Streets and Boulevards Committee designated as a contest between two good democratic names was won by "Monticello" when the committee decided yesterday that the winner of the contest was the name of the new street, which is to be the connecting link with the county road roads to Pasadena, there shall be left unpaved a ten-foot strip adjoining the single track of the Pacific Electric Railway, with the expectation that later a double-track road will be placed in this street. A petition was filed yesterday asking the Board of Public Utilities and the City Council to take action looking to the compelling of the Pacific Electric Railway to lay a double-track on Avenue Sixty-four. While the petitioners are only asking for the laying of a double track from Pasadena avenue to the intersection of the street, the advocates of the desired improvement believe that objection to the plan of the street, which is based on the contract with the Amundsen Country Club, which, it is alleged, provides that the club must be given a similar car service to that rendered Avenue Sixty-four.

To Connect Boulevard.

The City Council yesterday approved the recommendation of the Streets and Boulevards Committee that the present proceedings for the improvement of Avenue Sixty-four be abandoned and that under the new proceedings for the paving of this street, which is to be the connecting link with the county road roads to Pasadena, there shall be left unpaved a ten-foot strip adjoining the single track of the Pacific Electric Railway, with the expectation that later a double-track road will be placed in this street. A petition was filed yesterday asking the Board of Public Utilities and the City Council to take action looking to the compelling of the Pacific Electric Railway to lay a double-track on Avenue Sixty-four. While the petitioners are only asking for the laying of a double track from Pasadena avenue to the intersection of the street, the advocates of the desired improvement believe that objection to the plan of the street, which is based on the contract with the Amundsen Country Club, which, it is alleged, provides that the club must be given a similar car service to that rendered Avenue Sixty-four.

Want Their Own Attorney.

The Board of Public Utilities yesterday instructed its secretary to make a request of the City Attorney that a deputy from his office be designated hereafter to attend to legal matters pertaining to the Utility Board and to be present at board sessions when desired.

Woman Would Be Guide.

Although the city has made application for the job of City Hall guide, Mrs. George Hopkins of No. 1915 Wadsworth avenue yesterday filed with the Board of Public Works her application for the place. As the duties of this office require the guide to serve as watchman Saturday afternoon, Sundays and holidays, the board will probably determine that it should go to a mere man.

For Transmission Line.

The Board of Public Works yesterday opened bids for furnishing aqueduct power department 1,300,000 pounds of copper wire for use in constructing the power transmission line along the Los Angeles aqueduct. The average price is 19 cents per pound. This wire will construct approximately 200 miles of power line. The board also received bids for electric line for hauling wire and other use on the power transmission line.

Filling up Channel.

Hancock Banning yesterday filed with the Board of Public Works a protest against the filling up of the channel east of Price street, which he alleges has been materially filled by the action of the Standard American Freighting Company in carrying its contracts with the city, although there is a restraining injunction issued by the Superior Court against the filling of this channel. He asks the Board of Public Works to stop the filling and to have the channel placed in its former condition, which, says the complaint, was dredged at a cost of \$7000.

Old Street Retains Name.

Another old landmark of Los Angeles escaped the ruthlessness of innovation yesterday, when the Streets and Boulevards Committee of the Council decided to deny the petition that the name of San Fernando

street, from the Plaza to the Los Angeles River, be changed to North Spring street. The denial was made on the ground that in the changing of the name of the street last night no warrant had been issued other out of the justice or Police Court.

Alessandro Street Again.

The set of questions filed with the City Council by F. E. Evans and others in regard to Alessandro street, and in which they demanded an investigation of certain alleged acts in regard to this street, had another round yesterday before the Streets and Boulevards Committee. Clark Carroll read the civil engineer's communication and it was referred by the committee to the Board of Public Works for their consideration.

Interested in Aqueduct.

Chief Engineer Mulholland presented a verbal report to the Aqueduct Advisory Board, yesterday, of his trip to Seattle to attend the annual convention of the National Association of Civil Engineers. He presented a paper which he had read on the Los Angeles aqueduct and of the intense interest this great work has caused among the civil engineers of the United States. "The fame of the aqueduct, the magnitude of the work and the boldness of the plan, as well as the progress that has been made, have gone far and wide and have won much appreciation by the body of men composing this association," said Mulholland. He stated that the engineers of the association with this project and the holding of the convention, attended by her daughters, her son-in-law and Polk.

Partnership Holds.

COURT AWARDS PROFITS.

Holding that a partnership existed and that A. B. Spencer is entitled to one-half of the profits from the sale of mining properties in Riverside county, Judge Wilbur, in an opinion handed down yesterday, gave judgment for Spencer in the sum of \$18,750.

Voted to Purchase Land.

The City Council, with only one dissenting vote—that of Councilman Andrews—put itself on record yesterday in favor of purchasing the property of the Iron Chief Mining Company, which took over the property of the city, the price paid was \$1,82,000, of which Barnes, the testimony showed, had paid \$11,400 and an arrear of \$1000 a month, besides about \$200,000 for individual interests had picked up.

Candidate from Oakland.

George V. Trudhope, head of a department in the City Electrician's office at Oakland, visited the Mayor yesterday, and was introduced to the Mayor of Oakland. He is a candidate for the position of head of the Bureau of Fire Alarm and Police Telegraph.

At the Courthouse.

DIXIE BLOOD IS FILED BY GRIN.

SOUTHERNER SLAPS A WITNESS.

AFTER ADJOURNMENT.

Alleged Witness Ogled Daughters of Plaintiff and Shows His Remorsement When They Came in Court—Judge Refuses to Hold Him in Contempt of Court.

The southern temperament of George Polk, a young attorney of Pi Worth, could not brook the attitude of Charles W. Parnell, confidant of Gorham Tuttle, Jr., during the latter's trial yesterday in Judge Cabanis's court for having obtained money under false pretenses. Parnell was attending court as a witness, and Polk alleges that he ogled the daughters of Mrs. Tuttle, who seem deeply interested in the trial of their stepfather.

When court was adjourned yesterday afternoon Polk encountered Parnell in the corridor and slapped him in the face. Rev. Arthur W. Dowdell, a missionary from India, and a witness for the defense, rushed to the scene without provocation. Parnell rushed back into the courtroom and, surrounded by Tuttle's counsel, was led to the bench where Judge Cabanis was conversing with Deputy District Attorney Horton.

Attorney Carpenter, Tuttle's chief counsel, informed the court that Parnell had been assaulted, and that, being a witness, his assault should be held in contempt of court. Judge Cabanis declared Parnell's remedy lay in the Police Court, the alleged assault not having been committed in court. Still herded by counsel, Parnell was rushed out with the avowed intention of obtaining a warrant for Polk's arrest. Until closing time last night no warrant had been issued other out of the justice or Police Court.

Parnell, known as the "love slave" of Tuttle, is under ball to answer a charge of vagrancy. A sensational charge filed against him, involving the question of his sanity, was recently heard and dismissed by Judge Wilbur.

The first interpretation of the new law covering the testimony of a wife against her husband was given by Judge Cabanis in the trial of Tuttle yesterday. Tuttle is charged with having obtained money from vendors' lien notes under an alleged power of attorney. Deputy District Attorney Horton, who is prosecuting the case, testified that Mrs. Jeanne Tuttle is a witness on the ground that this was a crime against her property.

The court in the case, believing in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

Make Your Money Work

Buy shares of the Conservative Investment Co. Put your money where it brings the largest returns in dividends and increased value of stock. Banks pay 4 per cent. mortgages pay 8 per cent. Builders of Homes pay from 15 to 30 per cent. Builders of Homes shares increase in value many times the original cost.

Buy your stock now. Get in on the ground floor. Put your fist down and get a good grip on a contract that means a sure premium on your stock. Shares advance to 30c July 7th. Don't be too late. Do something, don't stand still. The wise man always buys early and buys on the ground floor. Send orders for shares to 200 New to the CONSERVATIVE INVESTMENT CO., 408 West Sixth street. No investor has ever failed to get his money back for shares and gold notes. "Watch Us Grow."

be paid policy holders. He alleges that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

He alleged that in the operation of his suit in extending the business, the company agreed to waive the right in the thirty-day clause of the contract. The contract was revoked May 2, last. Schreiber now asks in the suit filed yesterday to be reimbursed for the large sums of money he disbursed, his share of the profits which he estimated at \$20,000 a year, and the value of his services at \$1000 a month. He is represented by Tripp, Chapman & Bily and E. E. Keller.

Which Can You Afford

All Reproduce Perfectly

Musically speaking, these four instruments are practically the same. If they were the \$7.00 Reel, for instance, could only be sold to owners of expensive machines as it is, however, the entire record catalogue can be creditably reproduced on even the \$15.00 machine.

Don't put off buying a machine any longer—the above statement is true, and furthermore, we will take these cheaper machines in on more expensive ones later.

The Federal grand jury will make its final report for the January term of the United States District Court this morning and will then be discharged by Judge Wilbur. It is expected that the Earl Standard case will be finally disposed of, so far as the grand jury is concerned, with this report. It is stated on the authority of the District Attorney that no other but Standard was found to be implicated and that if the grand jury returns an indictment it will be against Standard alone.

The July term of court will begin Monday, although a jury will not be sworn, either for grand or term trial purposes, until later. On Monday the calendar for the term will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Monday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Tuesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Wednesday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Thursday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Friday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Saturday the calendar will be set by Judge Wilbur. On Sunday the calendar

THE MARK OF GOOD CLOTHES

KNOW US FOR BEST VALUES

For Hot Weather

Wetly showing at present a splen-

did line of styles has been

unusual value at the price. All

shapes—all sizes. Mighty

good values at \$2

Also some real

Pennies at \$5

Women's

Specials

"ROBESPIERRE" Dutch Collars.

Regular 50c, 75c and \$1

styles, on sale at 35c

A new line of guaranteed "Phoe-

be" Silk Hosiery. Black, tan and

white. Four pair, guaranteed 3

months, \$5.

(Sale of Men's Suits—

see tomorrow's papers.)

Shirley Frank

MEN'S & BOYS' OUTFITTERS

437-441 3d Street

CIVILIZATION BY TROLLEY.

Broadening of Human Interest Is

Obtained by Early and Late Riders

Out in Suburban Districts.

[Boston Transcript:] Residents of

this metropolis who go to their homes

by automobile or train or elevated

surface car, and who seldom forsake

the routine except for a sort of stum-

pling excursion through rural districts

to some business or social center,

should be kidnapped in the interest

of humanity and sent on a twenty-

mile ride over a trolley-car route be-

fore 7 o'clock in the morning, or af-

ter 10 o'clock at night. One naturally

shrinks from advising the course of

the car, but the course of the car

of such an adventure may properly

be indicated. And the most obvious

is a certain change in the nature

of kinship, which in the morning

prompts one to awake and in the

evening prompts him to sleep and in

the evening prompts him to sleep and

in the morning prompts him to awake

and in the evening prompts him to

sleep and in the morning prompts

him to awake and in the evening

prompts him to sleep and in the

morning prompts him to awake and

in the evening prompts him to sleep

and in the morning prompts him to

awake and in the evening prompts

him to sleep and in the morning

prompts him to awake and in the

evening prompts him to sleep and

in the morning prompts him to

awake and in the evening prompts

him to sleep and in the morning

prompts him to awake and in the

evening prompts him to sleep and

in the morning prompts him to

awake and in the evening prompts

him to sleep and in the morning

prompts him to awake and in the

evening prompts him to sleep and

in the morning prompts him to

awake and in the evening prompts

him to sleep and in the morning

I. W. Robinson Co.

Broadway and Third

Branch Postoffice and Wells-Fargo Express, Main Floor Rear.

July Clearance Sale

High-class, seasonable merchandise will be offered by practically every department during this sale, at from a quarter to a half or more under regular price.

Misses' Suit Dept.

Tub Dresses Today

One of the very important and practical needs for the season is to be found in this department's offering—TUB DRESSES—Just the correct thing for beach and mountain wear. The materials are of gingham, percales and lawns.

LOT 1—In sizes 1, 8, 10, 12, 14, offers today, \$1.50 to \$2.50 values, for 95c.

LOTS 2 AND 3—Comprises an assortment of washable stuff, suitable for both house and vacation purposes. They come in many different styles and materials. Especially good for misses and young women, and small sized adults.

LOT 2—Offers today, \$2.50 to \$4.00 values, at \$1.95.

LOT 3—Offers today, \$4.50 to \$6.50 values, at \$2.95.

Sizes 13, 15, 17 and 14, 16, 18.

July Clearance in Toy Dept.

A few full jointed composition body Dolls, with closing eyes, sewed wigs; all have shoes and stockings. These run in size from 12 to 20 inches, and are as fine Dolls as money can buy. Regularly sold from \$1.50 to \$3.50. To close them out, the price will be 75c to \$1.75.

6 TO 24-INCH DRESSED DOLLS, with full jointed composition bodies, closing eyes, well made wigs, dresses of silks and lawns, with hats to match, neatly made underwear; all garments made so a child can remove and replace them. Regularly sold 25c to \$4.00. On sale at half original price.

8-in. and 14-in. Baby Dolls, just 30 of these all told, all with closing eyes, legs drawn up, baby style.

8-inch size, regular price \$1.75, and the 14-inch at \$3.00. These few will be sold today at 75c and \$1.00.

16x30 College and Souvenir Pennants, made of finest felt, neatly made and lettered, reduced from \$1.00 to 75c.

12x30 size, in all local Colleges, 50c values, at 35c.

This Store Closes Today at 1 o'clock

Knit Underwear Dept.

Forest Mills Union Suits—Low neck, sleeveless, in white, fine ribbed. \$1.25 values, at 95c.

Forest Mills Union Suits—Fine lisle, low neck, sleeveless, hand-finished, neck and arms lace-trimmed. \$2.00 values, at \$1.35.

Forest Mills Underwear, Vests and Tights—Vests high neck, long or short sleeves, low neck, summer weight, sleeveless; tights knee length. \$1.25 values, at 95c.

Forest Mills Underwear—Vests, high neck, long tights, knee or ankle length, silk and cotton, medium weight. \$1.25 values, at 95c.

Forest Mills Union Suits—Fine lisle, high neck, long sleeves, ankle length. \$2.00 values, at \$1.50.

Women's Vests—Low neck, sleeveless, in white, imported lisle thread, fancy hand-crocheted yokes. \$1.50 and \$1.25 values, at \$1.00.

\$2.00 values, at \$1.50.

\$2.50 values, at \$2.00.

They do not come all sizes, but they represent unusually good values.

Leather Goods Dept.

Imported Austrian and German Fanny Bags, in leather and silk, in black and colors, at just 1/2 price for our July Clearance Sale.

The \$12.50 values, reduced to \$6.25

The \$15.00 values, reduced to \$7.50

The \$20.00 values, reduced to \$10.00

The \$30.00 values, reduced to \$15.00

On Sale for Today Only

Packer's Tar Soap, 15c cake. Also Mm. Isabel's Powder, white only, 50c values, on sale today only, for 35c.

Millinery Department

We will place on sale our entire Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, (except mourning) at just half price for your choice.

Is Your Watch Running Right?

Let us clean and oil it—the best investment you can make. Watches cleaned for \$1. Mainprizes \$1 up.

AE Mores

Goldsmith and Jeweler

through the use of the public telephone, Doctor Spitta of St. George's Hospital, London, bacteriologist to the King, examined a large number of instruments that had been in constant use at busy London pay-stations, as well as several telephones that were known to have been used exclusively by persons suffering from tuberculosis. The bacteriological experiments failed to reveal the presence of bacilli. Doctor Spitta's report to the Postmaster-General says that the transmission of tuberculosis through the telephone mouthpiece is virtually impossible. Previous investigations undertaken at the instance of the city medical officer of London, and in this country, have warranted the same reassuring conclusion.

Summer Necessaries.

Alpha Bath Caps, 75c values \$1.00—59c

OFF & VAUGHN DRUG CO., 352 S. Spring, cor. 4th.

"Los Angeles' Oldest Dry Goods House."

Coulter's

"The Best in Dry Goods Since 1878."

All Plain and Fancy Silks in Short Lengths That Sold Ordinarily at 50c to \$1.50, for Half!

We'll Close at One o'clock—Today

—following an established custom we will allow our salespeople their Saturday afternoon for recreation during the months of July and August.

—The store will close promptly at 1 o'clock, commencing today. Plan to shop early.

—The Cafe and Men's Grill will serve luncheon Saturdays, as usual. Open till two; entrance, after one, thru the Coulter office building.

Continuing the Sale of Housekeeping Linens

—just a few of the specials to show you the savings you may effect by buying at Coulter's—during July:

TABLE LINEN BY THE YARD, in snow-white Damask, assorted patterns, 80 inches; worth 65c, at 50c the yard.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES)

BEN'S CAPTAIN IS AN ENGLISHMAN, NO BASEBALL IN HIS BONES!

BY HARRY DALLY



Business: Shipping, Mines and Stocks.

THE WEATHER.

OFFICE, U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, July 6.—(Reported by F. A. ...)

Table with 3 columns: Location, High, Low. Lists weather data for various locations including Los Angeles, San Francisco, and others.

METAL MARKETS

COPPER. NEW YORK, July 5.—(By A. P. Night Wire.) Standard Copper, steady, Lake 17 1/2 ...

Real Estate Directory.

EXPOSITION PARK SQUARE Palisades. New 120 subdivisions New Open, offering ...

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

LOCAL FORECAST. In the Los Angeles and vicinity: Fair Saturday ...

Table with 3 columns: Location, High, Low. Lists weather data for various locations including Los Angeles, San Francisco, and others.

STOCK MARKET

STOCK MARKET LACKS LEADER. MILKING PRESSURE STARTS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

STOCK MARKET

STOCK MARKET LACKS LEADER. MILKING PRESSURE STARTS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

Table with 3 columns: Location, High, Low. Lists weather data for various locations including Los Angeles, San Francisco, and others.

STOCK MARKET

STOCK MARKET LACKS LEADER. MILKING PRESSURE STARTS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

STOCK MARKET

STOCK MARKET LACKS LEADER. MILKING PRESSURE STARTS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

Table with 3 columns: Location, High, Low. Lists weather data for various locations including Los Angeles, San Francisco, and others.

STOCK MARKET

STOCK MARKET LACKS LEADER. MILKING PRESSURE STARTS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

STOCK MARKET

STOCK MARKET LACKS LEADER. MILKING PRESSURE STARTS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

Table with 3 columns: Location, High, Low. Lists weather data for various locations including Los Angeles, San Francisco, and others.

STOCK MARKET

STOCK MARKET LACKS LEADER. MILKING PRESSURE STARTS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

STOCK MARKET

STOCK MARKET LACKS LEADER. MILKING PRESSURE STARTS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

Table with 3 columns: Location, High, Low. Lists weather data for various locations including Los Angeles, San Francisco, and others.

STOCK MARKET

STOCK MARKET LACKS LEADER. MILKING PRESSURE STARTS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

STOCK MARKET

STOCK MARKET LACKS LEADER. MILKING PRESSURE STARTS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

Table with 3 columns: Location, High, Low. Lists weather data for various locations including Los Angeles, San Francisco, and others.

STOCK MARKET

STOCK MARKET LACKS LEADER. MILKING PRESSURE STARTS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

Conservative Investment Co.

Conservative Investment Co. 408 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Capital \$2,000,000.

Central Committee of the La Fo

to begin municipal conven-
tional day.
In estimates made by postal of-
ficials, 100 persons call daily for
general delivery windows.

IN CALIFORNIA. A San De-
go man had charged of the
old money has been

50c

two-day
Milwaukee
here: Paris
which we

ose
ock

the
nop

29c

will sell
brown,
oft, rich

y at 25c

nd \$2.50

...29c

res,

...\$1.05

lue, 20c

ath

...5c

g:

...98c

59c

e than
dosen
orning
s have
a, heel
aturday

re-...25c

...29c

...25c

y...69c

y...

...25c

s;

...\$1.49

ra, 75c

the rare
ame birds,
and franc-
partridges.)
a, bustards,
fowl, owls,
birds, horn
birds, frin-
ted. There
the field
called from
February 11,
about Feb-
11.
was mostly
that con-
the earlier

VIDED.
TREASURY.
ily 8:] It
that the al-
MacVaugh
ficial of the
matter will
il Mr. Mac-
ly or until
further go-

bered that
chant and
had a long
at he has
dutie for
Andrew in-

a displayed
to permit
them alone.

Habit
me

as Former

merchant
eal Trust-
than three
investment

decided be
the drink
business
Neal is
where he
and after

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest

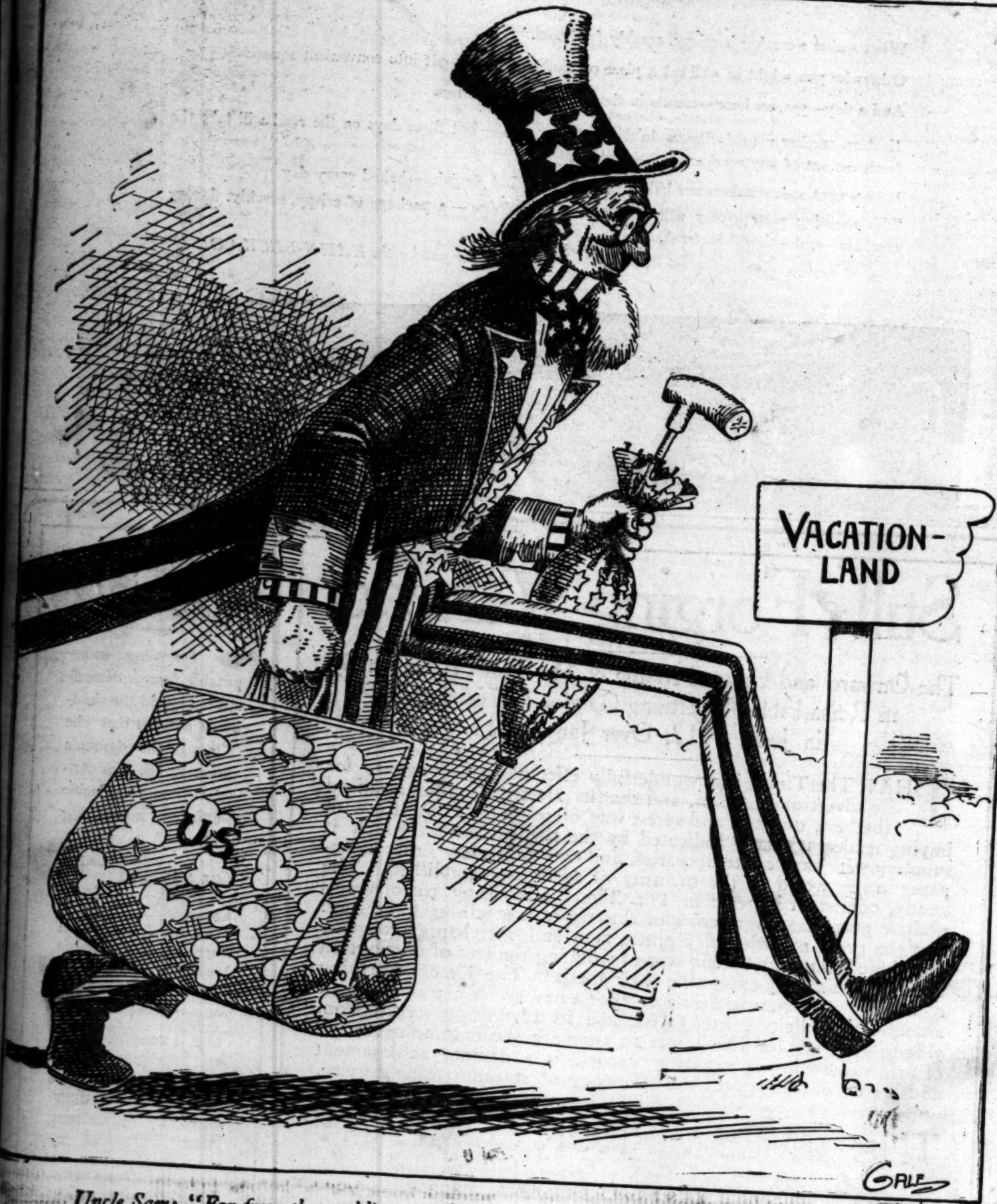


1897-1912 | IN ITS FIFTEENTH YEAR
NEW SERIES VOL. 1, NO. 1

JULY 6, 1912—40 PAGES.

Single copies, by mail,
or through News Agents, | TEN CENTS

Everybody's Doin' It.



Uncle Sam: "Far from the madding crowd—from the city's fevered brain remote for mine!"

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER—40 PAGES.

Everybody's Dads' B (Cartoon).....	1	New Style of Currency Coming. By a Special Contributor.....	12, 13	A Thief in the Night. By Ruby Daughman.....	24
Contents, Advertisements.....		When Gen. Lawton Fell. By Pelican Reedy.....	13	The City and the House Beautiful. By Ernest Bramson.....	24, 25
Editorials.....	2, 4	A Glimpse of Old France. By Edna Machotka Chapin.....	14, 15	Practical Fodder Culture. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.....	24, 25
The Lancer.....	5	Story of a Little Girl Here. By Augusta C. Bainbridge.....	15	Orchard, Farm and Range.....	25
Rich Man—Poor Man—Beggars Man. By H. Kaufman.....	5	Views of Nature, Human and Dog. By Nora Marquis.....	16	Men and Women.....	25
Personality in the Schoolroom. By George W. Burton.....	6	From Astral Planes to Flypaper. By Edward Child.....	17	Industrial Progress.....	25
The Black Boys of Samson. By Capt. Charles A. Clarke.....	6	Recent Cartoons.....	17	The Human Body and the Health and Care of It.....	25-27
Who's Who—And Why?.....	7	Good Short Stories.....	19	Hot Water as a Remedy. By E. B. Warman, A.M.....	28
A Talk with President Roosevelt. By F. G. Carpenter.....	8, 9	Auto Suggestion. (Illus.).....	20, 21	Woman: In the Home and in the World.....	28
Hawaii: Its People and Its Prospects. By Forbes Lindsay.....	10, 11	Heart of Gold. By Myra Nye.....	22, 23	La Nipona y Madre Chiquita. By G. Farnell-Bond.....	29
Bayings of Barbados, the Gospel Philosopher.....	11	Red Mexico, as I Saw It. By H. G. Adames.....	24	Advertisements.....	29

Crackers cannot be almost fresh any more than milk can be almost sweet

What makes a cracker is crispy, crackly freshness.

Otherwise you might as well eat a piece of blotting paper—cut into convenient squares.

And a day—yes, an hour—counts in the freshness of crackers.

Eastern cracker manufacturers do the best they can—but three days on the road will take the freshness out of any cracker.

Bell crescent soda crackers are baked right here in Los Angeles—baked every day.

This morning your grocer will send you this package—a package of crispy, crackly, flavory crackers—and—they'll be fresh.

Baked for you by the KAHN-BECK CO.



Still Forging Ahead

The Onward and Upward March of The Times is Shown By
its Remarkable Advertising Gain of 16,760 Inches
in June, 1912, Over June, 1911.

THAT The Times is a wonderfully effective selling agency for its advertising patrons, and that its advertising columns afford the best, quickest and surest way of reaching a multitude of buying readers is clearly indicated by the regularity with which it submerges its local contemporaries, and over-tops every other newspaper in the world in the quantity of advertising published. The steady, consistent increase in The Times advertising patronage is positive proof that every copy of this paper is a selling force, and that the great majority of business men and merchants recognize that there is no more certain way of reducing the cost of distribution than by persistently exploiting their goods in The Times advertising columns. It is comparatively easy for a newspaper carrying a small amount of publicity matter to increase its advertising record from year to year, but for The Times to augment the enormous volume of paid advertising it regularly carries, is a distinct achievement and a splendid tribute to the efficiency of its advertising service.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY

617-619 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

Advertising June 1912

The following indisputable figures demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt that The Times is the dynamic power in the Los Angeles and Pacific Southwest advertising field.

	Inches.
LOS ANGELES	
TIMES	116,698
Examiner	91,192
Tribune	54,731
Express	50,012
Herald	39,011
Record	28,004

The Times Advertising Supremacy is the Natural Outgrowth of its Circulation Superiority :: Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897.
REORGANIZED JAN. 6, 1912.

Dedicated to the development of California and the Coast Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the development of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorial, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm and the Range.

Colorful in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sun, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

An independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, explanation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of liberty, law and freedom in the industries, holding up the heads of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of home, country and civilization.

The Illustrated Weekly, being complete in itself, is served to the public separate from The Times news sheets when required. Old series ended December 31, 1911. New series begins January 6, 1912.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication in The Illustrated Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found suitable; but otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

For sale by newsdealers: 10 cents a copy. With the Sunday Times, \$2.50 a year; without, \$2.60 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1912, at the postoffice at Los Angeles, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.



Under the Editorial Direction of
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Forty Pages—Regular Issue Over 88,000 Copies.

BY THE WESTERN SEA.

AND IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Cosmopolitan Indeed.

THE population of the city of Los Angeles, rapidly approaching the half-million mark, is very cosmopolitan. Its people embrace more nationalities than any other city of the same size in the country. The city is particularly noted for having so many residents from every State in the American Union. So numerous are these people from the various States that nearly every commonwealth in the Union is represented here by a State association. So important are these organizations that there is a central body known as the Federation of State Societies. Now there is organized the Federated States Building Company, for the purpose of erecting a building to be owned by these State societies, and to cost \$1,000,000. These Los Angeles residents who represent so many different States come not a single mile from the great congested cities of the country, but from the smaller cities of the Central West and very largely from the country districts.

Santa Barbara Progress.

THINGS look bright at Santa Barbara. The Federal Building will cost \$110,000, and the government has furnished the money. The normal school will cost \$150,000, and the State of California finances that project. The widow of Robert Louis Stevenson has bought property on State street and proposes to improve it with a block to cost \$50,000. C. W. Post of Battle Creek, Mich., has secured property on State street with the prospect of erecting a building at a cost of \$50,000, and Redlands capitalists are planning an office building for the Edison people and for Wells, Fargo & Co. Express. The old National Bank building has been removed, to be replaced by a beautiful structure at a cost of \$60,000. The Episcopalians are now building a church to cost \$45,000. And contributions are coming in for the Y.M.C.A. building, the fund having already reached nearly \$100,000. The street railroad company is making improvements there at a cost of \$250,000. At Goleta, a suburb of Santa Barbara, the people are spending \$125,000 on good roads.

New Industry for El Segundo.

LOUIS ERB, a practical cigar-maker, is about to open a new factory at El Segundo. It is an ambitious undertaking, and it will be a building of two stories. This new town ought to be a good place for the manufacture of cigars. An even climate, not too damp, not too dry, is the ideal place for the wrapping of tobacco leaf into good cigars. These are the conditions that make Tampa, Fla., ideal for the industry. Cigar-making also flourishes in San Francisco because of the climatic conditions at that point. If tobacco culture is ever carried on successfully and on a large scale throughout California, cigar-making will be a very important industry.

By the Western Sea Indeed.

THE schools throughout the whole country along the Western Sea and in the back country throughout the heart of the Great Southwest are all closed. Text-books are lying neglected in dark closets, and the small boy is busy with bat and ball, and the small girl with her dolls. Regardless of sex they are care-free, and if not perfectly happy, a good deal nearer that enviable condition than when cooped up in the school-

room "poring over miserable books." The beach resorts are as full of adolescent humanity as the beehive of the busy workers that make the honey. The little bare feet splash in the dashing waves and the befrilled pantalettes will come ashore very much bedraggled. There will be brimless and crownless hats, torn pantalettes and stubbed toes plenty along hundreds of miles of the shores of the Western Sea. But what muscle-makers and health-brooders these next three months will be! How tanned and bronzed the cheeks and hands will become! But what of it? Blood will run redder for all life long for these days by the Sunset Sea.

Ventura's High School.

ALL the conflicting interests that have delayed work on the high-school building at Ventura have been reconciled, and now the work will go on. More than a year ago a site of ample dimensions, fifteen acres on a slightly knoll just east of the city, was secured. From this the view extends over the waters of the channel and all down the Santa Clara Valley, vistas unexcelled in the wide, wide world.

Ventura lies in the great bean-producing valley of California. Seldom is a bit of this bean land offered for sale, and when a patch is thrown on the market it is usually seized upon at once by some neighboring bean grower. Marion Cannon, a former Congressman from California, is one of the largest bean growers in the section. He has been there for perhaps half a century, and his family have been raised there. They know beans whether the bag is open or shut, and the land where they grow. Adjoining the Cannon ranch a piece of property of ninety-two acres was offered the other day, and the Cannons took it at \$600 an acre. It is nothing but naked bean land.

A Jutty Subject.

THE Mayor and City Council of the city of Riverside and the directors of the Riverside Water Company are conducting negotiations for the municipality to acquire the property of the company. The property is of exceeding great value in itself, and as much so are its possibilities for the developing of power. Riverside county is very rich in electric possibilities, some of them developed into actualities. A great deal of power is used on pumping plants which convey water for irrigation purposes. The motors range at from forty to 100 horse power. One well near Wineville produces 100 inches of water a day. Wineville lies in the center of what a few years ago was a wind-swept plain of sand, but is now covered with productive grapevines from whose fruit as fine a wine is made as any in the world.

A Plan for Making Morals.

LOS ANGELES has more new ideas than any other city in the world. One of its latest ideas to take concrete form is the Bible Institute of Los Angeles. The institution has secured a fine block of land on Hope street between Fifth and Sixth, and plans have been drawn for the building as a factory where morals shall be made. Work is already in progress on the structure. It will be the largest and best equipped institution of its kind in the world. The lot is of large area and the building is to cover it, fourteen stories in height. It is said that this building will contain more floor space than any other one in the city. That is probable, as the lot is 240x165 feet, and cost \$170,000. The institution has between 400 and 500 students receiving instruction.

A Great Hotel at Venice.

WORK is actually in progress upon the great hotel to be erected at Venice. The cost is estimated at \$500,000, and the promoter declares that of this sum \$250,000 is in hand, and the remainder in sight. The lot has been bought at a cost of \$110,000 and the contract for the building awarded to the F. O. Engstrom Company. It will be a year before the great undertaking is completed. The building is to be of reinforced concrete, eight stories and basement, containing 228 rooms, nearly all with private bath. That really sounds like a first-class hotel.

To Develop the Harbor.

THE Salt Lake Railroad Company and the Harbor Commission of Los Angeles are carrying on negotiations for the development of docks in the inner harbor. The railroad proposes to build a concrete wall for its docks, and the harbor is to be widened 100 feet. This will afford room for the entrance of the largest ships to come into the inner harbor. The docks are to be fireproof, a necessary thing to handle the immense amount of lumber and oil at the point. The road professes its willingness to spend \$1,000,000 if the city will grant a franchise sufficiently liberal to encourage the investment.

More Good Roads.

AT CARPINTERIA, on the border line between Santa Barbara and Ventura counties, there are nearly completed macadamized roads which will cost \$85,000. Part of these roads will be the section known as the Rincon Sea Level Route. Here the road runs around a knob of mountain known in Spanish as Rincon, which juts out into the sea, and the road will run right where the surf breaks. It is part of the old stage road in the days of the "prairie schooner."

Delinquents and Criminals.

WE ARE living in an era of transition. Old things are passing away, and many new things are coming into being. This is just as true in matters concerning statecraft, ethics and religion, as in the purely material realm of human activity. There are just as many new ideas in government procedure, in religious thought, and in philosophical conceptions as in the machinery in the mills, in the mines and on the farms of the country.

There is nothing that escapes the attention of the reformers of our day. Tradition and authority have scarcely any standing in the world, and precedent is despised. Ours is a very bold generation, as ready as Columbus was to start out over unmapped seas to look for new worlds of thought as he looked for continents.

Among these transitions in practice and thought the dealing with criminals holds a conspicuous place. It would be a dead world if everything stood still, and it would be an unthinkable thing in human history if the world should all go backward. From long experience we have learned to discriminate between criminals and delinquents. The old Draconian view of crime persisted up to almost our day in modified form. The Greek lawgiver differed from Isaac Watts. The author of rhymes for children, while he inculcated the principle that "it is a sin to steal a pin," yet also taught it is "much more to steal greater things." The rhyme is bad, but it teaches sound doctrine.

While in the home for endless ages leniency has been practiced toward the young, the mother cuddling the little thing in her arms and excusing him on the ground that "he is only a baby," in courts of justice there was little disposition to condone crime committed for the first time by thoughtless, inexperienced youth, any more than in the case of the hardened repeater in crime.

We have learned better than that. The young are delinquents, the hardened repeater is a criminal. We have juvenile courts, and detention homes, where an effort is made to reclaim the delinquent, and with a good deal of success. Even with the hardened repeater there is a disposition, growing stronger every day, to give the culprit "one more chance," and this does not prove a failure in every case.

But the human mind never rests, and, swinging like the pendulum of the clock, goes from extreme to extreme. When Jesus of Nazareth preached his gospel of brotherhood and taught men to help one another, his disciples carried the doctrine to an extreme of absolute communism. That is exactly what led to the famous Ananias episode, with his false declaration as to how much he had got for his property. That was long ago, but the human mind quickly took cognizance of the extreme policy involved in communism, and Christianity promptly rectified the mistake.

It will be necessary for us to guard against a similar extreme in dealing with criminals, and to some extent in dealing with delinquents. In the case of the criminal it should never be forgotten that he is a criminal. There is no human being absolutely sane of mind, any more than there is one absolutely sound of body. Mental diseases, just like those that are physical, run from unimportant aberrations of mind to violent madness. It will scarcely be disputed by any reflective person that the criminal was never quite sane. The stronger the tendency to commit crime, the greater the mental aberration. Some disputatious persons may rise and declare that we are dealing with morals, not with intellects in these reflections. If morals and intellects are not the same thing they are exceedingly closely allied.

Unless this fundamental proposition is kept carefully in mind, the excellent movement toward reform in dealing with criminals will not work well. The notion of trusting the hardened criminal as implicitly as one would a carefully-trained child will not work. The criminal has been trusted and perhaps too much confidence led him to his own undoing as well as the betraying of the person who reposed confidence in him. Crime is very much like appetite, which comes with eating. The oftener the criminal sins against society the more set he becomes in his disposition to walk in the way of the transgressor. He knows those ways are hard, but he refuses to turn aside into smoother paths, although he knows they lead to peace.

It is different with the youthful delinquent. There is much more hope of successfully reforming him if he is treated right. But while a close watch should be kept over the confirmed criminal, not trusting him too far out of sight, and while in the case of the youthful delinquent it is necessary to trust such a one, yet continual

watchfulness will be necessary in his case, too, or his feet will not continue in the straight and narrow path, but will wander into those of the transgressor. Youth or aged person, delinquent or criminal, there is a screw loose somewhere, or the one would not be a delinquent any more than the other would be a criminal. The delinquent cannot trust himself, and that accounts for his being a delinquent. We like the idea of self-government in the detention homes where efforts are being made to reform the delinquent. It is like the child learning to walk where strength comes by the use of the muscles. But the wise mother has a rescuing hand mighty near the tottering babe to prevent grievous disaster.

Is This the Money Trust?

A HUNDRED years ago, on June 16, 1812, a little company of business men in New York City went before the Legislature of the Empire State and asked for a charter for a commercial bank, to be known as the City Bank of New York. The charter was granted, and the corporation proceeded to do business. The war with Great Britain had just broken out. The capital stock of the corporation was to be \$2,000,000, divided into shares of \$50 each. The act authorizing the bank required its officers to pay into the treasury of the State "for the use and benefit of common schools," \$120,000.

While the authorized capital was \$2,000,000, there was actually subscribed \$800,000. This stock was scattered among the people of New York very widely, few of the stockholders holding very large amounts. Deposits were not large, yet it subscribed half a million dollars toward the United States loan of 1813, to finance the war with Great Britain, and there has never been an issue of United States bonds from that time to this in which the bank has not participated.

In 1865 the bank was nationalized as the National City Bank of New York, and in 1900 the capital stock was increased to \$10,000,000, and again in 1902, to \$25,000,000, where it now stands.

In 1882 the actual capital of the bank was \$1,000,000 with a surplus of \$2,000,000, and its deposits amounted to only \$6,500,000.

In 1886 the bank had a surplus of \$2,000,000, in 1906 of a little more than \$20,000,000, and in 1911 the surplus had risen to \$34,131,839.

The bank today has a capital stock of \$25,000,000. Its deposits of various kinds, mostly individual, amount to \$139,334,641.03, and the total resources of the bank are \$290,000,000 plus.

We are not informed as to how many individuals there are among the stockholders of this bank today, but they probably number many thousands. The main portion of its wealth is its deposits in money of merchants, manufacturers, business men, small and large, constituting the general public of the city of New York for the most part. This New York bank has prospered. Its prosperity has possibly been a little larger than the general run of banks, but who will say its career under the honest management that has marked it has been a detriment and not a benefit to all the people? There is no rough rider in the city of New York galloping through the streets with a lash to force depositors to place their money in the keeping of this institution. The people put their money there of their own free will and accord, and we boldly submit it is their business and that of no other.

European and American Finance.

PERIODICAL financial panics which collapse credit, break down industries, prostrate enterprises and cause banks to give way under pressure, have not been disastrous or frequent in the leading countries of Europe, because it is the policy and practice of the government banks there to furnish money at all times, at some rate of interest to meet every legitimate demand. Since the reorganization of the Bank of England, in 1844, this policy has been steadily pursued and more than once has relieved distressing financial situations. During the panic of 1857, when in this country was devastating in its effects, a discount rate of 10 per cent. in London prevailed for forty-five days. During the panic of 1866 for three months the same rate prevailed. During six years the discount rate was 6 per cent. It was below 6 per cent. for periods aggregating fifty years. It was 3 per cent. for periods aggregating thirty-one years. It was 2 per cent. for periods aggregating ten years.

During the nine years from 1901 to 1910, the maximum rate of discount was 7 per cent. and the average rate 3.61 per cent.

The Bank of France has pursued a similar

policy. Its rate of discount has varied between 2 per cent. and 9 per cent. since September, 1844.

The present Bank of Germany, or "Reichsbank," began business January 1, 1876. Its maximum rate of discount has been 9 per cent. and its minimum rate 3 per cent.

Artificial panics have sometimes been produced in Wall street by a clique of stock operators, who would short stocks or sell them for future delivery. They would then, through control of the banks, call in loans, refuse to make other loans, congest the currency and force holders of stocks to sell them on a falling market. They would then cover their shorts, purchase freely and put the price of stocks up again, thus making a double profit.

The refusal of the banks to make their customary loans during such periods operated disastrously upon commercial and manufacturing industries and the stockbrokers' panic became a general panic. Enormous interest has often been exacted for short-time loans. There were days during the panic of 1907 in Wall street when government bonds could not be converted into money. Call loans went up to 120 per cent. and for two days reached 180 per cent.

May we not derive a useful lesson from these facts? If the people of England, and France and Germany have conducted a system of credit with which stock jobbers cannot tamper, and which panic cannot disturb, have we not wisdom, and patriotism, and courage enough to emulate their example?

If the cotton farmers who raise 16,000,000 bales of cotton each year; if the grain farmers who produce 800,000,000 bushels of wheat and 3,000,000,000 bushels of corn each year; if those who produce millions of cattle and hogs and sheep, could feel, as they follow the plow in the spring time, that their autumn harvests would bring to them a prompt and certain money value, beyond the power of the Chicago wheat pit to control by tampering with the currency; if farmer, and manufacturer and merchant could feel absolutely sure that at all times and under all circumstances money could be obtained at a reasonable price, on adequate security, the feeling of unrest and insecurity which at times paralyzes the industrial growth and prosperity of the land would disappear.

For it is the laborer at last who suffers most from panic and the evils that panic entails. The banker can call in his loans, shorten sails and prepare to meet the storm. The manufacturer can stop his spindles from humming and his forges from clanking, and wait for better times. The farmer can, if need be, live on the produce of his acres and do without store goods. But when panic closes the door of the workshop, no other door opens to the discharged laborer except the door of the poorhouse or the jail.

Overmastering Genius.

GENIUS is a law unto itself, and defies all rules and laws not commending themselves to the soul of genius.

There may be some question in the minds of the highest brows in the literary circle as to whether Charles Dickens was a genius or only a man endowed with very great talent in the line of story-telling. What is genius but exceedingly high talent in some line of art?

Now from the standpoint of mere talent Charles Dickens is positively stupid. English grammar is a dry subject, but not one of any intricacies calling for a very great mental equipment to acquire and apply its rules. Did you ever notice how persistently Dickens neglects to follow the simplest rules of Lindley Murray or any other grammarian? He is a very dull boy in school who cannot comprehend that a transitive verb or a preposition must be followed by the objective case of the noun or pronoun. Yet Dickens often uses expressions like these: "For you and I," or "he told you and I."

The schoolmaster tells his dull pupil to try these phrases in this way: "For I," or "He told I." Either Charles Dickens had a very stupid schoolmaster or he was very negligent as to his grammar lessons. It would not do to say he hadn't intellect enough to comprehend and apply the rule.

Another canon of the literary professor is that the writer, if he quotes a passage from another, shall quote it with careful exactness, and shall attribute the quotation to the proper source. This is a rule very easily followed, for if the person who quotes is not endowed with a retentive memory it is very easy to refer to a book of quotations and settle the matter.

Here again Dickens was badly instructed or did not avail himself of the opportunities af-

forded in good instruction. He is sinfully careless about his quotations. For example, in Nicholas Nickleby he says: "According to scripture phrase, 'know thyself.'" The scriptures are as far from giving this advice as they are from the statement: "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Probably Charles Dickens was not a daily reader of the Bible, but he might easily have learned from a concordance if the phrase he used did occur in the sacred writings. He might have learned from a dictionary of quotations that the phrase was used by Cervantes in "Don Quixote." Had Dickens been what he was not, a student of philosophy, he would have known for himself that this was a formula constantly on the lips of the Athenian Socrates.

Yet faulty grammar and wrong attributions of quotations in no wise interfere with the popularity of Dickens. Men like Henry Van Dyke, a scholar among scholars, is as profoundly impressed with the sufferings of Smike as the veriest schoolgirl.

Again, Dickens's characters are very often caricatures rather than portraits. Take for example, Mrs. Nickleby. Never in all the multitudinous contingencies of limitless fate did the good Lord ever make such a mistake as to permit to be brought into the world a woman so persistently and so boundlessly a fool as this good woman.

There are other characters in Dickens just as grotesquely impossible as the mother of Nicholas Nickleby and of his deliciously sweet sister Kate. But what has that to do with the terrific influence on the mind of the story of Nicholas Nickleby? It is like the veriest fleck as big as a pin point on the spotless chalice of the lily. One grinds his teeth in indignation over the brutality of Squeers, the cold-hearted cunning of Ralph Nickleby, and feels a profound pity for Medeline Bray and Kate Nickleby in their distressed moments as if Mrs. Nickleby were the other side of Jordan.

The Speed of Thought.

[Harper's Weekly:] How fast do impulses travel along the nerves? The speed has been duly measured by the aid of the elaborate apparatus with which the physiological laboratory of today is supplied. In man the rate has been set down at about 114 feet a second.

This measurement has reference to the rate at which messages of the bodily telegraph system are sent from nerve centers along motor nerves or those destined to bring muscles into play. But a second class of nerves exists in the body called "sensory," whose duty is to convey messages from the body to nerve centers. The rate of impulse in the sensory nerves is quicker than in the motor nerves. Investigators give varying rates, from about 168 feet to 675 feet per second, an average rate being 283 feet.

Solving the Old Problem.

[Popular Magazine:] When Sir Thomas Lipton was a small boy in Scotland, he dropped into a church on Sunday morning and was put by himself in a pew directly in front of the minister who preached a sermon on the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The parson, who was unusually eloquent, talked on this theme for about forty minutes, and finally worked up to the climax of his remarks. He kept his gaze fixed directly on the little Lipton, who began to fidget and look very self-conscious. At last, after an overwhelming outpouring of long words, the minister, his eyes blazing, made a quick gesture and shouted at the boy:

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Lipton could stand the strain no longer, and replied, in a meek voice:

"No, sir."

The Liberal Education.

[Popular Magazine:] Sir Horace Plunkett, chum of Col. Roosevelt, once delivered a lecture in Dublin, Ireland, on the best way to improve conditions among the poor. At that time Sir Horace was not exactly a finished speaker. His tongue could not do justice to the riches of his mind.

The day following his address he received from a lady a note containing this statement:

"What you need is two things: (1) a wife, and (2) lessons in elocution."

To this Plunkett sent this reply:

"I have received your letter saying that I need two things: (1) a wife, and (2) lessons in elocution. Those are only one."

A Cowardly Egg.

[July Young's Magazine:] "Cowardly," according to Webster, is "wanting courage," but a certain statesman, in a tale offered by Tully Marshall has an original application of the term.

"When I arose to speak," exclaimed the martyred statesman, "someone threw a base, cowardly egg at me."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked an attentive listener.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."

Health of the Unborn.

A Subject for Deep Concern and Utmost Care.

THERE is really no need, in this enlightened day, that baby should be born at a physical or mental disadvantage, even though circumstances should seem to be against him. It is needless to dwell upon the fact that both the young man and the young woman contemplating matrimony should give especial attention to putting themselves into the best possible condition of health before they are joined as man and wife. If the young girl would spend the time and effort she puts into the making of her trousseau into building physical strength, and remedying physical defects where they exist, instead of coming to her wedding day in an exhausted and run-down condition, many the consequences in her future would be averted. It is the one time in her life that mother, sisters and friends should gather about her, and take all the burden from her shoulders. If the making of the wedding clothes were divided among them it would be done quickly and easily without exhaustion to any one.

A honeymoon trip is an awful nuisance. If bride and groom were to speak the truth, both would admit that it was a most uncomfortable experience. At this most sensitive time of their lives they should be surrounded by quiet conditions and the sanctity of solitude. It would be better for each one to take a "honeymoon" trip singly and apart before the wedding, living in the open air, resting, and becoming calm and full of health, preparatory to that new life upon which they are about to enter.

But if these things have not been thought about until a new little life is on its journey toward its mother's arm, it is still time to do much toward bettering the conditions which are to surround baby's birth. If the mother is delicate, every possible means to build her into a normal condition of health should be resorted to. The indifference displayed under these circumstances is more general than would be supposed. If she is delicate, it seems to be taken for granted that she must remain so. Instead of doing something to correct the conditions, kind friends and relatives spend their time in dismal prophecies as to the child that will be born of her, and concerning the consequences to herself. The doctor is kept on a merry trot between his office and her home. She is made to be "very careful" to lie down a great deal, and not to remain "out" so long. She usually eats just what she pleases, as diet is usually the last subject upon which a doctor will warn his patient. The consequences are that when the time of delivery comes, things usually result as expected.

The old-fashioned washerwoman, who barely interrupted her labors to return to her home and increase the circle of her little flock is better off than the frail, pampered woman. The humbler one, who keeps on her feet at hard, physical labor, has allowed no conditions to result which would make her delivery difficult. All of her muscles have been kept strong by exercise, her circulation active and vigorous. Therefore the circulation of her embryonic child has been at all times stimulated to healthful action. Movement, change of position has been made possible, so that no danger of settling or adhesion has resulted. Furthermore, no doubt stays were entirely discarded, and the little embryo has had space in which to grow; and when the appointed time arrives, falls down into position to make a proper presentation.

There is more often need for exercise than for rest with the mother during pregnancy, except in such cases where there is a specific weakness, so that miscarriage is threatened. When this is so, the prospective mother must find some way to gather strength into her body. One of the most effective measures that she can adopt is sleeping in the open. Gradually, day by day, she will feel a fresh influx of strength; and danger of accident will proportionally decrease. There need be no fear of catching cold, even in changing your habit from sleeping in a closed chamber to that of the sleeping porch. The regime may safely be commenced in cold weather and in a cold climate, providing night clothes of sufficient warmth are worn, and also a sleeping hood; and if there is ample covering for the bed, with a wind-break behind the head. Furthermore, you do not feel cold while sleeping in the open to the degree that you might suppose. In fact, you do not feel it nearly so much as you would in a draughty or unheated interior room. The delicate woman can build herself up more rapidly in this way than in any other, gathering health for her unborn child that she was not prepared to endow in the beginning.

Another thing which she may do is to stand in a warm room where the sunlight pours in, absolutely naked, and let the sun's rays play on her body where the child lies.

It should not be necessary to say that the matter of diet is of very great importance. The prospective mother should, under all circumstances avoid condiments, vinegar, and alcoholic drinks, particularly if her ability to carry her child is threatened, for these condiments have been known to precipitate the disaster. If she is inclined to be nervous or bilious, she must abstain from tea and coffee. She should drink freely of milk, providing it does not actively disagree with her. She must be adamant in her resistance of anything which is injurious to her; and the bowels must be kept well regulated. It must be remembered that whatever poisons the system of the mother also poisons the child, and may destroy it.

When headaches or disagreeable feelings overcome

her she should not shut herself in a dark, close room. She should lie down, comfortably covered up, in her open-air chamber, where the sunlight and fresh air may act as a corrective. Something dark may be drawn over the eyes to shut out the light.

If she can take exercise with any measure of safety at all, she must do so. Her housework is the best thing in the world for her, providing she has a free, full circulation of air about her while she is doing it. It is better to put on a little extra clothing in order to have the house open when the weather is cold. Sweeping, bedmaking and washing are healthful exercises if not overdone. And she should also manage to take a walk in the open air every day, and every evening, too, if she feels equal to it.

She should unconditionally surrender the corset from the moment of her first knowledge of her coming motherhood, and suspend her clothing from the shoulders. She may wear bust supporters should she deem this necessary, also suspended from the shoulders. High heels must be abandoned, likewise tight shoes and heavy hats. In fact, she must keep her body in the most absolute comfort possible, so that not the slightest portion of her energies be withdrawn from that one purpose of her being.

As another measure of safety, she must cultivate a calm, happy condition of mind, in order to avoid physical wear and tear. She must welcome all of the day's tasks, and sing over them.

The father also has a duty toward his unborn child. In his bearing toward the mother he should cultivate self-control, kindness, and cheerfulness. Like the male bird who sings over the nest of his brooding mate, the father should conceal all worries and difficulties at this time, and invariably bring home news of good cheer. He should seek in every way to bring happiness and enjoyment to the heart of his good woman. Concerning things which do not please him, he should never speak excepting in loving calmness. He should guard the woman from unpleasant agitation of any kind with all the strength of his manhood. The flowers he brings home will bloom again in the face of his little child. The music heard while father and mother sat side by side, hand covertly clasped in hand, will sing again in the baby's lullaby. The happy blue of the skies at which they gazed that Sunday spent in the woods will shine in the infant's eyes as they open upon the world. And all of this happiness will be built into a strong, splendid body for the little son or daughter who is to make glad the hearts of the parents.

Danger of Strawberry Fumes.

[London Standard:] A strange story about the danger of strawberries when in large quantities comes from Brittany. Recently there have been several demands by local tradespeople and tourists to be granted a passage to Plymouth on the little steamers which carry the supply of early strawberries across the Channel from Plougastel, but in every case the request has been refused. As the refusal was ill received in some cases, the shipowners have now given their explanation.


The fumes given out by such large quantities of strawberries, they say, are quite as overpowering and dangerous as those of any strong alcoholic liquor. The crew have to keep on deck for the greater part of the voyage and no passenger could be carried except at a risk to health.

Food Values.


[Woman's Home Companion:] Mrs. Huburb: I wonder what's come over Harry! Instead of being cross, as usual, he started off happy and whistling like a bird this morning.

Nora (a new girl): It's my fault, mum. I got the wrong package and gave him bird seed for breakfast food.

For PURE Drinking Water



Read the Editor's Comment.
"I am using a Los Angeles Product (National Germ-Food Percolator) and find it in SEVERAL RESPECTS SUPERIOR TO ANY FILTER that I have so far come across. It not only PURIFIES THE WATER, but keeps the water deliciously cool."
— HARRY BROOK, Ed. Care of the Book.
The Percolator and Regular 30 days attention 50c month NATIONAL PERCOLATOR CO., (Incorporated), 71972 500 S. MAIN Los Angeles, Calif.
(You will surely get the ORIGINAL by mentioning this "ad.") See us for territory.



Arnold 1912 Model Vibrators, fully guaranteed; \$16.00 for limited time.

A. M. Smith Specialty Company
413 WEST EIGHTH STREET
Phone 75223

Americanitis

Is a disease that follows the strenuous life. The Battle Creek System tones up the tired nerves. 417 W. 5th St.

RUPTURE The Quick Silver Frame Truss, guaranteed to hold largest Rupture comfortably at all times. No leg straps; no steel springs. Money comes back. 25 Years' Experience. Lady Attendant. Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sunday 10 to 12 A. M. THE QUEEN GUARANTEED TRUSS & BANDAGE CO. 485 So. Broadway.

To Measure for an Abdominal Supporter: Stand erect, feet apart, arms at sides, and measure around the body, at lines A, B, and C, and for the width of a supporter in front, give distance between A and B, or from top to bottom of where the supporter is to extend. Do not take measurements over clothing.



Trusses, Abdominal Supporters & Elastic Hosiery

Fitted by Competent Salesmen.

A large stock carried at all times. Anything in the Orthopedic line made to order, as the case indicates. Lady attendant.

See Us for Electric Vibrators

Electric Heating Pads, De Villbiss Atomizers, Last Arch Supporters, Leather Anklets, Shoulder Braces, Invalid Chairs (for sale or rent,) Electric Batteries.

Everything for Sick Room Convenience.

Surgical Department
SUN DRUG CO.

328 South Broadway.

Main 208.

A3280.

The Times Cook Book

NO. 4


Replete with Hygienic, Spanish and other Receipts by famous California Chefs and Skilled Housewives.

Bigger, Better and More Complete than any Previous Issue.

Now Ready and For Sale at Times Offices and all agents.

Price 25 Cents
Postage 5 Cents Extra

A Small Affair



DENT'S
Toothache Gum
STOPS TOOTHACHE
Instantly.
Has given perfect satisfaction for 25 years.
All drug stores or by mail, 15c
C. S. DENT & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

VARICOSE VEINS LEG

Large Knotted Veins in the LEG
BAD LEGS, ETC., CURED WITHOUT CUTTING or tying the veins. Average time, two months. No detention from business. No operation or appliance. I can cure 93 per cent. of all cases, man or woman. I must apply first treatment to your legs myself. My secret mixture positively cures you. I absolutely remove cramps, pain, swelling, tiredness and disease and it stays so. My cures astonish the people everywhere. Doctors themselves look on amazed and puzzled, for I do what they all believed was impossible. EASY, SAFE, SURE. If I can't cure, I won't begin. Don't procrastinate. Prominent Los Angeles officials and citizens and others far off cured and abundantly satisfied and they will be glad to talk with you about it. Patients cured ten to fifteen years ago stay cured. Please send this notice to some afflicted one.

G. H. EDICK, M.D., C.M., 815 South Olive.
Receiving Hours, 10-12. No Sunday Hours. Los Angeles, Cal.

Sulphur Radium Springs

Colegrove, Los Angeles.
Take Bath in Liquid Sunshine

It sparkles and foams like champagne. Drink the most radioactive curative mineral water. It keeps you young, purifies blood, revivifies, rejuvenates your whole body. HOT BATHS cure rheumatism, colds, asthma, poor circulation, paralysis, diabetes, stomach, liver, kidney, bladder, blood, Bright's nervous and female troubles. Makes skin velvety, hair silky. Physician in charge. Send for booklet. Water delivered. Take Mairone and cars direct to springs.

Woman: In the Home and in the World.

By Women and Men of The Times Staff

PURPOSE VERSUS MUSIC.

IT HAS sometimes been said that the artistic temperament, as manifested in the musician, is inclined to be a law unto itself, often alien to the laws of logic, reason and adaptability, and almost selfish in its imperiousness. But when other desirable elements of character and mental faculty are combined in this nature, we may often find a most extraordinary and splendid personality. Genius is necessarily selfish and imperious; otherwise it would not accomplish its purpose in life. This is especially true of the vocal art, in whose votary personality is so absolutely identified with the art which it must express that an individual fealty is imperative. The woman who—possessing the great gift of a wonderful voice—can turn the power which she has poured into her art into some more pressing purpose which the exigencies of life may have developed, displays a rare control over her mental and psychic resources.

Quite recently, at the home of Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand, the writer had the pleasure of meeting a woman of prominence who fulfilled this ideal—this rare combination of the artistic, reflective, and executive qualities, veiled with the modest dignity of feminine reserve, in the person of Mrs. Stella Skiff Jannotta, secretary of the Chicago Political Equality League. She is at present on the western coast, having come as a delegate from the league to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which has been holding its convention in San Francisco.

Madame Jannotta is a thoroughly educated musician. The first two years of her vocal training she received at the New England Conservatory in Boston. Returning to her home in Chicago, she entered the conservatory there. Her rare natural gifts attracted the attention of Signor Alfredo A. Jannotta, who became her instructor. Signor Jannotta is an exceptional genius in his work. He has that rare faculty of drawing forth the utmost resources of his gifted pupils, and shaping them into the ultimate expression of his own incomparable artistry. For four years and a half Miss Skiff studied with Signor Jannotta, when she was offered the part of understudy to the prima donna with the Bostonian Opera Company. The woman, in this case, triumphed over the artist; and Miss Skiff remained in Chicago to become Madame Jannotta. Three splendid boys completed the victory of the woman; and thenceforth, for some time, she practiced the incomparable domestic art of motherhood. But her rich mental endowments overflowed the demands upon them; and we find her now identified with the suffrage movement in Chicago, in which she takes an active part.

"The Chicago Political Equality League," she said, "has a membership of nearly 1200 earnest women, many of them prominent in civic, suffrage and humanitarian work and some of them having a reputation more than local—such women as Jane Addams, Catharine Waugh McCulloch, Mrs. George W. Tront, and so on.

"As its name implies, the league is organized for the purpose of securing suffrage for women. And for us in Illinois that means work with unflinching energy, and with such tactics as knowledge and experience have proven most valuable. Although our cause was defeated at the Chicago primary in April, the circumstance has but aroused the suffragists to greater activity. It has shown us those localities which are weakest. And, generally speaking, we may say that among the lower and more ignorant classes, the vote was overwhelmingly against us. The work is now being organized by precincts. Neighborhood gatherings will bring our speakers in closer contact with indifferent individuals; and when next our cause is submitted to vote, we look forward with hope and courage to victory.

"By becoming allied with the General Federation of Women's Clubs, we speed this great feminist movement, which demands that man, nor law, nor custom shall prescribe a woman's limitations. Nature alone shall do that. In the development of her larger capabilities lies the hope of that finer race to which we look forward.

"Our movement," she added thoughtfully, "is not for the purpose of setting ourselves in opposition to men, but to make them realize that by placing ourselves beside them, on an equal footing, we may help them the better to realize their own ideals."

"But do you not sometimes regret your music?" she was asked. For answer she drew her sons to her side, and smiled proudly at her questioner. G. F. B.

Femininity and Home.

One of the most beautiful society women of Los Angeles finds time to make her home life ideally beautiful, and to create in it every element that lends warmth and glow to the hearth, and causes her children to find it the most delightful and attractive spot in the world. She possesses those qualities which make her sought rather than seeking in a social way, for her heart is essentially wrapped about children and home. What advantages money and position have placed at her disposal she has woven into ideals which she has realized, not only in a beautifully appointed home, but one in which an artistic idea, conceived in her own cultured mind, has been materialized into something to place before the eyes of her children that which is calculated to create

in their minds a definite sense of harmony and beauty. And that harmony and beauty she wishes to impress more deeply than externalities alone, until it reaches the very elements of character itself. In early teaching these children perfection of manner and bearing, she has also inculcated the lesson of sincerity and generosity.

"I shall never forget the admonition of my good father," she said, "always to leave the harsh and critical word unsaid, and to be quick to communicate good tidings, and the kind thoughts of others. I have tried to make this a principle in my home, and to teach it to my boys and girl. We do not make it a habit to criticize people when we gather about the dinner table at night. If something derogatory of an absent one is said by one



©Routledge

WEEKLY HINT FROM PARIS.

Green liberty satin with overdress and a tunic of net. Embroidered with odd-shaped beads. White cash loops, with ends of black velvet, embroidered net motifs matching tunic.

who may be with us, I am happy to notice that son or daughter do not seem to relish it; but, in some way that will not hurt the speaker's feelings, will manage to say a kind word for him who is not there to defend himself, and adroitly dismiss the subject."

The daughter, charming and statuesque like her mother, reflects the mother's personality in those qualities which make a woman all that she essentially should be—the presiding spirit of home. One is impressed, upon meeting the pair in their own abode, with the tender courtesy and hovering care which they give to each other. And they are thoughtful, moreover, of the little things which concern the comfort of their guest, or the stranger within their gates.

The personality of the hostess and mother is in everything about the household. Nothing is brought to the table which has not received her personal attention. And the dainty refreshment that is served the evening's guest has the unusual quality and flavor that cannot be bought, but is the result of some special knowledge and dainty contrivance of the woman herself.

Unspoiled by the insistence of her own beauty,

motherhood is the strongest passion in this remarkable woman. The daughter's artistic and intellectual pursuits and attainments are a source of constant delight to her. And the lovely girl declares modestly, "It is all due to my mother—she is my inspiration and my aid."

When these women appear in public or at a social function, their gowning is always in perfect taste, and of the best quality; but it does not vulgarly proclaim its costliness, as the toilets of wealthy women too often do. It suggests beauty, softness, femininity—and in twin thought, home.

In the home twin beds stand side by side, and at night before sleep comes, a pair of white young arms reach out, and a pair of young lips whisper, "Mother, how I love you! How adorable you are!"

Is this not worth winning from the heart of your child? Mother, who, in your absorption in what you deem the essential services of life, forget that you are the cynosure of your children's eyes—that you, more than the father, are the living physical model which your children—your girls in particular—will imitate, to your mirror. You are tired looking. Your skin is dingy yellow. Your hair is streaked with gray. Your dress is untidy and ill-fitting, and of a repellent color. You have no time to think of these things. Besides, the woman spoken of above has the means to make herself always charming. Yes—but she has more than this. She has the ambition to make herself lovely in her children's eyes, and to galvanize everything in her home life with that loveliness, so as to hold them, to influence them, to upbuild them. You do not need aids and children to do this, nor a corps of servants. Go on with your good, wholesome, woman-making duties. Do not make them a persecution to yourself and to others. Do them with a happy grace; and even leave some of them undone in order to obtain the afternoon rest which will increase these graces. You may have a sufficient change of charming, simple little wash gowns for less than a dollar apiece to keep you always fresh and girlish looking. To keep your hair in good condition, and attractively dressed, to massage and cream your skin and freshen it by doing your sewing in the open will cost you a little trouble and time. But it will cost you nothing to exercise a loving, generous and just spirit in the home. And it is this which really makes home what it should be, and helps to make the face beautiful. It is this which clasps the white young arms about your neck and draws the words from worshiping young lips: "Mother, how I love you! How adorable you are!"

Violet Oakley, Mural Decorator.

The masculine and feminine elements are as potent in the intellectual and art world as they are in the realm of the strictly physiological. This does not mean that a work of art is necessarily entirely masculine in its treatment because it may have been executed by a man; nor that one produced by a woman is entirely feminine in its suggestions. Every boy that is born must partake somewhat of his mother's characteristics, even as the girl must inherit from her father. Every great artist, be his work ever so virile, must combine some touch of the feminine in order to introduce sentiment, tenderness, beauty, else his work is unbalanced and incomplete. And it often happens, as in the case of Rosa Bonheur, that a woman artist will have the bold, strong stroke of a man in the treatment of her subjects.

Miss Violet Oakley, who was chosen to complete the work of the late Edwin Abbey on the Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., has the broad method of treatment that characterized the work of the master himself. Especially enough, the subjects treated by this young artist have been rather objective and historical in their tendency, while those by Abbey are more symbolical, and touched with the grace of fancy. Miss Oakley has already done notable work on the Capitol. She was commissioned as one of the mural artists nearly ten years ago. She displayed much originality, poetic conception and mastery of technique in her series in the Governor's room, representing the early history of the State. The series is in two parts, one portraying the rise of religious liberty, which led to the settling of the State, from the Tyndal Bible period to Fox's vision of a multitude; and the other picturing the life of William Penn, through his youth at Oxford, his conversion to the Friends' religion, his arrest and imprisonment, his vision of a new colony, his winning of a king's charter, and his approach to Philadelphia.

Such work as Abbey's beautiful lunette, "The Spirit of Light," portraying a swaying, floating group of exquisite, airy feminine figures, against a background of towering steel skeletons and derricks, and the "Spirit of Vulcan," where giant forms of steel workers are seen toiling heavily, demand a successor of no mean ability. And it is work of this standard that Miss Oakley is called upon to complete, following it with designs of her own in an equal spirit. That she holds the confidence of those who are employing her services is indicated by the fact that she is paid exactly the amount drawn by her predecessor—\$50 a foot.

Miss Oakley has done a great deal of illustrating, although she found a better field in the mural decorations which led her to her present position of prominence. She has also won considerable prestige by her stained-glass work. New Yorkers are most familiar



A L.A.S., that we should have to revise our ideas of modern Paris. The mix has succeeded in gaining herself a reputation for swiftness that no other city can begin to compete with, yet the latest revelations show her to hold the mildest of tastes. We could stand this sort of thing from almost any other city, but that Paris—Paris—should prove to harbor anything so sublimely harmless is more than we can bear.

Snails, mind you—actually snails. But perhaps you haven't heard about it. There was an awful scandal brewing at the general postoffice in Paris and a secret commission was organized to inquire into the morality of the heads of various departments. One room in particular was suspected of being a hotbed of gambling, and the detectives conjured up visions of roulette and rouge-et-noir outfits hidden in official desks. So they went to look.

And they found snails. Neat little cardboard boxes tidily held together with string, each containing three or four healthy snails! And inquiry has elicited the fact that the postoffice officials spent several hours daily watching their snails race! Fortunes, it is declared, were lost and won on snails, the while the letters failed to get delivered and the affairs of a city were kept at a standstill.

And What of Frisco?

BUT what is disturbing my peace of mind the most sorely is whether our dear imitative sister city of the North, who so glories in her supposed twinning with the swift side of Paris, will now hasten to cultivate the iniquity of snail racing? If we can only convince her that snail racing is really a deadly sin, she doubtless will, but there is hope that she will continue to use her brilliant discrimination. Hitherto, it must be confessed, she has shown marked consistency in the Parisian attributes she has chosen to emulate. There has been no whole-hearted slavish following of the Paris lead in such trumpery matters as literature and art. Indeed, she has even been careful to cut out the artistic finish which Paris is wont to give to her voice. They do things plainly in Frisco that they may appeal to the uncultured tastes of the masses, which is of course so much more sensible. Still, it would be fairer in that case to call it the Paris for America rather than the Paris of America.

Oh, You Ancestor!

THEY have just given a wonderful ball in London in which everyone had to appear in the costume of 100 years ago. No one was admitted who was not in fancy dress, and strict rules as to fashion and date were insisted upon. I have just enjoyed wallowing in the descriptive details of that ball as sent me by an industrious friend and I am overcome with jealousy. Just think of it, more than half the men present were able to peacock around in a suit of clothes worn by an illustrious ancestor in the time of Napoleon and Nelson. Princes and dukes and earls and plain but illustrious misters all seized upon the opportunity to flaunt their lineage in this delightfully subtle manner and only those persons who had no cast-off clothes of ancestors to flourish appeared as orange girls, policemen, coachmen, lamplighters and what not—and you bet they were careful to explain that these were not the clothes of their ancestors.

Now you can quite understand the popularity of the ancestors' party, can't you, so one is not surprised to learn that "centenary" balls are being planned all over the place. It is bound to come to Los Angeles, never fear—we are that fashionable we would never dream of missing a thing like that. But let us be more original and make ours a futurist ball. In so many cases we ourselves are the most worthy ancestors of our family, like Napoleon, all who have gone before us are insignificant by comparison.

That is one obvious advantage so many of us westerners can claim—whereas those Londoners show as so painfully inferior to their ancestors, we, on the other hand, are immeasurably superior to ours. And we know it. That is where the real satisfaction comes in. At our futurist ball we can show ourselves as our great-grandchildren will claim us to have been—and there is scope for the imagination there, mes amis. We can be as rich and gorgeous and beautiful as we like with a clear conscience.

The Legion of Honor.

JAPAN, too, has her legion of honor and I'm jealous. When you pay your taxes in Japan you are somebody, I can tell, and you have a beautiful little tablet

affixed to your front door to show that you are a citizen of credit and renown. But how do we get treated here? Not so much as a polite "thank you"—nothing whatever to encourage us to perform one of the most repulsive of tasks, a task requiring a sublime unselfishness, unique virtue, and which invariably involves us going without something we would very much rather spend the money on. Japan has a human heart and knows what it means. If one could only be sure of getting one's name in the papers or some little acknowledgment like that, it would make the unpleasant task lighter, but instead, our brutal, unfeeling government only publishes our shame when we don't pay, never our glory when we do.

WHICH reminds me, is it wiser to bring our sons and daughters up in an abiding faith in the opposite sex and lay them open to disillusion after marriage or should we tell them that all men are liars, all women deceitful, and leave the way open—possibly—for a pleasant surprise? This profound problem has been exercising my mind since I recently read in two separate books written respectively in 1817 and 1912 by an old-fashioned woman and a very modern woman the identical sentiment, different only in words. The old-fashioned woman implored her husband never to tell her any of his past peccadilloes as, while she could bear to suspect, she could never endure to know! The modern woman flippantly thanks heaven that all men are liars, since the truth about themselves would be unendurable!

And the reverse would surely answer in the case of the other sex. The less truth a man knows about his wife, the better, of course. Cela va sans dire. But can we best attain that end by telling our sons what mixxes women are and thus insuring a moment of exquisite relief when they discover their particular one is not so bad as they imagined? Or shall we give them ideals and trust to that to blind their perceptions? For, of course, there is always the fear that he who expected the worst would get it and never believe in virtue when he saw it, while the idealist must almost surely break his heart.

It's a great problem. . . .
Woman Triumphant.

H. G. WELLS declares that versatility is going to decide success in the future and predicts that the nations of specialists will inevitably die out while the

versatile nation that can turn its hand to anything is essentially the nation of the future. Perhaps that will explain the extraordinary success of the woman's movement during the last few years. We may not like or approve of the little cats but we must confess they are versatile and resourceful enough for anyone. Where a man would become a good lawyer or a good doctor, his wife proved an efficient cook, housekeeper, needlewoman, nurse, foreman gardener, hostess, councillor and judge! Lack of proper education kept them from ruling the world in the past but nothing on earth is going to prevent them ruling it in the future unless the abject male uses his six ounces more brain to cultivate a little versatility.

The Specialist.

THERE seems to be a marked reaction against specialization and just when we had got the trades and professions all nicely sorted out they are getting themselves mixed up again. It's the department store that is most to blame, they have gone back to the village store idea where you could buy everything from a side of bacon to a pair of shoe laces, and to the village blacksmith, who also hired out rigs, handed the plate round in church, tolled the bell for funerals and acted as extra footman, in powdered wig and padded calves, up at the manse when they had company.

Retrospection, that's what it is. Here are authors becoming publishers, actors becoming managers, cooks becoming hotel proprietors, Paderewski taking to composition, druggists becoming tobacconists and confectioners, lawyers become ministers of war, soldiers become golf club secretaries—mercy me, we shall have opera singers becoming actors next.

But seriously, this is going to be an awful blow to Socialism. Why, it is going to queer the whole beautiful scheme if we go and discover we are capable of doing several things equally well. If we go and develop versatility and resourcefulness and are quite contented to be the Society Editor if they won't let us be the City Editor, if we are equally capable of being a good eye doctor if there doesn't happen to be an opening for a throat doctor, if we can in fact, like Betty, "dress a goose, ma'am, wash, churn and spin, turn my hand to anything and never tear the skin," we are going to put the trade unions out of business as well.

RICH MAN—POOR MAN—BEGGAR MAN. By Herbert Kaufman.

(Copyright, 1912, by Herbert Kaufman.)

He isn't rich. Where there's need, there's no wealth. He merely has money and houses and land.

His soul is a bare cupboard and his heart is a desert waste.

He stripped life of its splendid treasures and traded them for junk.

All his precious birthrights, all his golden impulses and stalwart inspirations and fine tides of youth he cast into the crucible of greed, and now he's a pauper—a beggar starving at the gates of happiness—pleading for peace—aching for content.

He began with a roof and a bed and a crust and a star of hope and a garden of dreams.

He still has a roof—but the star is gone. He still has a bed—but the breath of dreams no longer sweeps his sleep.

Time was when the world was his—a world walled with magic horizons. The distances were tapestried with mighty promise. The dim mountains were citadels of fortune. The islands of the unsailed seas beckoned his argosies to their harbors.

Romance knocked at his door and love sang to him in the kindly nights.

But this was all in the long ago—back, back, back in the land that was lost.

And now, when the star is utterly beyond his reach and that last rose is dead in the gar-

den of dreams, he wants to retrace the way, but he can't find the path.

He chose avarice to be his guide and avarice kept his eyes searching in the dirt, so he missed all the landmarks along the road; the road; the blossoming hedge-rows—the painted heavens—the oriole trilling in the alders, and the clover that jeweled the vernal pastures.

It was spring when he set forth and he squandered his spring stooping in the dust for worthless things and his memory has no milestones to guide him into yesterday.

He played with Fate, and when he won most he lost more.

All her wares she spread before him—she waved the torch of glory in his face—she held the crown of fame to his gaze. But he scoffed at fame and he sneered at glory.

He chose instead tawdry and sordid ideals. He became a cold, bitter, merciless dollar-chaser.

He sought for himself alone—but faith and honor he sold into slavery, and when his success was greatest so was his failure.

He can count securities to the tune of millions, but he can't count one sincere friendship.

He is without love, because he has not served, and love is service.

He is without joy, for joy comes with giving, and he gave nothing.

He is Esau of the tasteless pottage pot.

The Uniform of His Country.

[Popular Magazine:] First of all, it should be understood that Gen. Clarence Edwards of the United States Army, is a fine figure of a man, having a face indicative of more than the average amount of intelligence and a carriage that was developed by the pride of youth and matured by running it high speed through the bolo-infested jungles of the Philippines.

One day he was standing on a street corner in Cincinnati when a young lady, in a "swell" tailored suit and a hurry, stepped up to him with this request:

"Say, mister, will you tell me what car will take me to the zoo?"

The general, who was as polite as he is handsome—and that statement contains neither sarcasm nor satire—removed his military cap and put a few creases into his military uniform by convoluting his figure into a profound bow. Having made this preliminary pantomime, he gently informed the lady that it almost broke his heart to say that he was a stranger in Cincinnati and unfamiliar with the routes and personal habits of the street cars.

"Well," said the girl, greatly irritated, "why don't you know? Ain't you a policeman?"

Personality in the Schoolroom.

By George W. Burton.

PARAMOUNT TO SUCCESS.

LIKE exceedingly Prof. Francis's declaration to the teacher-body in the public schools of the city of Los Angeles, in which he appeals to them to develop and demonstrate each his own personality, and announces that promotion will depend upon this demonstrated personality.

Personality is the greatest element in the life of each human being, and much more in value than half of all the other endowments the individual can have. A person may have all knowledge, but without personality it is like the raw material in the mine in the cave of the mountain. A person may have all good intentions but without personality they remain not merely unused but unusable.

Above all places, personality is important in the schoolroom. The teacher's efficiency tends directly and in a way almost entirely upon the teacher's personality. A teacher may have all the knowledge possessed by Francis Bacon, but unless the personality of the teacher is suited to the teaching profession all that knowledge will be waste material. It may very well be doubted whether Bacon would have been a successful teacher. He lacked one element necessary to make such a character, namely enthusiasm. He possessed an element that would make his success in the schoolroom an impossibility, cold selfishness.

Let me appeal to a personal experience. When a young man in college myself the professor of natural sciences was by all odds the most learned man in the faculty. In his influence upon the pupils he was about the greatest failure in the institution. He had physics with the lever by which Archimedes would move the terraqueous globe, but he could not move the least strong-minded boy in the class to any enthusiasm for the science. He had anatomy, physiology and hygiene, the sciences which treat of our own bodies, as interesting as a well arranged dinner to a hungry man,

yet even in this he failed to create the slightest thirst for knowledge. He had geology with all the history of creation recorded in the rocks, but his pupils failed to conceive any ardent desire to read those interesting pages. He had chemistry with all the protean kaleidoscopic changes of matter wrought in the laboratory, but most of the class were as indifferent to the properties of nascent chlorine as to the intricacies of Chinese metaphysics. He had astronomy with all the rolling orbs of infinity swinging in living fires through space but few of his pupils cared whether Jupiter had a moon or Saturn rings. Simply because the man was cold, unimpassioned, without enthusiasm himself, he failed to create that feeling in the minds of his pupils.

What a picture the professor's memory rises in the mind after thirty years. He was a graduate of West Point and dressed always in a clawhammer coat. About six feet two or three inches in stature he marched day by day into his classroom as if on dress parade, drew a large linen handkerchief from under the skirts of his coat, and with about a dozen swipes dusted his chair. Then reaching down he took between the index finger and the thumb of each hand the very ends of the skirts of his coat and raising them precisely in the sides of an isosceles triangle; in about five minutes he got himself properly settled in his chair. After this he carefully brushed his spectacles with a piece of chamolite taken from his vest pocket, and at last with a dozen bobs of his head called upon some member of the class to demonstrate how little he had learned of the lesson. The professor needed no text-book, because the subject was all at his tongue's end, and there for the most part it remained.

On the other hand there were two members of the faculty, one who taught Greek and Latin and the other English literature, with about half the learning relating to their subjects the natural-science professor possessed. But these had personality and he had

none. They kindled an enthusiasm in their classes that burned away all the deepest roots in the Greek language, unraveled all the intricacies of the Latin subjunctive, and made the little particles of the Greek luminous as stars. That was the work of the classical professor. The one who presided over English literature made Shakespeare a demigod in the conception of the pupils and Milton a being as glorious as his own Michael. This literature professor actually made Wordsworth's "Excursion" seem to the class "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." It was all a matter of personality.

There is another reason why the cultivation of personality in the school teacher is of the very highest importance. The character of the child is as plastic as clay in the hands of the artist. The teacher is the artist, and the modeling is done not with hands but unconsciously by every movement of the teacher, by every accent of the teacher's voice, and by every change on the teacher's countenance. This is true of pupils of semi-mature age and is true without exception of children of immature minds. Go into the schoolroom and see if this be not so. The teacher of gentle manners will have pupils whose manners are gentle; the pupils under the teacher of rough-and-ready manners will be of the same type. They acquire the very gait and gestures and the tones of voice of the teacher. A teacher with well-defined personality will reproduce himself in his pupils to almost as absolute a degree as parentage is shown in the inherited qualities of offspring. In cases too numerous to be rare the reproduced likeness will be more astonishing than that of the parent and the child.

If this be true why did Prof. Francis appeal to the teachers to develop their own personality? Because personality is like memory, imagination or command of language, something that can be cultivated, and by cultivation increase in quantity and improve in quality.

The Black Boys of Samoa.

Capt. Charles A. Clarke, U. S. N. Retired.

AMONG CANNIBALS.

IN THE old days upon the Samoan Islands, previous to the partition of the territory among the United States, Germany and Great Britain, the German copra plantations were worked under virtually a system of slavery. Natives of the near-by Solomon and New Hebrides Islands were by hook or crook imported to the plantations, and rarely were allowed to leave; they were held in constant bondage, the pay which they may have been promised never covered the debts which they were alleged to have incurred, and only miserable death relieved their sufferings.

These natives, wretched cannibals from the jungles, were known generally as "black boys." They had not been touched by civilization, except by a civilization that made them more brutish and savage. Ah, the pity of it! Upon these "black boys" the plantation owners depended, but the presence of the "black boys" often proved a menace, and strangers and residents alike must be upon their guard.

During the height of this system of peonage, and the resultant reign of terror, the United States ship *Iroquois*, one of the old-time wooden men-of-war, dropped anchor in the land-locked harbor of Pago Pago, Tutuila Island, Samoa, for a short stay. Owing to the dangerous elements ashore, neither officers nor men were permitted to remain there after sunset, but must return to the ship for the night. Naturally the sailors—some of them, at least—regarded this order as a needless one, and were disposed to take the chances of adventure. They learned their lesson.

According to the customary routine on board, at 9:30 every morning the crew is mustered at quarters and the absentees, if any, are reported to the commanding officer, and the daily drills follow. One morning in Pago Pago a seaman named Powers failed to answer at roll call. As usual in such a case, the ship was thoroughly searched by a detail under a petty officer; but Powers was not found, nor any explanatory trace of him. The captain then had the crew "called to muster," and he addressed the men, bidding anybody who knew anything whatsoever pertaining to the mystery to step forward and make a statement, without fear of punishment.

At once three men, relying upon such a promise, which never is broken, stepped forward and explained further about Powers. Two nights before, they, with him, had slipped over the bows and had swum ashore. This was easily accomplished, the night being dark, the skyline obscured by clouds, and the water smooth and warm. They proceeded inland a short distance to the hut of a half-caste, where they played cards—a foolish adventure at the best. Ere dawn the four swam back again to the ship.

The half-caste had lost heavily at the game, and they engaged to give him a chance to win and even up.

So the following night the swim was repeated; only Powers being delayed by duty, the three made the shore ahead of him. They went on up to the half-caste's hut, and waited. Powers did not come. They grew uneasy, and knowing of the possibility that he might have been apprehended aboard or else might be in straits ashore, with the half-caste they started to search the beach. They could gain no information; and thoroughly alarmed, they returned to the ship. When Powers proved missing here, his hammock being empty, their alarm was increased.

This confession being obtained, the captain immediately sent an officer ashore to notify the Samoan head chief, Maunga, of the disappearance, and to ask his aid—for Maunga was very friendly to the Americans. Maunga at once called a meeting of the sub-chiefs and the old men councillors, in the native church (the Samoans being Christians) and laid the matter before them.

All took the Samoan solemn and impressive national oath to tell the utmost and to conceal or connive at nothing. But as there seemed to be nothing to tell, runners were sent to the outlying villages, and thus the search was extended; but to no result.

Of course, in case of common sailor or of highest officer, in the American naval service, the same endeavors are used to solve a disappearance or to avenge a wrong; there is no distinction because of rank. Moreover, Powers was a fine, handsome fellow, coxswain of the captain's gig, and a general favorite aboard.

The prevailing native opinion was that he had been eaten by a shark. Chief Maunga declared that an unusually large shark had been cruising about in the harbor, for some time; and if the captain would lend them a whaleboat and shark tackle they would catch him and examine his stomach. The outfit was supplied, and with a chunk of salt pork for bait they trolled the harbor and caught the shark. He was a tremendous specimen, easily capable of eating a man; but when he had been killed and examined his stomach was found to contain no trace of a human being, and particularly of Powers.

However, the catching of the shark served a purpose. Probably it was owing to the quietus put upon the harbor's scavenger that about the middle of the afternoon the quartermaster on watch was enabled to report a strange object floating in the water, near the ship. At once a boat was lowered, and the object was brought aboard. It was the trunk of a naked body—the body of a man! The head, both arms, and the right leg were entirely missing; the left leg had been severed so that it hung by only a shred at the thigh. But on this left foot was still in place a woolen stocking and a canvas shoe, of the regulation navy pattern.

That we had found the remains of Powers none of us could doubt; and had the shark been cruising about

as customary with him, we would not have found even so much.

Further investigation was in order. The next day natives in a canoe paddled out to the ship and brought a stained sock—the mate to that already found. They related their story, and a searching squad was sent ashore with them. They showed the bloody spot, in the brush back from the beach, where the sock had been picked up, but in vain we looked for the shoe—the second of the canvas shoes.

However, the fate of poor Powers could easily be read: the "black boys" had got him. Seventy miles distant was the island of Upolu, where a German plantation held in servitude a large number of them. We ascertained that about the time of our ship's arrival in Pago Pago four of these "black boys" had stolen a boat at Upolu and had escaped in it to Tutuila. Savage and famished, cannibals all, they probably had hidden in the dense brush, and when Powers had swam ashore, alone, the second night, out of the velvety darkness of the jungle they had pounced upon him.

According to their methods they set about dismembering him for the pot; but the search by the three other sailors and the half-caste had frightened them away with their task uncompleted. Possibly they had thrown the piteous trunk into the bay, or possibly the tide had carried it out. We never knew. The remnant was by us given decent burial, and for a period after the finding of the second sock nothing more occurred. But like a Sherlock Holmes detective (a deductive prodigy not then at large) some of us felt that the solving of the tragedy lay in the second shoe.

In due time the ship was anchored at Upolu itself—the home of Robert Louis Stevenson. As a feat combining science and sport, a brother officer and I determined upon a trip inland, to shoot jungle fowl and blue-rock pigeons, and to obtain, if possible, a pair of the remarkable and almost extinct ground pigeons, allied to the vanished dodo. Wisely, we first consulted our friend the high chief Seumana (Catch-a-bird-on-a-hill) and his charming wife Fatulia (Pick-a-man-up-when-he-falls-down). Seumana directed us where to go, and he instructed us by all means to take revolvers in addition to the shotguns.

He said that the "black boys" knew just enough of firearms to charge fearlessly when they heard two reports from a piece. They then judged the piece to be harmless, temporarily, and they might rush in and kill. We considered Seumana's advice to be good, especially as only a short time before one of Fatulia's brothers, a chief, had been attacked, killed, cooked and eaten, right upon this island, by these imported cannibals.

Mounted upon two native ponies—small, docile animals, well suited to sailor horsemanship—we rode

(Continued on page 21.)

Who's Who---And Why.

Noted Men and Women of the Southwest.

BIS ET TERNI BEATI.

KIND READER—shall I say indulgent and intelligent reader? Yes, that you shall be. Assuming that you are about the half-century mark in your career through this beautiful world of ours, do you not think you have something to regret if you were not born here in Los Angeles, if you have not lived here all your life, if you have not had right brotherly brothers to live with; and furthermore, if you have not had broad ranches to roam over, seas to sail over, and possessions in islands lying in broad spheres of purple seas; and then again if you have not learned to sail a yacht, to handle a steamship, and to drive a four-in-hand as you sit on the box of a coach and spend many sunny days along the flowery meads, by the purling streams, and climbing the rugged mountainsides of the Sierra Madres? You must agree that such a life might be and ought to be full of joy, and to have missed such a life, much to regret.

All of sixty-two years ago, namely in 1850, there arrived here in Los Angeles one of the chickens of the Blue Hen. He was large of frame and game of blood. He had energy and sense, and more than that, imperturbable good nature and kindness of heart. From Wilmington, Del., he journeyed by way of Panama, disembarked at San Diego and came straight to Los Angeles, and here he lived and died. He was a notable man in himself, and did notable things in his lifetime. From that date until about the end of the century Gen. Phineas Banning was about the most noted figure in Southern California.

But Who is Who deals with the living, and not with those who have gone before. Therefore this sketch shall not go into the career of Gen. Banning, but into that of the three sons he left behind him. October 19, 1858, the first Banning boy was born, and named William. He is known far and wide as Capt. William Banning. A couple of years afterward came another boy, and he was named Joseph Brent Banning. This member of the family is now known as Judge Joe Banning. A couple more years rolled around, and the third son was brought by the stork to the door of the good old general. About that time a young army officer had been here, and had gone into the Civil War, where he had won high distinction as Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock. The military man was a friend of Gen. Banning, and the last baby was called Hancock therefrom. He is just Hancock Banning still, for what title could add luster to the name of Hancock?

Soon after the birth of the third child Mrs. Banning was called away, and the three little boys were left orphans. But they had mothering as well as fathering under the protecting wings of the kind-hearted general. There was a story extant among old-timers that on a certain occasion the boys had got into some little mischief, and for once in his life Gen. Banning lost a little bit of his temper. After scolding the boys he jumped into the big wagon and drove from the Banning home on the mesa above Wilmington, where it still stands, to the steamship office down at San Pedro. He had been thoroughly uncomfortable all the way down, and having jumped out of the carriage he imitated the man with the bramble bush and jumped in again. "Drive back to the house," said he. And there gathering the boys all into his ample lap he put his arms around them saying, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, "Was I severe with you, my poor little motherless boys?" By this time the whole family was in tears, and the eldest relieved the strain by the declaration, "Oh, never mind, papa, nobody minds anything you say."

There the three boys grew up, attending school in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Santa Barbara. The captain graduated at a couple of colleges and the judge took a law course at the East, but never bothers himself with a case or with a brief.

During this time the general was busy with all kinds of schemes. He established a plant at Timm's Point, away out under Pt. Firmin, for lightering purposes, shipping and receiving, and this grew into a stage company operating to Los Angeles and other parts of Southern California, and teaming way out into the mountain country where the mines were. Then the plant was moved to the head of San Pedro Bay because of better facilities for handling the business. The general was a many-sided man of great business capacity, and could and did turn his hand to anything in which there was an honest dollar. The Federal government established headquarters here for the army operating in Southern California and Arizona, and Gen. Banning took the contract for erecting the barracks.

There is another good story illustrating the general's fine sense of humor, keenness of repartee and imperturbable good nature. A certain "cantankerous cuss" was pleased to disapprove of the general and his way, and reproached him with having robbed the government in the contract for the barracks. With a broad and killing smile Gen. Banning looked at the fellow and said: "I think you were a bidder for that work, and it was awarded to me because my bid was lower than yours. Now if I rob the government what must your good intentions have been?"

While the boys were still attending school in Los Angeles the general built the first bit of railroad between San Pedro and Los Angeles. One terminus was at his shipping place on the bay, and the other at the

corner of Alameda and Commercial streets, the office being where the Van Nuys flour mill was afterward erected. In about 1860 the general constructed the barracks for the government, about 1863 the railroad was finished.

When Gen. Banning passed away Capt. William Banning took his place and has mostly carried on the business ever since. It has grown and prospered greatly, and the captain has been a careful, shrewd business man ever since. But if any man in Southern California has got more pleasure out of his life than Capt. William Banning he is a fortunate fellow indeed. From earliest boyhood he was almost amphibious. San Pedro Bay being as much his native element as the mesa at Wilmington. He learned to row or sail a boat, and about as early he became an adept at driving a team of two, four or six horses. When he became a little older and the Wilmington Transportation Company had steamers on the bay, he acquired the knack of about everything connected with handling these. Now if there is any pleasure to surpass coaching in Southern California, will someone tell me what it is? Coaching is never a game of solitaire, but a pleasure for gregarious animals. Capt. Banning's delight has been to gather a company of from half a dozen to the full measure in his coach, with six good horses, himself on the box, and spend long summer days touring the plains and hillsides when the mustard was yellow and the lupines purple. The Rancho Conejo was a Banning possession, and there among oak woods as glorious as any in Warwickshire or any other part of England, with a well-stocked larder, and with enough good company, one might be happy unless of a very crabbed disposition, and that is a trait of character unknown in the Banning family.

Years and years ago, the late James Lick of San Francisco acquired possession of Catalina Island. It would require a good deal of research into early annals to find how or why this property was acquired by James Lick. It remained practically unused by him for years, a range for the wild goats, and a roosting place for aquatic birds. The early people of Los Angeles soon found out the island and its magic attractions, and there unbidden and unhindered they flocked to spend their summer vacations. All days in the year the fellow in the water might about to his companions on shore, "come in, the water is fine." Then there was the fishing, then as now, not exceeded for the gameness of the finny tribes nor the abundance of the bite on any fishing grounds on earth. What a glorious place Catalina was in those early days, when Los Angeles was an old 'dobe town. The visitors got there by rowboat or sailboat, perhaps some of them swam. The channel is only about twenty miles wide. They took their provisions with them, and lived in tents until the store was exhausted, sometimes after many replenishings. There was boating, rambling over the hills and through the canyons, and of all the carefree summer crowd that ever passed a day, none could exceed in this respect the early visitors to Catalina Island.

Then in some way not of particular interest to writer or reader, the Lick estate conveyed Catalina Island to the late J. R. Shatto, a capitalist well known here a score years ago, a venturesome man who went away out in the wilds west of Figueroa street and erected a beautiful mansion on a street called by his own name where Lucas avenue now comes down. The man was accidentally killed by a rear collision of a freight train with a passenger train standing on the track up in Soledad Canyon some years ago. While he owned Catalina Island things moved along there very much as during the years of the Lick possession.

The first years of the writer's newspaper work in Los Angeles an associate of an evening paper asked this question "If you had \$1,000,000 what would you do with it?" The reply was: "Buy Catalina Island and make it the most attractive seaside resort in the world." That is what the Banning boys saw in vision too. So they bought Catalina Island and have possessed it ever since, and they have proceeded in a leisurely but effective way toward the making of it what had seemed possible to the writer. The Banning Company maintains a line of steamers to convey visitors to the island and back again. A commodious hotel was erected, and a line of stages is maintained to make a circuit of the island at regular periods during the season. Catalina is known as the Magic Isle. You mention its name in San Francisco and all around you will know about it. Talk of catching yellowtail or Jewish in Avalon Bay in a hotel corridor from Chicago to New York, and some one will "chip in" with confirmation of its being the greatest sport in the world. I have found casual acquaintances in Dublin, London, Paris and Rome who knew all about Avalon, about Catalina, about fishing in the bay, about shooting wild goats on the hills of Catalina Island.

Now let us return to the opening query in this sketch. Would you not, indulgent and intelligent reader, wish that your lot had been cast in such pleasant places? Is there any life imaginable more entrancingly enjoyable than fifty years of existence here in this lovely country by the sunset seas, amid these towering mountains, and along these flower plains, hung broad as the skies from horizon to horizon?

During all these years, busy with all these enter-

prises, entertaining his friends in princely fashion, Capt. William Banning has, so far as I know, been guilty of but one breach of good morals and missed but one of the great joys of life. He has gone on "enjoying single blessedness" all his days. Now he has enjoyed these days not because of their singleness but in spite thereof. His joys have always been multiplied in proportion to the number of friends who have shared them with him, but it is a great pity that a man so well calculated to make a woman's life blest, and have his own life blessed by one, should not have formed by all odds the best partnership life affords.

The judge has been a wiser if not a better man than his elder brother the captain. While Joseph B. Banning was pursuing his law studies at the East he paid a visit to the home of an uncle in St. Paul, where he met a cousin of the real Banning type, and of the proper sex, and immediately, while the captain was annexing ranches and islands, the judge annexed his fair cousin. And out of this union there have been born three lovely children, one of them a great manly boy, thoroughly worthy of his grandfather, who is now studying, I believe, at Yale.

The first time I ever saw Hancock Banning was in a charade at a little amateur performance in Los Angeles. He must have been perhaps between 3 and 5 years old, and a lovelier boy my eyes never rested upon. Nor has there been grown out of such a boy a better man in all my experience. Hancock Banning some years ago married a daughter of Col. George H. Smith, and her mother was a sister of the late Andrew Glassell. They are all from the old Dominion, and worthy of the best traditions of the Cavaliers who followed the knightly Sir Walter Raleigh to colonize that part of the New World. In this family, too, Providence has sent three children to bless the household.

So the three brothers have lived here for a half century almost side by side, and have never known any other place of abode, except casual, in all their days. They have been busy in their affairs, and by close attention and good judgment have prospered in whatever they have put their hands to. The father's spirit runs through every fiber of their being. It would have been impossible for anyone to have known Gen. Banning well and not be friendly with him. If the Banning brothers have an enemy on earth he is so ashamed of entertaining so unworthy a feeling toward such people that he never gives it voice. If there are three persons, brothers or otherwise, in the community that have as many friends as these three Banning boys they may be said to be indeed most fortunate.

Can life hold in store for any one any better lot than this? A threefold cord not broken, not raveled in all the years of the half century, bound together as strongly now as in childhood; a full half-century of life spent in a land of such salubrious airs and where beauties are as universal as the skies, a prosperous career of usefulness in the world; with hosts of friends increasing in number as the years roll by, and never an old friend dropping off as a new one comes excepting in the course of nature—what life could one desire better than that?

An Urban Lay.

A winsome maid with Mobile face
And curling Auburn hair
Roams far Baryonne, her native place,
With most Superior air.

Around a Little Rock she strays,
Then toward Ann Arbor green;
No Streater alley meets her gaze—
What Erie sight is seen?

A charging Buffalo she spies,
For Battle Creek its jaws;
"South Bend your steps!" a farmer cries,
"Get Thayer before you pause!"

Commandingly young Lawrence spoke,
He Spokane she obeyed;
The beast so Great Falls at his stroke,
And over it the maid.

"T've Concord!" gaily he exclaimed,
"Eau Claire, your thanks express!"
"Augusta Ma," she said, "they name,
So Macon other guess."

She sought to Barre from him her eyes,
Hot Springs a tear in view;
"A husband Fond du Lac," he cries,
"I'm bent on Marion you!"

"A happy Homestead Pa will give,
Where nothing Mahanoy;
How Joliet will be to live
In Union full of joy!"

"In thanks to Providence I vow
We'll long Revere this day;
And Wheeling up may cart, I'll now
Tacoma bride straightway!"
—[Ivy Kellerman Reed, in Harper's Weekly.]

A Talk With President Arosemena.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

Peaceful Conditions. DISCUSSES PANAMA AND ITS MONEY- MAKING POSSIBILITIES.

THE DAY OF SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS GONE BY—THE TOURIST TRAVEL WILL AMOUNT TO MILLIONS—BIG HOTELS TO BE BUILT—FORTUNES IN PANAMA LANDS AND CITY LOTS—MONEY IN FARMING AND STOCK-RAISING—BANKS WHICH PAY DIVIDENDS—AMERICAN TRADE—PANAMA DOES NOT WANT ANNEXATION.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PANAMA CITY (Panama).—I have just had an interview with the President of the republic of Panama. His name is Pablo Arosemena, and he has now been in office almost four years. According to the Panama constitution, the President serves for

away as far as the whole of Latin America is concerned. As for we Panamanians, we have given up such foolishness, and we expect to have no revolutions for all time to come. I think the same will be the case at no distant date throughout South America. It is already so with Peru and with Chile. We have now no revolutions in Argentina and Brazil, and it will soon be so in Colombia and Venezuela.

"How about Central America?" I asked.

"That eventually will be the case with Central America, although I cannot say when. The people of some of those countries have had so many revolutions that they may be said to have acquired the revolution habit, and it will be some time before a condition of permanent peace can be established there. Nevertheless, Central America is improving, although the sev-

side of the isthmus, had 5000 population when you made your deal with the French. It has 17,000 now, and we have other towns which have greatly increased."

"But will not this population drop when we stop our work on the canal?" I asked.

"I think not," replied the president. "Col. Goethals says the United States may have to keep soldiers here to the number of 10,000, and also that it will take 2500 additional employees to run the canal. These people will spend a great deal. Then we shall have the tourist travel, which is already coming by thousands. That will steadily increase. It will give us a stream of travelers passing through and dropping dollars into Panama and Colon. Why, take your own people! All of you Americans will certainly want to come to see the



Dr. Pablo Arosemena
President of the Panama
Republic



Belisario Porras



Entrance to palace

only four years, and he is not eligible to succeed himself, the constitution providing that no man can be a candidate for the Presidency who has been President within six months of the Presidential election. Dr. Arosemena tried to avoid this provision by taking a six-months leave of absence last spring and allowing his henchmen to run the administration in his stead. However, after Secretary Knox's visit, this was found not popular with the United States, and the President gave up the hope of a second term and came back into office. The country is now in the throes of a Presidential campaign, although the new President will not be elected or inaugurated for some time to come.

A Talk With Arosemena.

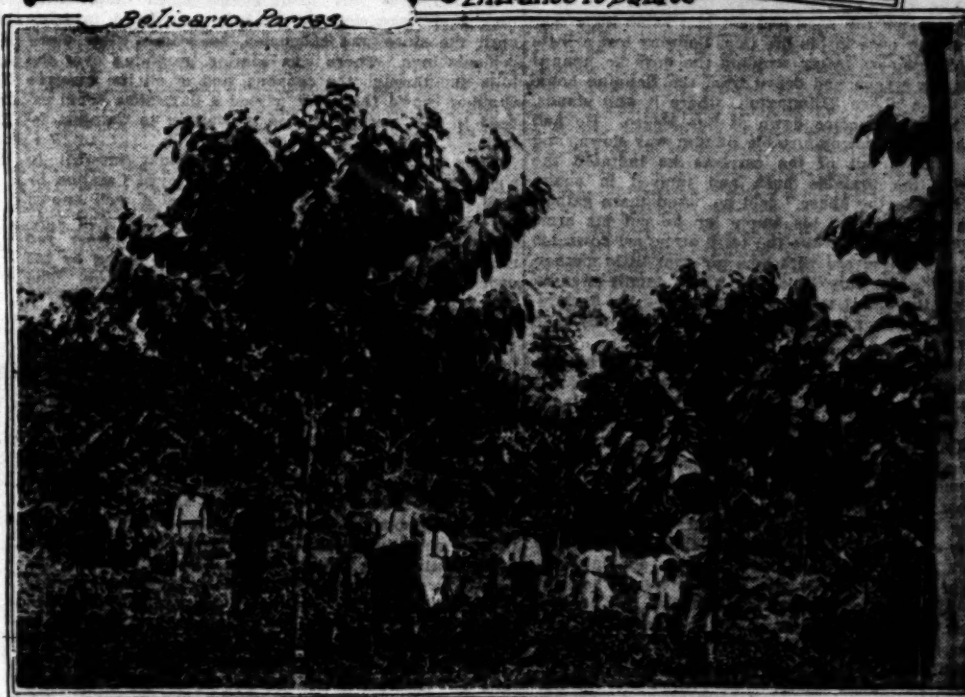
I met President Arosemena in the Isthmian White House, or, as it is known here, the Government Palace. This is a big, white, two-story building of Spanish architecture. It surrounds a patio filled with palm trees, in the center of which is a pond where huge turtles roll over and over and splash about in the water.

I found soldiers on guard as I entered the palace with the American Minister, H. Percival Dodge, and we saw more soldiers at the wide stone stairway to the second floor. At the top of the stairway we waited until our cards were sent in, and a moment later were ushered into the long, narrow parlor which forms the audience-room of the mansion. This parlor is furnished strangely for this land of the tropics. The floor is covered with a warm velvet carpet, the windows are veiled in hot-looking curtains, and the gold-plated furniture is upholstered and hot. At each end of the room is a great mirror in a frame of gold and over the windows hang lambrequins from gold frames.

We waited but a few minutes, when the President entered. He is a lean, lark-faced, black-eyed man of medium height, and he weighs, I should judge, about 150 pounds, light. He is 74 years old, but is still in his prime. When the Minister introduced me I was surprised to hear the President address me in English. He speaks that tongue fluently, and it was in English that our conversation was held. The first part of it related to the political situation, and I asked as to whether there was any danger of a revolution in case the administration candidate should be defeated.

No More Revolutions for Latin American.

"There will be no revolution here," said President Arosemena, "and the day of revolution is fast passing



Rubber plantation owned by Americans

eral republics composing it are not so free as our. We Panamanians have more liberty of speech. For instance, my enemies call me a tyrant and I make no reply. If one should denounce certain of the Presidents of the republic north of us, he might hear from his denunciation in no favorable way."

The Panama of the Future.

The conversation here turned to the Panama republic and its prospects, and President Arosemena said:

"I am enthusiastic over the future of Panama. It is the baby of the nations, the youngest of all the republics. It is still in its swaddling clothes, and is just beginning to grow. Look at what we are doing! Take the city of Panama. It had only 12,000 people nine years ago, and it has now 35,000. It will have 50,000 as soon as the canal is completed. Colon, at the other

canal. There are 90,000,000 of you, and even at as low as a dollar apiece, that would give us \$10,000,000 to start with. If you should spend \$10 apiece the amount would soon reach a billion."

Big Hotels to Be Built.

"But can you accommodate the crowd?"

"Yes. We shall have big hotels for the tourists," said Dr. Arosemena, "and the tourist travel will bring in a great deal. Paris gets a thousand million francs every year out of tourists, and Switzerland feeds fat upon them. There is no reason why we should not do likewise."

"Do you not think that the Americans will have cities of their own here?"

"Very likely so. There will probably be a great business city at Balboa, but that will be in the swamps,

and while it will contain the warehouses and great stores, it will hardly be fit for the hotels and the residences. Panama will be the Brooklyn, the residence quarter, and we shall have street cars which will go back and forth in five minutes. The people of Balboa will do their business there and come to Panama for the night."

Chances for Money Making.

"But has Panama nothing else but hotels to offer to the world?"

"She has a great deal more," said the President. "The Panama republic is one of the richest countries in the tropics, and by modern sanitation the most of it can be made one of the most healthy. It is now open to settlement, and we will do what we can to encourage the establishment of small farms and farmers. We are offering land in tracts of fifty hectares, or about 127 acres, at a little over 20 cents an acre, and 200 hectares at a still less price per acre. As the amount of land goes up, the price goes down, and we are doing everything we can to encourage development. We have been building roads in many of the provinces, and we now have in the neighborhood of 500 miles of roads and over sixty-one new bridges."

"But tell me something about your lands, Mr. President," said I. "What can you raise on them?"

"We can raise all sorts of tropical fruits. We have good lands for coffee and cacao. Coffee plantations are being set out in some places, and cacao land is in demand in the country about Bocas del Toro. There are immense banana estates there. The United Fruit Company owns thousands of acres, and it ships millions of bunches of bananas a year. The most of that fruit goes to the United States. We have also good soil for rubber, and rubber plantations are being set out by Americans and others. Some of the ex-employees of the canal have rubber estates which are already in bearing."

A Stock Country.

"We have also large areas of fine grazing land," continued President Arrosemena. "The climate is such that the cattle can feed out of doors all the year round, and we have three varieties of rich grasses to fatten them. Take the province of Chiriqui in the northern part of the republic. There is a region there known as the Divia country, which has many square miles of plains covered with grass which is dotted here and there with groves."

"The country is well watered, but there are no swamps, although it rains almost daily for about eight months of the year. Still the rains are short and for the most of the time the weather is clear. That land is splendid for cattle, and it has more stock than all the rest of the republic. It has already a number of large ranches, and there is room for many more. I doubt whether we have more than 50,000 or 100,000 head of stock in Panama now, whereas I have seen it estimated that our lands would sustain 5,000,000 head. When the canal is completed there will be a great demand for meat from the ships passing through, and it ought to be supplied by the isthmus. It seems to me there should be a great deal of money in cattle raising. As it is now, lean cattle may be purchased at from \$15 to \$20 a head. After they have been grazed for six months they will bring \$30 and upward."

Real Estate at Panama.

"What opportunities have you outside of farming?"

"There is a great deal of money to be made in real estate," said the President. "With the completion of the canal there is sure to be a demand for farm lands and plantations of various kinds. There is a steady rise in real estate values also both at Panama and Colon. I have property here which is worth ten times what I paid for it a few years ago, and I have put up a building at Colon which cost me only \$7000 and which has been netting me \$700 per month in rents. That property is now paying for the building every year. I know of buildings here in Panama which are doing as well. Rents are exceedingly high and we have a number of men who have grown rich out of their real estate deals. We have several millionaires, and some of them have incomes of over \$50,000 a year. The Panamanian Minister at Washington receives something like \$5000 per month from his real estate investments, and I venture that M. Espinosa of this city does equally well."

Banks Which Pay Dividends.

"And then there is a great deal of money in banking," continued the President. "You can loan here all the money you have on good security, at 5 or 9 per cent. The old rate of interest used to be 24 per cent., but we have cut that down by establishing our national bank, which makes loans on real estate at 7 per cent. and on jewelry and other collateral at 9 per cent. That bank has \$1,500,000 capital, and its net profits last year were \$90,000. The other banks make more."

"What is Panama doing to open up the interior of the country?"

"Not as much as we could wish," replied the President. "We have some roads and we expect to build more. We have had plans for railroads, but the time is not yet ripe to build them. All that will come, and in the end we shall be a thickly-populated land."

Gold and Pearls.

"How about your mines?"

"We have some gold mines working right here in the central part of the isthmus, and there are others at Balboa. We know that we have copper and other min-

erals, but the country has not been thoroughly prospected."

"How about your pearl fisheries?"

"They have produced a great deal in the past, but we have not been taking care of them and they do not yield what they did. I have been interested in pearls myself, and my father sold one pearl for \$4500. It weighed twenty-three carats, and was of a beautiful shape and fine color. That pearl would bring \$10,000 today. I think if we should let the pearl fisheries lie still for a while and keep a closed season for fishing we might make that a profitable industry."

"How about the hidden gold of Panama? It is said that you have islands near your coasts where the treasures of the Incas are buried and also that there is gold under Old Panama."

"That is the stuff that dreams are made of," replied the President. "Many have hunted for those treasures, and have never found them. We have now made a road to Old Panama, and it is probable that something may be discovered there."

Panama and American Trade.

"Tell me something about your trade with the United States."

"We are buying more of you than of any other nation, and the trade steadily increases. It might pay your merchants to establish a great warehouse here for the display of American goods. There will be a continuous stream of merchants passing through the canal, and that house could take orders for both North and South America. As it is now, our foreign commerce amounts to \$11,000,000 per year, and of that about \$5,750,000 goes to the United States. Next to you, our chief consumer is Great Britain, and after that come Germany, France and Italy. As to our exports, the most of them go to the United States. Indeed, you buy nearly all that we sell."

Education and Sanitation.

"Are you doing much in education?"

"We are preparing the way. We have established some schools, and have a large number of students abroad to be prepared for teachers. We have some girls studying for that purpose in Belgium, and we have also scholarships in Chile, which I arranged for during my trip there last year. We have also built a national educational institute here at a cost of about \$300,000."

"How about the health of the isthmus? Do you think that the sanitation methods which we are using here at Panama could be extended to the whole country?"

"Not as an entirety," said the President. "It would be too expensive. Nevertheless, you have done a great deal for the cities of Panama and Colon. Indeed the sanitary commission is the most absolute ruler we have. Every one has to obey it, and the men who come in on the ships, no matter whether they be Presidents of other countries, American ministers or our own officials, are kept in quarantine for three days if they come from any port that is even suspected of fever or contagious disease. We did not like the sanitation methods at first, and many of the people objected to having their houses inspected. That has all passed away now and we are congratulating ourselves on our new streets with good water and freedom from disease."

Panama Will Stay Independent.

"What are to be the future relations of Panama and the United States?"

"I hope they will always remain two sister republics."

"Is there any chance that Panama will be annexed to the United States?"

"I do not see any possibility of that at present," said Dr. Arrosemena. "We are glad to have you as our great and good friend, and we want to work along with you as far as we can. I believe that our people would prefer to be independent."

At this point I rose to go, but the President asked me to wait a moment and have some refreshments. A moment later a servant brought in a tray of champagne, and we drank to the health of our respective countries as we said good-by.

The Next President of Panama.

As to who the next President of Panama will be, this is not sure. The election will take place about a week after this letter is published. Such elections are held upon Sunday, and this one is set for the second Sunday in July. There are two candidates, one of whom might be called the administration candidate. This is Pedro Diaz, formerly Governor of Panama, and quite recently Treasurer-General. He is an able man and a popular one. The other candidate is Dr. Belisario Porras, the former Minister to the United States, and a man well known in Washington. Dr. Porras belongs to the people, and he flatters with the masses. He has had a lot of trouble during his candidacy, and his enemies have resorted to all sorts of tricks to prevent his nomination and election. Among these was the theft of some notes and official papers from the Panama legation at Washington. The notes contained the rough draft of the policies he expected to follow out as President, which included a reorganization of the police, with an American at the head. They were published, and it was thought that it would injure the Porras party in the campaign. In addition to this the men who stole his papers planned to bring suit against Porras for allowing his papers to be stolen. It was claimed that they were a part of the public records, and that no officer of the republic should allow the records to be taken away.

[Copyright, 1912, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

Romantic Origin of the Pekingese Dog.

Pekingese dogs are the product of that palace life in Peking which would seem now to be passing forever into the limbo of forgotten things, so that the present is surely an appropriate time for touching briefly on the history and character of the dog which has leapt into favor in the past few years in an extraordinarily meteoric manner.

In 1860, says a writer in the July Strand, the Summer Palace of Peking was sacked by European soldiers, the first shaking off of that extraordinary fabric of eastern rule which we now see laid in the dust. Among the loot were eight of the Imperial dogs, which had hitherto never been allowed outside the confines of the palace, save under penalties that included death in various fashions, such as stoning or being cut into a thousand pieces, either of which methods had not unnaturally been found sufficiently drastic to discourage dog-stealing.

The dogs looted in 1860 are persistently described as being five in number, but there must have been eight at least. They were found hidden in the apartments of the Emperor's aunt, an unfortunate lady who committed suicide on the approach of the soldiers. One was given to Queen Victoria, who had its portrait painted by Landseer; one pair became the property of the late Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and another pair were acquired by Admiral Lord John Hay. Admiral Oliver Jones (then captain) brought home one further dog, and a pair were secured by another officer, from which was bred a puppy that lived in England for nearly seventeen years.

From these eight priceless creatures were bred all the Pekingese that England could boast of for another generation, and, remaining in few hands, they continued comparatively unknown. At length, however, a few were obtained from the palace by methods into which it would be impertinent to inquire, but it seems clear that they had begun life as the personal pets of the late Dowager Empress, known as "Old Buddha." How jealously watched they were is shown by the fact that at the later siege of Peking, when the foreign embassies were in such great danger and were believed even to have fallen, the palace dogs were removed in the first palanquin which departed from Singan-fu as the foreigners entered the Forbidden City.

Swiss Gardens.

The Swiss gardens are a quaint combination of the artistic and practical, writes F. Harris Deans in the July Wide World. A row of geraniums will be followed by a line of red cabbages; lettuce and lilies grow in perfect harmony side by side; archways are covered with scarlet runners. The effect, however, is quite pleasing.

In many cases, too, the farmers take advantage of the numerous springs on the mountainside and build their cow houses over them, thus ensuring a constant supply of water running through the cow house. I observed this for the first time one day immediately after having quenched my thirst at a sparkling spring. I felt a horrible doubt that all was not clear that sparkled. It was a hot day, but I felt quite cool as I retraced by steps and tracked that spring to its source. I was relieved to find that the farmer who owned that particular spring didn't keep cows; I should have become a vegetarian if he had. After that I found lukewarm water from a Gasthaus more refreshing. What the eye doesn't see the stomach doesn't grieve about.

The Biggest Acorns in the World.

[July Wide World:] Nature is very prodigal in her gifts to tropical countries; vegetation grows with extraordinary profusion, and fruit and seeds are of an immense size. What is probably the largest acorn in the world, for instance is found in New Guinea. Quite an ordinary Papuan acorn would be one and three-quarter inches in diameter, the cup being two and a quarter inches, and the falling acorn is capable of giving one quite a nasty knock on the head. The magnificent oaks which bear these giant acorns are veritable monarchs of the forest, and grow at an elevation of about three to four thousand feet.

Grindin'.

I have watched the game through its thick and thin, And the secret I've learned of how to win In the hurry and bustle and ceaseless din: It's grindin'.

For the fellow who wins, it is plain to me, Keep playing his cards, whatever they be, Till they run his way; and he wins, you see, By grindin'.

The commonplace chap with a commonplace brain The utmost height may at last attain If he presses ahead, each step to gain By grindin'.

And the boy who stands at the foot of the class The one at the head at last may pass If he, ne'er pausing to moan, "Alas!" Keeps grindin'.

So split on your hands, though it be not neat, And mutter, "I'm hit, but I won't be beat," And, chilled by the cold or baked by the heat, Keep grindin'. And the three old dames ere the end will say, "Here's a man at last; turn the cards his way," And you'll win the wearisome game you play By grindin'.

—[A. J. Waterhouse, in The Star.]

Hawaii: Its People and Its Prospects.

By Forbes Lindsay.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

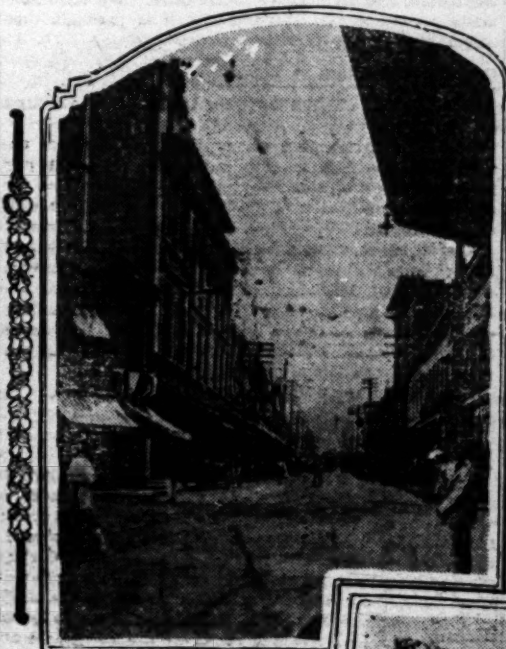
IN NO division of the wide domain over which the Stars and Stripes float is the population so varied as it is in the Hawaiian Islands. More than half the males of the insular territory are orientals, and less than 5 per cent. of them native Americans. The English and Germans are nearly as numerous as the Ameri-

been due in large measure to the diseases introduced among a people who had little power of resistance. An epidemic of measles, in 1848, carried off 20 per cent. of the population. However, while there has been a constant reduction in the number of the full-blooded natives, half-castes have coincidentally increased in number. The Kanaka woman prefers a foreigner of almost any nationality to a man of her own race for a

Despite his robust appearance, the Kanaka is not possessed of average strength and stamina, nor has he the energy to hold his own under the latter-day conditions, which demand hard and continuous work. His preference is for clerical employment, or trade. The former field is too restricted to afford openings for more than a few, and in the latter, the native cannot compete with the Chinaman. Education has had the



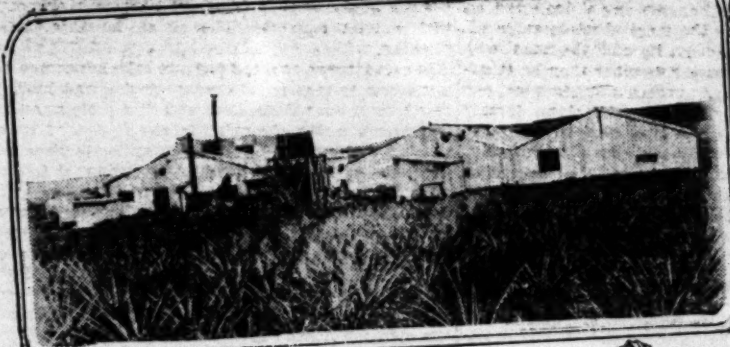
A Hawaiian Princess.



Street Scene, Honolulu.



Statue of Kamehameha I.



Pineapple plantation and packing house.



Road through a banana and coffee plantation.



A typical American home in Hawaii.



Good road to market for horses and carriages.

cans, and the Portuguese outnumber them two to one. There are hardly 25,000 of the aborigines left. The Chinese exceed 25,000, and are increasing steadily by natural process. The most numerous of all the races represented are the Japanese, of whom there are more than 60,000 in the Territory.

Capt. Cook, who was a careful and accurate observer, estimated the population of the islands in his time at 400,000. In 1836 the natives numbered slightly more than 100,000. From that time until the annexation to the United States there was a gradual decrease. The improvement in sanitation and hygiene effected under American government has held the Kanakas about stationary. The decline in physique and numbers has

husband. The females of the lower classes seek mates among the laborers, the Chinese being favored above all on account of their industry and kindly dispositions. The offspring of these marriages is almost invariably exceptionally healthy and intelligent. Indeed, the children of Hawaiian mothers by foreign fathers of any nationality appear to be superior in physical and mental qualities to full-blooded natives. The ambition of the Hawaiian women of the better class is to marry Americans or Englishmen. There have been many such alliances in the past, and the best families of the islands number one or more natives among their ancestors. There is, however, no case on record of a white woman having married one of the islanders.

effect of creating in the Kanaka a distaste for agriculture, which is his natural work. Even the rice fields, from which his favorite food is obtained, are cultivated by Orientals.

The Portuguese were imported some years ago at great expense for the purpose of working in the rice fields. They proved to be excellent laborers, but as soon as one of them had succeeded in accumulating a few hundred dollars, he would abandon wage work and go to farming on his own account. As these Portuguese require their wives, and even their children, to do a fair share of the labor, they gather money fast and in a few years achieve a modest degree of independence. These extra-thrifty characteristics and

the Portuguese unpopular, although they are excellent citizens.

Most of the Chinese came to the islands to work upon the sugar plantations, but after their usual custom they have graduated into more profitable lines of endeavor. The retail trade of the capital and other towns is largely in their hands and numbers of them are engaged in truck farming. The younger generation are in demand by banking and mercantile houses. They are found to be more honest, industrious and intelligent than any other class. The brightest pupils in the public schools are the children of Chinese fathers and native women. They readily assimilate American ideas, and it is the ambition of their parents that they should become as thoroughly American as possible. They fully appreciate the privileges of American citizenship and, when of age to do so, exercise the right of voting as a duty.

The majority of the Japanese coolies have remained in the cane fields to which they were imported. The planters would gladly get rid of them, but the industry is dependent on their labor, and probably will be for many years to come. There is no longer any considerable economy in their employment, for they have gradually forced their wages up to \$30 a month, in addition to which they receive free quarters, fuel and medical service. The Japanese are the only troublesome element in the Territory. On several occasions they have created riots in which blood was shed and property damaged. A few years ago they organized unions. Under the leadership of these bodies, who had studied labor agitation in the States, disorderly strikes have taken place from time to time. An anarchistic paper printed in the Japanese language is constantly inciting the laborers to violence. In recent years the Japanese coolies have been restrained by the government of their own country. Their consuls in Hawaii are under instructions to ship disturbers back to Nippon, where they are apt to meet with severe treatment.

The number of Japanese entitled to vote by reason of their having been born in the Territory is constantly increasing, and not a few of the American residents see a serious future menace in this condition. So far, the Japanese who might do so have shown an indifference to voting and a lack of interest in politics. A change in this respect might, however, be readily effected by a few clever leaders. In late years the Territorial government, acting in co-operation with the Planters' Association, has been making strenuous efforts to secure laborers from the countries of Southern Europe.

It is highly desirable that emigration to the Territory from the States should be induced. The local authorities and the government at Washington are considering plans for the promotion of such a movement. It is hoped that the difficulties in the way may be greatly mitigated or removed in the course of the next few years.

It is frequently stated that Hawaii is no country for a poor man. While true in the main at the present time, this is not the final word on the subject. There are under existing conditions but few opportunities for the American farmer in the islands, but if the contemplated changes are carried out, the present population of the Territory might be largely increased by additions from the class that is populating the irrigated lands of our semi-arid States.

Most of the land immediately available for cultivation in Hawaii is owned by corporations or individuals who either operate it or hold it at high prices. The only cheap land available is barren and perhaps stony. This is valueless for farming or grazing, but it is the kind of ground upon which sisal and one or two other fibrous plants flourish. There seems to be an opportunity for enterprise here which has been neglected. It is not, however, one in which the man with small means can engage.

Four years ago James R. Garfield, then Secretary of the Interior, and R. H. Newell, the director of the Reclamation Service, visited Hawaii for the purpose of investigating the possibilities of irrigation in connection with the public lands of the islands. Their examination showed that considerable areas of arid but fertile land, at present worthless, may be made highly productive by the application of water. It is proposed to reclaim some of these tracts and to open them to settlement under the terms of the United States Reclamation Act.

Some doubt is expressed whether Americans will readily make homes in a country which is mainly peopled by alien races. This difficulty may be overcome if the immigrants should form colonies. Such an arrangement would have additional advantages. A number of settlers with 100 or 150 acres of land apiece in the same locality might profitably raise sugar cane and supply a central mill on the system in vogue in many parts of Cuba; or they might raise pineapples to be handled by a central cannery. The prospect for such a colony would seem to be at least as good as that enjoyed by the average American colony in Cuba, and the conditions of life in Hawaii are greatly superior to those in the West Indian islands.

It is only fair to state that while many persons of experience believe that such projects are feasible, others are strongly of the opinion that Americans cannot perform hard labor in the islands. In support of the latter contention they cite the case of Ewa plantation, at Oahu. Some ten or twelve years ago the management of this estate decided to experiment with American farmers. Fifteen families were imported from the western States under the most favorable conditions. Their expenses to the plantation were paid, houses were provided for them, each family was given a garden patch, and a piece of grazing ground was allotted to them in common. Despite the pains taken

to insure their comfort, and unusual aid rendered to them in the preparation of their cane tracts, these American families gradually drifted away from the plantation and in the course of a year none of them remained. This defection may have been largely due to the arduous nature of the work, but it is probable that the fact of Oriental coolies having been engaged in similar labor on the same plantation had much to do with it.

Former Gov. Cooper, after reciting in an official report, the disadvantages with which the small farmer must contend in Hawaii, went on to say: "Notwithstanding all the drawbacks that have been mentioned, it can be truly said that if a favorable location as to soil and rainfall is chosen a man can secure for himself a comfortable home where he need scarcely consider the morrow. His profit may not be large, but he will be independent and will be able to enjoy life freed from any of the harassing cares and anxieties that exist in less favored countries than this."

With a few thousand dollars capital at his command a man of ordinary energy and intelligence should find ample opportunity in Hawaii. He will not make a fortune, but he can embark in any one of several agricultural enterprises with the assurance of a comfortable living and a certain income. Coffee offers an opening of the sort referred to. Suitable land will cost from \$40 to \$60 an acre and clearing about \$30. The item of labor will depend upon the degree of assistance rendered by the farmer's family; probably \$150 an acre is the minimum of safe calculation. With \$5000 at his disposal the immigrant could take up five acres of land, plant it in coffee, build himself a house and provide himself with necessary implements. Supposing that he raises bananas, or some other side crop, the chances are in favor of his success, and at least he can count on making as much money as he would under average conditions with the same outlay in one of the western States.

Greater attention might with advantage be paid to the raising of fruits in the islands. Most of the fruits of the temperate zone may be successfully cultivated in Hawaii, but little has been done in this direction. Bananas and pineapples are the only fruit exports of consequence, while oranges and other citrus varieties that might be produced in the islands are imported in large quantities. At the same time natives are selling in Honolulu seedling oranges of fine quality gathered from trees practically in a wild state. There is no doubt that this and other citrus fruits may, with a very moderate degree of cultivation, be profitably raised in the Kona and other districts. There are a number of minor industries of a promising character open to men with a few thousand dollars and ordinary intelligence. There is something of experiment and hazard involved in most of them, but the prospect of profit is considerably greater than the chance of loss.

Sayings of Burdette, the Genial Philosopher.

ROOM IN THE ARK.

DON'T talk to me about the superior safety and convenience of the smaller ships. One trip on the Olympic spoils a traveler for the little ships. Forty-five thousand tons is light enough for me. No wonder the passengers on board her sister ship refused to believe that the Titanic was sinking. You'd have to put me into a lifeboat with a capias if anything should happen to this ship. The Atlantic Ocean doesn't seem big enough for it to sink in. I have been wandering all over the Ark for three days, getting lost at every turn and being rescued by stewards and sailor men, until Mrs. Burdette has had me labeled like a freight car: "Return empty to B14, B deck." This is a wise precaution, for there are yet many regions to explore between Greenland and Cook's Pole and Amundsen's landing. I return empty all right.

We take our meals in the great dining salon, about the size of Temple Auditorium, or less. Then we adjourn to an equally large music-room for our coffee, and to listen to the orchestra; or, if you prefer, you may take your meals in the restaurant on C deck, somewhat larger than the Alexandria Indian cafe. You may listen to the orchestra morning and afternoon up on the companionway at the level of the sun deck. Or you may go out on the wide promenade decks partially enclosed, or up on "A" you may place your chairs on the stunner open decks. There is room on each one of the decks to march a regiment around by fours without hitting over anybody's feet.

"CREEP A LITTLE CLOSER, DO."

With the gregarious custom established by the animals on Noah's Ark, the animals on this big ship huddle together as closely as the chairs can be crowded, leaving acres and acres of space unoccupied.

I can't see that the space where they huddle is any better than the desert places. But that has nothing to do with it. The ship is 360 feet long. The passengers waited until the deck steward had placed the first chair, then the human cattle made a rush for it. I have seen four-legged sheep crowd together in the same fashion in the middle of a desert pasture, 250 miles square. It's the nature of the sheep.

Even tired people who tell you they are running away from the crowd of things and folk at home, if they find themselves alone on shipboard, swim into the water with glad exclamations of recognition as they behold familiar faces. Very few people travel for

any other reason than to go somewhere with the crowd. Which is the best way in the world not to see anything. That's the difference between travelers and tourists. There are very few travelers. There are millions of tourists. All great travelers have sought to travel alone.

ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE.

Then when they came home they could unfold tales of adventure, peril and wonder that would make your hair curl, and no man might contradict them. Doc Cook might have scaled Mt. McKinley had he not taken witnesses with him. "Have you any witnesses, 'Rastus'?" the judge kindly asked the delegate from Alabama, on trial for the benevolent assimilation of Plymouth Rocks. "No, sah," replied the culprit, for it was he; "I doesn't inginerally take no witnesses when I goes fo'th after chicken, sah." And that is why he brings home the poultry.

NEIGHBORS EVERYWHERE.

There are a number of Los Angelenos on the Olympic—Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Hawley Smith. Smith is an old-young friend of my Hawkeye days. He was a classmate of young Dick Hutton's in his college years when he was a famous athlete, and hasn't lost the figure nor habit yet. Mr. and Mrs. C. Leavitt also register from the City of the Angels. Mr. and Mrs. Gates, whom we claim for Pasadena, are en route with the children for a delightful motor tour through England and the continent; Mrs. O. W. Childs is on her way to join her daughter in Italy, and Mrs. Truxton Beale is of the Los Angeles pilgrims. Dr. and Mrs. Webster Merrifield of Pasadena are our traveling companions for all this tour of England and the continent. We went with them to Poughkeepsie to witness the graduation of their daughter Clara, of "Vassar, 1912," that we might have the pleasantest possible memory of our native land to beguile our wanderings. And then as the big ship was about ready to leave her dock in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Sniffen of Los Angeles and Temple Church came aboard to say "good-by and godspeed." This little world! There's no place left in it where one may enjoy the bitter-sweet luxury of homesickness, because there is always somebody at your elbow, right from home, to hand you the tear jug when you want to cry. Tear jugs of paper are now provided on all first-class liners.

THE LAST MAN.

The last man, who is a compulsory feature of every

sailing, comes aboard in the usual fashion. He is traveling alone, so he can't blame it "on the woman." I never yet saw the last passenger accompanied by any one, and I never saw the part played on shipboard by a woman. She misses a train once in a while, but she is always on time for the ship. This last man starts aboard with a rush like a rocket, when he is suddenly recalled by the taxi man, who objects to taking English money. The passenger has a fit and goes through more pockets than any tailor ever put into a suit before he can find his pocket-book. He starts up the plank again when a sailorman in uniform says something about his ticket. The last man begins to have a fit, and the sailor shoves him along his way. The man carries a suit case in one hand, a handbag in the other, a big box of flowers under one arm, a package of newspapers, books and magazines under the other. His elbow tightly grips the collar of his overcoat, the skirts whereof sweep the gangway nicely as he tries to walk on it and drag it along at the same time. His hat falls off about half-way up the plank, and he drops the box as he saves his hat. His lips move. We cannot hear what he is saying, but it is not necessary in these days of wireless telegraphy. We know.

So well do we know, that some of us, when we note that he pauses to think of the proper expression, can supply the missing word for him. A couple of stewards rush to his rescue. They take all his impedimenta away from him. Then he doesn't know what to do with his arms. He lets on he does not see 500 passengers laughing at him, and so he comes aboard, and does not discover until the next day that he left his trunk. In the old English navy, in the days when there were such sailors as Nelson, the bosun used to "rope's end" the last man aloft when they swarmed up to make or shorten sail. The same discipline should be applied today to the last passenger up the plank. It might not cure the evil habit of procrastination, but think what pleasure it would afford the other passengers. Anything to relieve the ennui of life on shipboard.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

At the Tea.

[Harper's Bazar:] Poet (dreamily:) Are you fond of Villon and Verlaine?

Healthy Girl: No. My only perfume is lavender water.

New Style of Currency Coming.

By a Special Contributor.

Just Fits a Pocketbook.

SMALL-SIZE PAPER MONEY WHICH THE TREASURY IS ABOUT TO ISSUE.

DOLLAR BILLS TO BE ONLY TWO-THIRDS AS BIG AS NOW—WILL SAVE THE GOVERNMENT \$412,000 A YEAR IN PAPER AND OTHER ITEMS—NEW MONEY WILL HAVE LONGER LIFE, BECAUSE IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE FOLDED—TO BE ADORNED WITH FRESH AND MORE ARTISTIC DESIGNS.

THE dollar bill is soon to be smaller. It will be only two-thirds its present size; likewise all other notes and certificates.

It has been decided that the paper money is too big. A dollar bill today is more than three inches wide, and a little over eight and one-quarter inches long. It is to be cut down to six by two and one-half inches. The

When it is considered that it costs the government one cent to print a paper dollar and put it into circulation, the importance of prolonging its "life" becomes manifest. Fortunately, the treasury has had an opportunity to make some advance tests, as they might be termed, of the small size money. All of the paper currency of the Philippines (which has replaced the old Spanish notes) has been printed at the Bureau of Engraving. It is of exactly the size now proposed for our own greenbacks and certificates—that is to say, six by two and a half inches. Up to date it has proved exceedingly satisfactory in all respects.

The new paper money is small enough to be carried flat—i. e., without folding—in a pocketbook of very moderate size. It will be much more easily handled. Experiments made with bank clerks and tellers in Washington recently have shown that the small size do not

in competition. At present the designs are not only inferior in an artistic sense, but confused. For example, on the \$5 national bank note a portrait of Benjamin Harrison is used; on its reverse is a picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims. What connection or association of ideas there can be between the Pilgrims and Mr. Harrison is not apparent. On other pieces of money are Indian chiefs, a frontiersman protecting his family with an ax, and other such pictorial freaks of no imaginable significance.

Portraits of Dead Only.

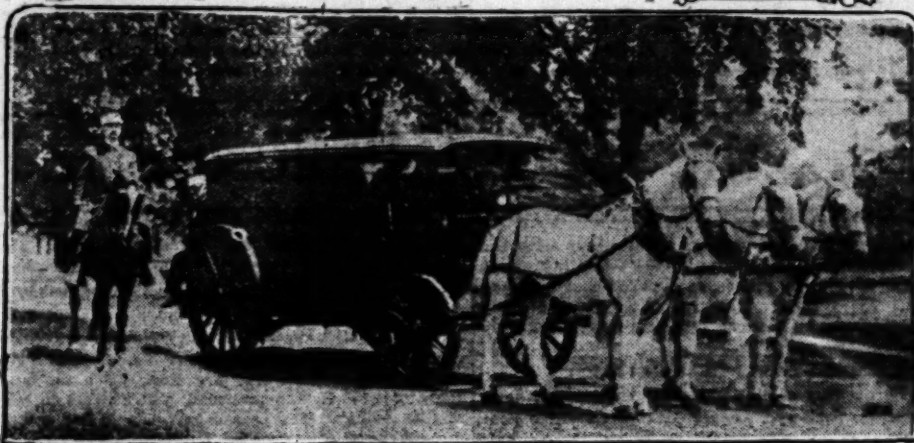
When Mr. Taft became President of the United States, an engraving from one of his photographs (chosen for the purpose by himself) was made for use on paper money. Eventually it will be thus employed, but not until after his death, because it is against the



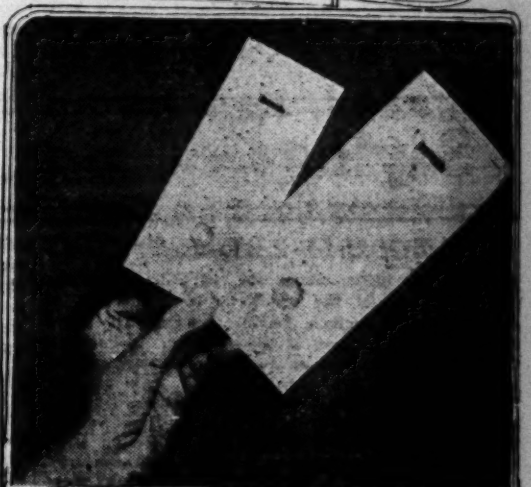
Printing paper money.



Counting newly-printed notes in sheets.



Honey-wagon of the Bureau of Engraving.



Showing relative sizes of the new and the present paper money.

treasury thinks that this reduced currency will be vastly more convenient to handle.

In addition, it will save a good deal of expense. The saving on paper alone (for 240,000,000 notes issued per annum) will amount to \$37,000. There will be an increased output of at least 25 per cent for a given amount of labor at the Bureau of Engraving, where all the paper money is printed. This gain, carried through all the processes of printing, examining, counting, drying, numbering, etc., will in itself represent more than \$200,000 a year.

The notes being smaller, less engraving will be required for the plates from which they are printed. Less ink will be used—an item much more important than one might imagine. Taking other items into account, it is reckoned that the total saving to the government by reducing the size of paper currency will be \$612,000 per annum.

Will "Live" Longer.

A dollar bill of the new size is expected to have a much longer "life" than one of the pattern now in use. Requiring one less fold, in order to be stowed away conveniently in the pocket or pocketbook, it will last at least one-third longer in circulation, according to the estimate of the treasury experts. Consequently there will be fewer notes to be redeemed as unfit for further use, and the force of the redemption division at Washington can be cut down sufficiently to save \$50,000 a year in salaries.

cramp the fingers as do the old ones. And they have the additional advantage that banks can store in their vaults 25 per cent. more of them within a given space.

Old to Be Bought Up.

The only objection to the new departure seems to be that for some time there will be two sizes of paper money in circulation. But this difficulty is to be obviated as far as possible by preparing in advance great quantities of the small notes, which on a fixed date will be changed for the big ones at subtreasuries, banks, and other large financial institutions all over the country.

Incidentally, it is planned to reduce the nineteen designs on the currency now in use to nine, using the same portrait on one denomination throughout. Thus the \$1 bill, whether treasury note, bank note, or certificate, will bear the head of Washington in the center of its face. Its holder will know the denomination without looking at the numbers on it.

Cashiers of banks, and others who handle money, will be enabled thereby to detect counterfeiters more readily. For nothing is so hard to counterfeit as a portrait, the engraver of which cannot reproduce his own work with exactness. The slightest variation alters the expression of the face; and money-handlers get accustomed to carrying such printed faces in their memories.

For the backs of the notes and certificates more artistic designs are wanted, and these, for use on the new paper money, will be solicited from the best artists,

rules to print the portrait of any living man on our currency. In earlier days there was no such restriction, and one finds that in the days of the Civil War the likenesses of several men thus appeared—for example, that of Gen. Spinner, on the 50-cent and other fractional notes.

If somebody other than Mr. Taft becomes President next March, a similar engraved portrait will likewise be made of him at the Bureau of Engraving, and will be added to the collection of such likenesses available for future use, among which to be numbered, of course, that of Mr. Roosevelt. All of them, from George Washington to the present occupant of the White House, are represented by prints in a large frame in the corridor of the bureau. An expert of the highest skill makes them, spending from six to eight weeks on each picture.

With the aid of these portraits, supplemented by sections of "geometrical lathe" work never used but kept on hand as "stock," it would be easily possible for the Bureau of Engraving to supply notes of entirely new designs within a few hours. If they were ordered in the morning, they could be printed before closing hours, at 4:30 o'clock.

It is a fact worth mentioning incidentally that, whereas monarchies usually have portraits of their sovereigns on their metal money, it has been deemed best hitherto not to present the likenesses of our Presidents (this being a republic) in a similar way. On this account Washington was the only President to whom such an honor was given, his head appearing on a 1-cent piece which

was in circulation only for a short time. But recently Mr. Roosevelt upset the rule by putting Abraham Lincoln on the copper penny.

Leading the World.

Our own country is at present giving lessons to all the world in the business of making paper money, and the nations of Europe are imitating us, recognizing that our currency affords better security against counterfeiters than any of theirs. Mechanically, they are far behind us. In Germany, for instance, it costs 4-10 cents to put a dollar in circulation. In the United States, as already explained, it costs only 1 cent.

Japan, in 1889, got the idea of adopting a modern system of printing currency, and sent several young men, one of them a nephew of the famous Field Marshal Oyama, to study our method of operations. They served a regular apprenticeship in the Bureau of Engraving at Washington, and, having learned the business, went back, establishing, in 1895, a plant at Yokohama, modeled as closely as possible after the American outfit.

In that country unskilled labor costs 10 cents a day, and 40 cents will hire a skilled artisan. Consequently the Japanese are now able to turn out postage stamps for only 7 cents a thousand. But such is the economical efficiency of the Bureau of Engraving in Washington that it furnishes all the stamps to the Postoffice Department at a contract rate of 5 cents a thousand; and, even at this rate, it came out last year \$60,000 to the good on the job.

China, in 1909, after making an investigation of the

subject, decided to introduce a like system. The imperial government hired a first-class engraver and several other men from the Bureau of Engraving at Washington, and, with their help, set up a plant at Peking, under the direction of Chin-Ta-Tao, who has since become Secretary of the Treasury of the republic. The work of the institution has not been interrupted by the recent change of political control. All of the machinery and other equipment was fetched from the United States, and today the Chinese, who originally invented and developed the art of paper-making, are buying the paper for their paper money from American manufacturers.

Honor for Paul Revere.

Paul Revere's ride made him famous but he deserves celebrity on other grounds—namely, that he was first to establish the industry of steel engraving in this country. From this beginning was in the course of time evolved the American Bank Note Company, which printed all of our paper money up to the year 1876, when John Sherman, then Secretary of the Treasury, established the Bureau of Engraving.

Notwithstanding the perfection to which note-engraving has been brought, the possibilities of photo-mechanical processes are being developed to such an extent as to be regarded as a serious threat to the safety of the currency. This is a matter that is attracting attention in all civilized countries. By the "autotype" and other processes, the color and texture of any printed matter can be imitated with astonishing accuracy. Accordingly, as a precaution against counterfeiters, the Bureau of Engraving may yet be driven to the expedient

of using tints selected for their non-photographic quality.

Up to the present time the most satisfactory protection against counterfeiters has been found to be the distinctive paper used, with bands of red and blue fibers running through it. This cannot be imitated successfully except by the use of large and ponderous machinery, such as cannot well be concealed. It is true that chemical means are known whereby the ink can be entirely removed from one dollar bill, as a preliminary to printing counterfeiters of large denominations on them—an expedient whereby the government's own paper is secured for criminal employment. But it is proposed to get over this difficulty by printing each denomination of the new notes on a different kind of paper, or a number may run through the paper in a water mark.

Summing up the whole plan, the intention is to have a paper currency that will be more convenient, more artistic, safer against counterfeiting, and cleaner. For this last purpose there is to be an extension of the money-laundering business, which up to the present time has been carried on exclusively at the Bureau of Engraving at Washington. Light and transportable machines, for washing and ironing notes, will be placed in the various sub-treasuries, and possibly in large financial institutions, so that dirty bills will soon come to be a thing of the past.

The washing of money at the bureau costs not more than one-tenth of a cent per note. It is believed that later on this cost will be cut in half, so that the expense involved in keeping the paper cash of the country clean will be in the long run far from excessive.

When Gen. Lawton Fell.

By Pelican Reedy.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

IT IS early Philippine morning at an outpost of the United States army on the island of Luzon. In our rear lies Manila; before us, a couple of miles away, the Pasig River winds like a great dark serpent down from its source in the mountains through the valley of the Marquina.

The brilliant sun of the Orient is mounting the sky. Mists are rising from the lower grounds . . . the air has a vapory something in it which makes one feel that nothing in life is of any great importance. The white tents of our two companies are pitched under giant trees, in the tallest of which we have a lookout that enables us to see the surrounding country as far as the outskirts of San Mateo, situated on the other side of the river. This barrio is in the hands of the insurgents, and the whole army thinks they will make a strong stand there, because the place is protected by its peculiar location. To get anywhere near it we have to cross a series of hills first, then pass over a mile of open country. With a regiment that knew how to shoot, and a few pieces of artillery, the town could stand off an army corps. The Filipinos, however, have too much common-sense to make good soldiers; but we do not know that yet.

Outside my quarters is the telephone, attached to a tree; a hospital steward is phoning his sick report direct to division headquarters. I can even hear, at times, the voice of the man at the other end of the line.

My attention is next directed to a group of soldiers, headed by a corporal of the guard. At first I think they have captured an officer of the insurgents, but instead it is a Japanese cavalry captain, dressed in khaki and top boots, who wants to see what he can see, for the benefit of honorable experience. A second lieutenant comes forward and does the polite; he takes the worthy captain up the ladder to the crow's platform, points toward San Mateo and says: "All down there is insurgent!"

The Japanese answers: "Yes." It is the only word that he speaks; he looks through his honorable binoculars and descends shortly to converse with our captain, for we have only one for the two companies. I note that he smokes an honorable cigarette and studiously listens, being extremely economical in his speech, though as friendly as dignity will permit.

More excitement! A major and a staff lieutenant arrive, hastily dismount and climb the ladder. Evidently something is in the wind. After a hurried inspection of the camp, they leave. The bugle sounds. The men fall in, and the first sergeant calls the roll. We then learn that there is to be a reconnoitering party. All want to go; here is a chance for fighting, perhaps; but only fifty men are needed. Great disappointment on the part of those that have to stay behind.

The party is quickly made up; each man carries three days' rations; two sub-lieutenants are in command. We depart amidst cheering, for we may never come back. As we reach the limits of the camp the command "right by file" is given and we march like Indians at the route step, which allows us to converse. Many grotesque jokes are now in order. We halt occasionally, for El Sol looks upon us with an ardent glance, and the sweat from our bodies comes clear through the leather straps of our haversacks, coloring patches of the khaki uniforms with big spots of moisture.

By 2 o'clock we have crossed the hills. We meet some dismounted cavalry and learn from them that a battalion of our regiment is reconnoitering the river on our left flank. As we reach the last rise, detachments of troops are seen marching from all directions; they are converging toward a point far down on our left, where there is desultory firing going on. We march to the right.

Before us are nearly a mile of rice fields that slope down to the river; there many caribou are feeding. In the river we can see them swimming with their snouts just out of the water. Not a single native is visible, and we cannot see the town because of a dense growth of trees that shrouds its outskirts along the stream. Back of us lie 400 yards of rice paddies which we have crossed since leaving the foot of the hills.

We are shot at. It is a single shot, fired to get the range, but we can see no smoke. Everybody that has not been in action before is very much excited. Our lieutenant looks white and stern. Suddenly we see two natives, one behind the other; they are carrying fishing poles or something that looks like them. Instantly they vanish. Another shot is fired at us, and the lieutenant orders two volleys fired. It was so much ammunition wasted, for we could see nothing. The caribou, however, make tracks for the river immediately; they know that something unhealthy is in the air.

Another shot is fired, followed by dozens of others; we can see no smoke, but hear the bullets overhead with the reports in the distance; and I know that the insurgents are armed with Remington and Mauser rifles, for the Remington makes a big bur-bur sound and the Mauser a wicked little hwing-eing, that is, when they cut the air in the immediate vicinity of your head. Judging by these unhealthy sounds, the aim of the enemy is about six feet too high.

We are lying flat on our stomachs, and jokes are again in order. The lieutenant details a sergeant and three men to reconnoiter a rising on our right flank; he can see nothing to shoot at, so we decide to retire, which we do in line of skirmishers. In the center of the rice field that we are crossing a perfect hail of hwing-eings interspersed with a few bur-burs whistle about our ears and over our heads, and the rookies instinctively crouch down as they run through the soft mud that comes above our ankles. We gain the shelter of the trees without any casualties. I am about to give an exhausted infantryman a stimulant as he leans, panting, against a large tree. I am pouring out the spirits of ammonia into my flask-cup when a bur-bur buries itself deep in the wood within an inch of my nose, knocking the bark in our faces. But as I am naturally humorous at close quarters, I make it a point not to spill a drop and insist on my patient drinking his dose without moving, while I joke him about his fine complexion. He looks at me with unutterable reproach; he cannot speak because he has exhausted all his wind and strength in running through the mud, whereas I had walked with ostentatious calm and as erect as possible. The command is moving up the hill rapidly, so I urge him along by threats, curses and coaxing until he falls down. I pour some water in his face, waiting patiently for a few minutes. Then I pull him to his feet with a curse, and drag him along by the wrist.

I am, myself, by no means well. Six months of malaria and bowel troubles doesn't tend to make one a Hercules, and this is pretty uphill work (if anybody should ask you about it), especially with two loaded haversacks, a rifle, sixty rounds of Krag-Jorgensen ammunition and a 160-pound lummux that wants to lie

down every minute. But I am determined that he shall not stay behind. Finally we reach the brow of the hill. Two hundred yards ahead the command is resting. When we arrive four more exhausted men require heart stimulants.

Firing is heard far in our front. The lieutenant decides to move straight ahead, so he orders that the five half-dead men, one of whom is an old corporal, shall make their way back to camp by a path we are facing. He gives them strict instructions to remain together. (He was cashiered for this.)

We now march rapidly under a sweltering sun, but the ground is more or less level, and the wind occasionally hits us through the tall grass. At 5 p.m. we sight some white-clad figures; the lieutenant orders three men to fire at them. They were not touched so far as I could see, but the shots passed through the line of Maj. Blunt's skirmishers and one of them grazed the knee of his adjutant. The entire battalion was on the point of firing through the tall grass in our direction when, luckily, they suspected who we were. Then old Blunt began speaking in a military dialect that was most forceful.

We soon join his command, and I find myself in the rear guard behind some Chinese coolies who are carrying supplies in baskets on fish poles; there are also a lot of Filipino ponies with officers' baggage and other truck strapped on them.

As we descend the hills it grows dark rapidly. In a short time we can scarcely see anything. In front is Blunt and a native guide, who is leading him into an unspeakable jungle, but everybody marches fast, for they fear an ambush. (Our lurid imagination at that time invested the Filipinos with all kinds of terrible attributes, for which a few atrocities really did give some grounds.) To make matters worse, a fine mist begins falling.

In Blunt's command was a captain-doctor with a big black horse. Our trail led over a deep, narrow ditch with several feet of mud and water at the bottom of it; in crossing this, the horse fell and threw his rider headlong on the other side. He stumbled in such a manner that he couldn't get his feet under him because of a mud bank at his back. The doctor probably wanted to get rid of his mount, for he abandoned him, and when we came up the rest of the command marched right along, paying no attention to the struggles of the poor brute. When I saw this, a feeling of such indignation and anger filled me as I cannot well describe. . . . Jumping on the other side of the ditch, I shouted in a voice of thunder: "Halt the column!"

The command was repeated all along the line; then some one asked: "What's the matter back there?"

My desires were made known in a most peremptory tone, worthy of old Blunt at his best. Seven men and a corporal arrived on the run. When they saw the heroic work they had to perform they went at it with a will; one sat on the horse's neck while the others loosened the girths; they pulled his forelegs under him, shoving on his shoulders till he finally managed to swing himself up. They at once disappeared, and I resaddled the brute as best I could in the dark. Then I mounted him, feeling immensely pleased with myself and all creation. I rode him up hill and down dale, through brush, vines, across mud holes, rocks, streams, bending down my body frequently to escape the branches of trees.

Every little while the column would stop because the men were constantly losing the trail. I would then

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

A Glimpse of Old Prague.

By Edna Machotka Chapin.

QUAINT AND INTERESTING.

AFTER one has seen the beautiful old city of Prague with its countless points of interest, one wonders why it is that so few of our European tourists turn their steps in that direction. Surely no other city has a more fascinating history or more quaint and beautiful monuments of the Middle Ages. The history of Bohemia is comparatively unfamiliar to most English and American travelers, and in consequence one of the most magnificent of the old European cities is often passed by for those which are better known and better advertised. But the traveler who does pay a visit to the "hundred-towered Prague" will find himself well repaid for his trouble and will

the palace rises the wooded slope of the "Lawrence mountain," the highest point for many miles around.

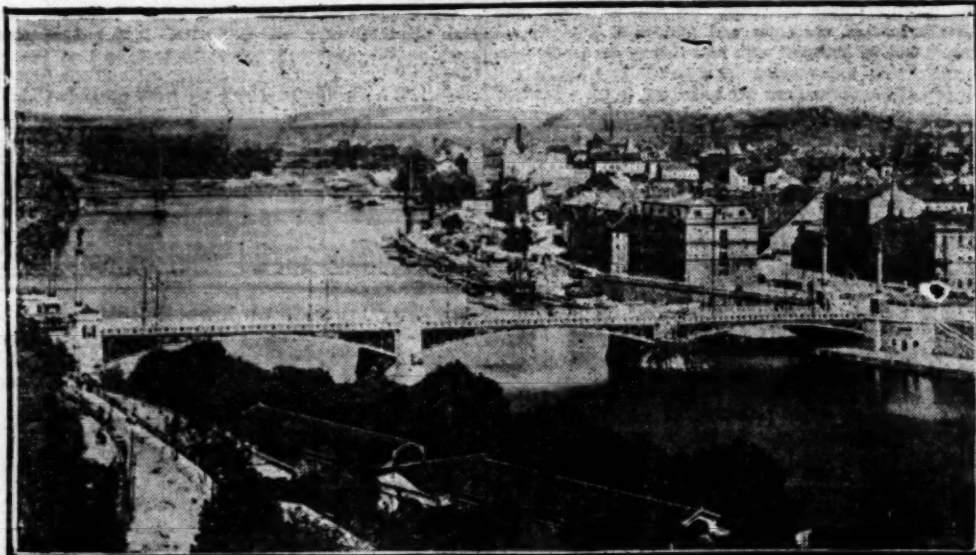
I crossed the river on the Karlsbrücke, the oldest of the seven bridges which span the Moldau, and the most beautiful. It also was built by Karl IV, and is a monument to medieval architecture. At intervals across the bridge are placed huge statues of saints and ancient kings, and there is also a beautiful gilded statue of the crucifixion. Candles burned before the saints and wreaths of flowers, offerings of devout worshipers, were at their feet. The most famous of these statues is that of St. John of Nepomuk, to whose shrine come thousands of pilgrims every year.

Arriving on the other side of the Moldau one is carried back into the Middle Ages. The sidewalks are

onto a wide terrace whose high ceiling is supported by four magnificent arches, and from where one looks out onto the lovely garden. It is a little Paradise! Huge trees lend their grateful shade to the many paths which are bordered by gay flowers. One looks down long, leafy vistas where tiny fountains sprout musical little streams and where one could sit and dream for hours of the brave knights and fair ladies who used to wander there. In the center of the garden is a huge bronze fountain with a marble basin. The fountain is molded from Swedish guns captured during the invasion in 1648. On a high wall in a corner is growing the ivy which Wallenstein himself planted there and whose stems are now twice the thickness of one's arm.

From the garden we entered a room which was used formerly for card playing and gambling. Here we saw the stuffed body of Wallenstein's horse, with the silver-mounted harness and trappings, and also pictures of himself, his wife and his daughter, Tecla. The ceilings in all of the rooms are beautifully frescoed and one marvels at the freshness of the colors. Then we mounted a wide curved staircase up which the count used to ride on horseback to the large sal above where he received his guests. It seems a curious custom, but was evidently quite the fashion in that day. The sal is a handsome one, and here we saw some of the furniture which used to be in Wallenstein's rooms—beautiful old rosewood cabinets inlaid with tortoise shell, vases from foreign land, his wife's carved wedding chest and many other things. Then my guide led me into the count's private chapel, which opens onto the general room of worship where the other occupants of the palace sat. The original furniture was still there, and there were some priceless paintings on the walls. I only regretted that I had not more time to admire them, for I wished to visit Hradchin that same day, and so was forced to leave the Wallenstein Palace still unsatisfied with my brief visit.

The way to Hradchin led through a tangle of narrow, twisted streets and finally up a long flight of stone stairs, which I climbed heroically without, but I am sure there seemed to be twice that many. But I felt more than repaid for my trouble when I reached the



The Moldau and Prague from the royal gardens

come away with some unforgettable mind-pictures and impressions.

The new section of the city, the "Neustadt," presents a brilliant and ever-varied street picture. Not only the feminine half of humanity contributes to the life and color, for the streets are full of soldiers and army officers in their striking uniforms. In fact one is not so much impressed in European cities by the gay dresses of the women as by that of the men, for the officers are ever present and truly wonderful to behold in their faultlessly-fitting and gorgeously-colored regalia. And the several student factions have also each their different ribbons or caps.

The shops are very attractive and have as pleasing an array of wares and as well displayed as it would be possible to find anywhere. The three principal streets, Wenzelsplatz, Graben and Ferdinand, are wide and beautiful, and one is the more impressed by them on account of the neighboring streets of the "Altstadt" or old town, which are truly a marvel of narrowness and crookedness. The unwary traveler will often wander up some much-twisted way only to find it end in a solid wall of houses from which there is apparently no exit. In a dark corner will be a low archway leading to a narrow passage underneath the houses from whence one enters onto another street. A stranger quickly loses his bearings, and one cannot help thinking, as one follows the sharp turnings of the dark and high-walled streets, what lovely places they must have made for rough and unlawful deeds in the days when Prague was a center for the most noble as well as the most un noble of Europe's bold spirits. Here in the old town one finds also the "Carolinum," the oldest university on the continent, founded by Karl IV in 1348 and somber enough with its high and gloomy walls.

From the Wenzelsplatz one follows the Ferdinand strasse down to the Moldau River, which flows through the middle of the city. Never shall I forget the view which burst upon me as I came abruptly onto the wide and beautiful quay. At my feet flowed the wide stream, bordered on the other side by low-hanging trees gorgeous in their autumn foliage. White buildings shone through the open spaces, mills and factories using the river power for their machines. Behind clustered the roofs and spires of the "Klein-Selte," the oldest portion of the city, and above it all, a picture never to be forgotten, rose a high hill crowned by the great clustering buildings of the Hradchin and the noble towers of the St. Vitus Cathedral rising against the rosy evening sky. The Hradchin is the ancient palace of the Bohemian kings, begun by Karl IV in the early part of the fourteenth century and later renovated by Maria Theresa. No more magnificent site for a palace could possibly be found, and I stood for many minutes spellbound by the lovely picture. Opposite



Karlsbrücke and the palace and cathedral on Hradchin

barely wide enough to allow a single person to pass, and the high walls of old palaces, with heavy iron doors and gargoyles grinning from the cornices, rise on every side. Here in the middle of the quarter, surrounded on every side by buildings ancient and modern, is a gem of seventeenth-century architecture—the Wallenstein Palace. The outside walls are plain and uninviting, and one would not believe that they inclose such handsome rooms. I walked unchallenged through the doorway and into a big square court. Here a rosy-cheeked German woman answered my summons and consented to show me the rooms which are open to the public. First she led the way into the room where Wallenstein used to bathe. It is built to resemble a grotto, and the ceiling and walls are covered with stalactites, from which fell tiny streams of water when a button was pressed. The ceiling is very high and there is only one tiny window in the room, if one can call it so, for one feels as if one were standing in some rocky cave. The floor was formerly marble, but was destroyed during the Swedish invasion, and is now replaced by mosaic. In the darkest corner of the grotto is a tiny iron door opening onto a secret stairway which leads to the room which Wallenstein's astrologer, Seni, occupied and where he used to consult with him about his fate. The bathroom opens

top and turned to look at the beautiful view spread out below of the river, and, beyond, the spires of Prague's 105 churches. The blue haze of the late afternoon shrouded the horizon, and the yellows and reds of the autumn-clad trees along the river made a brilliant spot of color in the foreground. The quaint tower on the farther side of the Karlsbrücke lay directly beneath me, to the right the handsome new Bohemian National Theater, and behind the buildings and towers of "Altstadt" and "Josefstadt" clustered in picturesque confusion.

The buildings of the palace on Hradchin are mostly empty now or reserved for the use of the palace guard, and there are comparatively few of the 440 rooms which are open to the public. My guide first led the way into an immense sal, the "Tourney Hall," where tournaments on horseback used to be held and which is said to be the largest hall in Europe. We then entered the throne room, a large, high hall with a collection of Prague student flags over the doorway. The council chamber, on the second floor, was one of the most interesting rooms in the palace. A large oaken table occupied the center of the great room, and around it were arranged the chairs which were used by the King and his councillors. Rare examples of ancient wood carving, and on some of the backs we could still trace

the coat-of-arms of the prince or lord who last occupied them. Large windows overlooked the garden, many feet below. From these windows in the year 1618, three councillors, who failed to agree with the majority, were Spanish and German, lovely halls of perfect proportions and elegantly fitted up. They rank among the most beautiful saals of Europe, and they well deserve the place they hold.

The next rooms visited were the two beautiful halls. After seeing several other rooms of minor interest, I left the palace buildings and went down a narrow street to the entrance of the cathedral. It is a beautiful structure in the purest French Gothic style, with five graceful towers. It was begun in 1344 by Karl IV, and even now, after six centuries, it is still unfinished. The inside is magnificent, and nearly every stone bears a history. Probably the most celebrated of its contents is the beautiful silver coffin of St. John of Nepomuk, weighing about 4300 pounds, and with a large canopy held by four life-sized silver angel figures given by Maria Theresa. The legend goes that John of Nepomuk was the father-confessor of Johanna, wife of Wenzel IV. Wenzel was jealous and suspicious of his beautiful wife, and so he tried to force John of Nepomuk to reveal to him what she had told in the confessional. This the priest refused to do, and even after long imprisonment and martyrdom remained true to his vows. Finally Wenzel in a rage had the priest's tongue torn out and his body was thrown into the Moldau. Later it was rescued, and the story says that although the rest of the saint's remains are now ashes, the tongue remains as fresh as it was in life.

Here is also the beautiful mausoleum of Ferdinand I, his wife Anna and Maximilian II, a work of art made of finest Carrara marble. I saw also the celebrated private chapel of Wenzel IV, whose walls are inlaid with precious stones found in Bohemia—agate, jasper, amethyst, carnelians and chalcedony, and they make a beautiful effect. Ancient benches stood along the walls, and in a glass case were the King's helmet, sword

and shirt of mail. On the heavy iron door hangs a large ring which was formerly in the King's castle in Alt-Puntzian, upon one of the great doors there, and which Wenzel caught when his brother fell upon and murdered him and where his body was found hanging.

Leaving the cathedral, I went farther down the narrow street and entered a courtyard, where a pretty, dark-haired girl offered to show me the "Dallborke," the best-known of the royal dungeon towers. I followed her through a low doorway and into a pretty little garden on the opposite side of which rose the grim room of the old tower. A strange contrast it made to its gay surroundings! It was built in the early part of the fourteenth century, and until 1736 served as a prison. The upper floors are fallen through, but the two lowest floors are still intact. As I went down the worn stone steps into that gruesome place, I thought how many sighs those walls had heard and how many poor creatures had had their last glimpse of the fair world there. The tower is round and the cells are built around an open space in the center of the floor. They are so tiny that one wonders how the wretched occupant managed to lie down, much less to exist, as they sometimes did, for years. Each has a tiny window from which one looks out onto the "Hirsch-Graben" and Queen Anne's Belvedere. What an irony it must have been for the prisoners to look out at the gay lords and ladies enjoying the lovely garden!

In a tiny cell I saw a collection of playing cards which some of the prisoners made from scraps of paper, coloring them with dust mixed with their own blood. Here is also the cell of Dallbor, after whom the tower is named. The story goes that Dallbor von Ronoyed was imprisoned in 1493 for trying to introduce education among the peasants. The people say that here without the aid of any instruction or previous knowledge he learned to play the violin so beautifully that the birds used to fly to his window to listen. My guide said that the story is unproven, and, showing me a tiny passageway leading from the cell to the outside, she said that through this opening Dallbor's captors tied things to his wrists. The other ends of the things

were affixed to screws fastened upon a board which somewhat resembled the shape of a violin. They then tortured him by drawing the cords tighter and tighter, and, when he screamed from the pain, laughed at him and said they were teaching him to play the violin. However, the former story is surely the most pleasant to believe.

My guide then lit a candle and led the way down a dark and narrow stairway into the starvation dungeon, where prisoners were kept in perfect darkness. In the center of the floor was a round opening, and into this she let down her candle upon a long rope, deep, deep down into a bottle-shaped dungeon where prisoners were let down to starve to death. In the floor of this dungeon was another hole leading to a still deeper dungeon into which the prisoner threw the remains of the poor creature who had died there before him. Around the top of the dungeon they used to chain other prisoners, where they could look down and watch their own coming fate. A feeling of horror came over me as I looked into the dreadful place. How could any one do anything to deserve such a fate? Here were also the cells where the prisoners were smoked to death, and she showed me a cell where some poor creature dug at the walls for three years with a nail, only to find that his cell was built against the solid rock. "The Golden Time" they called the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Bohemia. Surely no time could be "golden" that allowed such enormous cruelties, and when no one could be sure that the next day might not see him in prison. It was with a sigh of relief that I came out into the bright sunshine again.

There still remained the beautiful Royal Gardens to be seen, but it was already so late that I was forced to leave them for another day and to wend my way back to the Wenzelsplatz, where my hotel was.

Prague contains many more sights of fascinating interest for the tourist. The old Jewish quarter is especially rich in historical landmarks, and outside of its age and history the beauty of the city and its surroundings are alone enough to make it worthy of a long visit.

Story of a Little Girl Hero.

By Augusta C. Bainbridge.

DOWN BY THE WILLOWS.

YES, that is just what teacher said she was. It had another name, but that was it. It happened at our school, and teacher said I might write it.

One Friday, at last recess, some of us ran up to our teacher, as she was walking around the yard, and Helen, she always talks first, said:

"Teacher, will you take us down to the river where the men are at work?"

She looked at her watch.

"Not now, dear, there is not time. The bell will ring in four minutes."

"Don't ring any bell, teacher. Take us anyhow. Please do."

"My mother won't let me go down there; but if you take us, she won't mind."

"My father is working there, and if he saw me coming down alone he would send me back mighty quick, but if you are with us he won't say one word."

"Please, teacher, do."

They all talked together and coaxed. Then the bell rang. We all went to our line and marched in.

Just the way she said "cents," we knew she was going to say something more about it. So we looked at her and listened hard. Then she talked to the big boys. "James, what work is this I hear of being done down at the river?"

"They're planting willows to hold the bank. They're about done. They may be through tonight, or by noon tomorrow."

"Would we be in their way if we went down there?"

"I guess not, if you kept in the road."

Then she talked to us all and said she had never seen anything like that. She was a city lady. She said she would like to go, and she wanted some of us there, too, so we could tell her what the things are and what they're there for.

She asked us to vote how many wanted to go. And we all put up our hands. Then she said very quietly that we (all of us who went) must mind her, just the

same as we did in school. Then we all put up our hands for that, too. So it was settled that all the girls and boys whose mothers said they could, to come to the big gate by the old swimming hole.

There is no water there now, because the men dug it up and the water ran out.

That was Friday, so she said on Saturday at 10 o'clock she would be there. She would wait fifteen minutes—then start.

We had to ask our fathers where they wanted us to go, and our mothers what they wanted us to do on Saturday, before we could know truly about being there at quarter past ten.

Nearly everybody had that Saturday filled up. So, when the time came, only two little girls were there. Ida—she is in the Second Reader class—and Mamie, she is a Third Reader girl. She was the hero girl.

They went down the road, past Mr. George's grain field, and past the garden; and there was the men's camp. But no men.

"See, teacher, where they have set the willows!"

"Oh, what a lot of sand they dug up here!"

"See that pile of rocks!"

"What are those sacks over there for?"

So they walked and walked, and talked and talked, but they did not know very much about it.

The river was deep and real blue, and hummed along very quietly most of the way. It rattled the stones in some places, and made a lot of bubbles in other places.

They were just ready to go home, when Ida ran out on a piece of shiny white sand.

She danced and skipped about and called:

"Come, teacher, come over here. This is a real peninsula."

"Yes, I'll come. I was never on a peninsula."

And so teacher went over there, while Mamie gathered up the story papers and other things. The sand was a little wet, but she had good shoes. It was only a few steps across to the dry strip where Ida was.

First thing you know her feet began to stick. She tried to run. One foot went down over her shoe top. She couldn't pull it out. Then the other foot went down almost to her knee.

after found his body—lying barely a hundred yards from the little mountain spring of El Gueterra. Little he knew how close he was to his goal, poor fellow!

[Popular Magazine:] The goose had been carved, and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent. The negro minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I evah see, Braddah Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you get such a fine goose?"

"Well, now, pahson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and reticence, "when you preaches a speeshl good sermon, I never know you whar you got it. I hoped you will show me de same consideration."

No Relief in Sight.

Oh, poetry is hard to write, but harder yet to sell. And, when its sold, returns are pretty small; And he who would some money make by writing would do well To stick to prose and not attempt the rhythmic art at all.

But, still so long as kims will rhyme with bliss and June with moon, And you with true and reams with homes and tomes, And Adelaide with "charming maid" and boom with "summer moon."

So long the ever-hapetud bards will keep on writing poems.

—Walter G. Doty, in Judge.

An Oasis With a History.

In the mountain range of El Gueterra, writes Capt. A. H. Haywood in the July Wide World, I came across that precious and rare thing in the desert, a clear spring. Of course these springs are very few and far between, and there is a tragic little story attached to this particular one. A man and his wife were making their way across the desert not long ago, and their water supply ran short. They struggled on weak and parched with thirst. One by one their camels died, and at last, overcome with suffering, the woman died too. The man dragged himself painfully onward in the weary search for water. It was all in vain, however, and at last he, too, gave up the struggle; and tortured with a burning thirst, death came upon him and mercifully relieved his suffering. Someone passing that way soon

Views of Nature, Human and Dog.

By Neeta Marquis.

TOPANGA VISITED.

THE dog simply adopted us, and that was all there was to it. The Professor gave him a friendly pat and I a pleasant word or two, and the work was done.

We were tramping to Topanga Canyon, and that good-natured, curl-tailed black mongrel found us soon after we had left the car and descended the bluff a quarter of a mile below the Long Wharf. We have been at a loss since to account for his violent at-first-sight attachment, although, of course, we can't help approving his taste. The Professor suggests that one of us must have resembled some member of his family. I hesitate to ask him which one of us he thinks it is.

We were quite naturally flattered by his frank expression of preference, for there were a good many people on the beach that morning. But the fact that he had one weak eye, and wore neither collar nor necktie, made us feel a little sensitive about being mistaken for his owners and proprietors.

That was what happened, however, for no trained, licensed and manicured dog of degree could have shown a rightful owner more affectionate devotion than he showed us. He responded friendly to the kind word or snapped fingers his personality seemed to invite from every man, woman or boy we passed, but he gave each clearly to understand that he was not open to engagements.

In time, however, we began to be weighed with a sense of care over our small companion. While passing through the little Japanese fishing village where the brown nets spread to dry were on one side of the road, and the tiny houses with their infinitesimal gardens of white marguerite bushes, making a miniature Yeddo for pretty little Japanese mothers with black-eyed babies in their arms, were on the other, our Black Beauty fell in with a Boston terrier with blood in his eye, and unwisely boasted superiority over him. I heard the battle cry behind me, but resolutely kept on down the road, leaving the Professor and the owner of the other dog to separate the combatants. I hadn't come to Port Los Angeles for the purpose of extricating irresponsible canines from self-sought difficulties.

The Professor overlooked me a little later wearing a rather worried look. Black Beauty accompanied him with the satisfied and trustful air of one who has found the master his heart has been crying for.

For a while after that we were kept so busy on our own account sidestepping automobiles, that we had no thought to spare for the third member of the expedition. If one wants to know with exactness just how many automobiles—touring cars, runabouts, roadsters, and "ice wagons"—there are in Southern California, the quickest way to find out is to walk along the beach road from the Long Wharf to Topanga Canyon on a holiday morning.

"This will give me delirium tremens if it keeps up," remarked the Professor, vaulting violently to the stretch of dust and grass at the side of the road with the sound of a warning toot from the rear.

"Let them do some of the looking out," I advised, restraining an impulse to look over my shoulder. Whenever possible, I avoid looking at a motor party passing me closely on a country road. They have such an insulting way of making one feel like one of the grains of the dust they are so royally stirring up. "We have our rights as well as they," I added, "and so long as we leave them room enough in the middle, they may concern themselves that they don't run over me and let themselves in for a hospital bill."

The Professor calmed gradually to my philosophic point of view, by the time something less than a thousand machines had puffed, glided, groaned wheezed and squeaked past us. Then we were sufficiently at leisure from ourselves to revel in the scenery of that late May morning.

The sky was thinly overcast with high fog, and imparted its own gray tone to the wide sea stretching away on our left and breaking in curling white lines on the sand, which bloomed yellow and purple with ice plant and verbena. Over the hills rising abruptly at our right the light was equally subdued, but the colors were warm and rich. The ripeness of June was everywhere in flower and grass. Black-eyed Susans banked gorgeously along the roadway, and where little dips and hollows occurred in the hills, mustard flowers, soft, full and feathery, piled in billowy masses which made a sea of fragrance for navigator-bees. Lupines and poppies flaunted their bright contrasting hues to mutual advantage. The grasses were all touched with the tints of approaching summer. Foxtails were glistening straw color. Broncho grass was silky and pink. Other varieties showed cardinal and amber. Never have I seen the California hills more warm and vivid with beauty.

We had gone more than a mile in this fashion when the dog began to hint around for a little more attention. Then I awoke to what was in store.

"Why, we mustn't let that dog keep on with us!" I exclaimed. "He may want to go all the way, and we have nothing to feed him. We ought to send him back right now."

The Professor demurred. He said he hadn't the heart to be unkind to a dumb animal. I took umbrage at the insinuation.

"Which is the greater unkindness," I inquired, "to let him run his legs off on the remaining four miles of

this journey and go hungry at the end, or gently but firmly to set his face in the other direction and let him know now that we can dispense with his society? There is nothing in the lunch box but sandwiches, and the number of those calculated to a masty because of the distance they have to be carried by hand."

Still the Professor demurred. He didn't see the force of the argument, and merely reiterated that he couldn't bear to abuse an animal.

"Very well," I said at last resignedly. "When he sits up and begs pathetically for every mouthful of lunch we eat, remember, it will have to be your sandwiches to the rescue."

The Professor promptly agreed to this, so we permitted Black Beauty to frisk along to his heart's content. Only, I could not drive away my persistent forebodings. I knew precisely the number of the sandwiches.

Another automobile came along. Black Beauty, just ahead of us and in the middle of the road, turned casually to glance at it, like the imperturbable, "city-broke" animal that he apparently was, and simply didn't trouble to budge out of the way. Either he had overheard and put to use my advice to the Professor earlier in the journey, or else his had eye failed to give him fair warning. There was a cry from me simultaneously with a multiplied feminine shriek from the machine, and as the driver came to a very sudden and unpremeditated stop, a mask black car with down-dropped tail crawled apologetically from between the wheels. The occupants of the car glared back at the Professor and me, standing stiff with horror by the road side, and I threw out my hands with a gesture by which I tried to make them understand, "He isn't ours! We disclaim all responsibility in the matter!"

"That comes of being kind to a dumb animal," I remarked humorously as we resumed our walk. "And think of him a little while later—tired, panting, hungry, and no sandwiches."

The Professor slowly gathered up a stone. "I see he worries you," he said, "so I'll try to drive him away, though it wrings my heart."

I hadn't meant to throw things at him. I supposed a word would be all he needed. It wrung my heart too, to see the unbelieving and reproachful look he cast at the Professor with the first stern command and threatening motion.

It took several commands and threats, also a couple of not-too-well-directed stones, to turn him off toward a picnic camp down on the sands below us. We saw another dog there, and figured that at least there would be a crust to spare for our disowned Black Beauty.

But one of the men of the camp saw him coming and began to shout and gesticulate in a most inhospitable manner. Beauty paused in a hurt, surprised way, then quietly made a detour of the camp and disappeared beyond the sand dunes.

A sense of deep depression seized me, and the Professor hung his head. "Well," he said at last in a heavy voice, "we've lost him anyway."

"Yes," I responded, trying to speak brightly, "and he'll get along somehow. Dogs always do."

We walked on again in silence broken only by an automobile or two, when suddenly, about a hundred yards up the road, a familiar black head appeared, with nose and ears pointing expectantly in our direction. Assured that we were coming along all right, Beauty trotted gaily ahead, his dog wit having refused to accept the testimony of his senses regarding the Professor's perfidy.

We giggled, both in relief and exasperation.

"Ignore him," I instructed, as he began to linger along for us to catch up. "We'll have to let him come now, but don't give him the satisfaction of feeling on perfectly friendly terms."

Four miles along that good road, past the uninviting teepees and imitation frontier stores of the Bison Film Company, around rocky points where the spray dashed itself in fantastic showers of white, up along the edge of the bluff, and before we were quite prepared for it we were at the entrance to Topanga, called by many the most beautiful canyon in Southern California.

The entrance to the canyon was so abrupt, turning directly off the coast road into a narrow gap, that the effect was much like passing through a door into a stately room. The road sloped downward, while above on either side rose wonderful green peaks above which the gray vapors were drifting dreamily. I gasped at the sudden beauty of the vista. It was like a painting I had seen by William Wendt. I understood at last why the artists worship in Topanga.

Below us stretched the canyon floor, glowing with color from literal millions of blooming flowers, and the half-obscured sun of high noon was steeping fragrance from these until the great chamber seemed as if warmed and scented for some gala event. Following the road, we went down into that warmth and fragrance. It was as if the door had been shut behind us on the fresh sea wind we had been facing for the past hour and a half.

Black Beauty all at once lost any lingering shyness he may have been feeling before, and his soul seemed to fly to wallow in joy that we should have arrived at a spot which called forth such expressions of delight as those in which I was indulging. He wriggled and frisked rapturously beside me, jumping up in an effort to kiss my hands, and grinned happily at the Professor

from slightly longer range, still cautiously mindful of the stone.

This gave me a guilty, traitorous feeling, and I know the Professor felt it too. How often, I reflected, is the real enemy not the overt one. Beauty was so deliciously happy, however, that we couldn't quite keep up the ignoring policy.

We crossed the shallow stream as it repeatedly made its way athwart the road under the sycamores. We walked through acres of riotous bloom—young forests of mustard eight feet tall and with blossom-heads proportionately big; stalks upon stalks of hollyhocks, both blue and lavender, and apparently filled with nectar; sweet wild heliotrope; heavy yellow flowers rich as gold in color and sweet as honey; wild sweet peas, and after a while, lovely little wild roses, pale and languid in the sun and warmth. And above on either hand were those mountain peaks of wonderfully beautiful conformation, and now, that the sun shone more clearly, of a peculiar glistening greenness and a clarity of detail which rendered them unique in my experience.

The automobile procession had thinned, although two machines had already followed us into the canyon. But soon we began to find the picnic parties which the machines passing us earlier had transported. They were located along the stream under the trees, which here filled the narrowing canyon, so thickly that it was impossible to get out of either sight or ear shot of them. One big party had come out in an auto truck, which looked as queerly out of place there in the wilderness as a thrashing machine on a front lawn.

We halted a mile up the canyon to eat our sandwiches, on the picturesque rock of the stream, under drooping bay trees. The number of those sandwiches had seemed quite sufficient to me as I hastily put them up that morning, but my present appetite made them seem alarmingly scant now.

Under my direction, we said nothing to the dog, who confidently followed us down to the stream. We deliberately seated ourselves with our backs to him, and I, feeling more basely traitorous than ever, began to open the sandwich box.

Beauty took the hint beautifully, delicately removing himself to a distance of about twenty feet, near two other people who were also preparing to eat, and lay down quietly. I began to think I had possibly underestimated his gentlemanly qualities, though I still expected him to come nosing up asking for a bite.

He didn't come.

I had nibbled a little at the only ham sandwich present—the Professor, being vegetarian, had been provided with cheese sandwiches—when I stopped and laid it thoughtfully to one side. When dessert—fruit sandwiches—was finished, I said casually, taking up the remaining portion of the ham sandwich, "You'd better call the dog and give him this. 'Twill keep the little life he has till the coming of the morn.'"

I had foreseen from the beginning that that very thing was going to happen. Poor, hot, hungry doggie—I didn't begrudge him my bit after his five mile "hike."

The Professor called Beauty, who rose and wagged himself politely, but made no move toward him. I turned and put in a persuasive word or two, but it took coaxing from both of us to bring him within reach. The sandwich was extended toward him, but he shut his bad eye deprecatingly and intimated that he feared the Greeks bearing gifts. He still had not forgotten the Professor's stone.

Then the Professor opened the sandwich and put the ham squarely under Beauty's nose, who deliberately backed off and said with his eloquent tail, "Please pardon me, but I don't eat ham."

We were speechless for a minute.

"Well, what d'you know about that!" the Professor at last ejaculated with force and elegance. I murmured something incoherent. I hadn't had such a shock in a long day.

When at the end of our hour's rest we prepared to resume our journey, the Professor made one final attempt to urge the sandwich on Beauty. He accepted it apparently only to keep from hurting the Professor's feelings, and immediately fled it away for future reference—buried it! He was willing to reserve it as a souvenir of the occasion, but not to eat it.

Wonderful are the ways of a dog. I had wronged Beauty basely. He was not following us for the loaves and fishes, but out of devotion pure and undadled, sterilized and germ-proof. And the Professor's idea of kindness had been truer than mine after all. I looked upon the dog with new respect.

We went on up the canyon, finding beautiful views along the stream and up the glistening mountain sides. Only picnickers and deserted automobiles cluttered up the scenery everywhere except straight up. Those picnickers still at lunch sought to lure Beauty with scraps and tidbits, and everyone strolling along the road spoke to him, for the dog certainly had an engaging personality. But while he smiled upon all in his friendly way, nothing could get him far from the Professor and me. We simply belonged to him, and everybody tacitly recognized the relationship. He and the Professor had bridged over their slight estrangement with the ham sandwich.

This post-prandial stroll was not without event. We passed two deceased snakes, and a curly-haired young

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17)

From Astral Planes to Flypaper.

By Edward Child.

PHILADELPHIA ADVENTURES.

I was toward the close of one of those long, sizzling summer days when Philadelphia's climate makes one long for the cooling breezes of a Sahara. I dismissed my client, however, with that feeling of content that comes to a man when he feels that he has done a good stroke of work, for we had solved all of the difficulties that lay in the way of settling a considerable estate. Then, too, I had started three divorce cases since morning, drawn up a set of partnership papers, entered suit for damages against the street railway company, and written an opinion on the legality of a bond issue. It was not so bad for a hot day!

I had quite made up what I call my mind to lock up and go around to the Racquet Club for a cold plunge when in stepped, up stood, out spoke the gauntest, grimmest, grayest, sourest-looking woman it has ever been my misfortune to see. However, my motto is "All's grist that comes to the mill," so I said "Sit down here, Madama," indicating the chair by my desk.

"No, young man; I'll sit over here," said she, with a movement of her jaws as though she were biting off my head.

What a face she had! I like to put all women on a pedestal. My friend Jenkins says that my attitude towards the sex is as though each one were Helen of Troy and the Virgin Mary somehow consolidated. He says the right way to treat a woman is to take her by the scruff of the neck and try to shake some sense into her. He does it, too, and they seem to like the process. But I get more satisfaction out of my way. Here was a case, however, which by no stretch of the imagination could suggest either beauty, humility or holiness. Such a dried, disagreeable face one does not see twice in a lifetime.

"I have something of a very confidential nature to tell you," she fairly shouted across the room.

"Madam, you may trust me absolutely."

"Do you know Mr. Stockberry," she continued.

"What Mr. Stockberry, Madam?"

"You know well enough what Mr. Stockberry. Don't you ask me what Mr. Stockberry. You know what Mr. Stockberry! Don't you pretend you don't know what Mr. Stockberry! I mean Mr. Stockberry the banker."

Mr. Stockberry, multi-millionaire and several other things, is not exactly one of my chums. We don't call each other by first names. But I was introduced to him once, and once I made love to his niece, so I felt justified in intimating that I knew him fairly well.

"What I want you to find out is whether Mr. Stockberry is the man that married my mother," was the astonishing request that came next.

Knowing Mr. Stockberry's reputation for good taste, the idea seemed to me to be unlikely, but after thinking a moment I suggested: "Why don't you ask your mother?"

"My mother has been dead a long while." (And, after all, it seemed natural that should be the case.) "What I want you to do is to call up Mr. Stockberry on the telephone, and ask him if he is the man that married my mother."

I caught one fleeting but vivid picture of myself doing this, but I said, "Madam, what makes you think Mr. Stockberry may have married your mother?"

"Well, somebody did, and I don't know who it was, and it just came to me with the force of perfect knowledge that it must have been Mr. Stockberry. There are a great many things that come to me that way. A medium down at Atlantic—one of the few people who ever understand me and appreciated my gift—told me these things were impressions received on the astral plane and that they were always true."

"Madam, there is just one thing for you to do," said I. "I happen to know that at the present moment Mr. Stockberry is at the Morris Trust Company across the street, having a talk with the president. He will be leaving in exactly six minutes, and it will take you four to get there. My advice is to go at once and see Mr. Stockberry about it as he comes out of the President's office. This, Madam, is the nearest way out. I appreciate your confidence in me and shall not violate it. This way, Madam. Goodby and good luck."

"No!" said she, "I shall go out the same way I came in." Her face was blazing with excitement as she thought of her coming interview. I was afraid she would make a scene in the outer office where there might be clients, but I could not stop her and out she went.

And as she went her place was taken by another woman—as fast as the first was thin. Panning herself vigorously she sat down on the smallest chair in the room, as is the custom with folk of such architecture, and began "I have something of a very confidential nature to tell you."

That was a usual and promising introduction and, as a general thing, brought my stereotyped reply, but there was something ominous in its similarity to the way the last caller had started in.

"My husband's a burglar," she continued, "and he ought to be in jail. The police are after him, but his mother is helping him escape. Now, what legal remedy have I to keep his mother from helping him escape?"

"That will be a rather difficult thing to do. Why don't you want him to escape?"

"In the first place, I feel it a civic duty to have him

locked up. I am a member of Civic Club of Branch-town," (with a touch of pride in her voice,) "and then again it's the way he's treated me. He doesn't appreciate my sensitive nature and doesn't appreciate my voice. I have a fine voice." She let forth several trills to show me. "You know, I could have had a position with Hammerstein if it hadn't been for my sensitive nature. Then there are other things, young man, that you're not old enough to hear about, so the fact remains; how can a woman keep her husband's mother from helping him escape the police?"

Her large left hand lay before me and there was no sign of a wedding ring. I suddenly remembered the tales told by several brother members of the bar, of a large woman who really had no husband at all, but who wanted one so badly that she was continually imagining herself possessed of one, and who then imagined him guilty of all sorts of crimes, and tried to have him arrested. Louis Morgan was one victim. In his case the supposed husband had stolen all of her jewelry, and it was only after Louis had worked on the case for three days that he found the woman was as mad as a March hare.

I gazed thoughtfully into the depths of my desk.

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

"Camden."

"Madam," I urged at once, "you go right home and get your marriage certificate and bring it to me, and we'll go to Camden together and see your husband. When he sees you and me and the marriage certificate all at once, I'm sure we shall be able to persuade him not to try to escape the police."

She looked doubtful, but I had the door open. "Come back as soon as you can, but don't come without the certificate."

She hesitated but went.

"Two mad women in succession," thought I—"It's clearly time I took that cold plunge."

But a knock announced some one else, and in a moment I was confronted by still a third woman, different, however, from the others. This one was a soft, clinging little thing with the bluest of blue eyes, an expression like a baby's, and the appearance of being just ready to cry. She sat down very near me and laid her hand almost caressingly on the arm of my chair.

"I have something of a very confidential nature to tell you," she said.

I groaned.

"I want you please to make my husband come back to me."

"That's better," thought I. "A desertion case—one of my specialties. If a letter in form three does not fetch him, I fancy a threat of arrest in form seventeen will bring him to terms." (Perhaps I ought to explain that I have forty-one forms of carefully worded letters arranged to cover almost all situations, so that I have only to say to my stenographer "write this man a letter from number so and so," to dispose of most of my cases.)

Vain thought! This was not going to be a case covered by any habitual form.

"When did he go away?" I asked.

"He's been living with his mother for seven weeks," was the reply.

That seemed to make it easier than if it had been some other woman, so I assured my fair visitor that we would soon restore her mate to her arms. "Why did he leave you, anyhow?"

"He didn't like the fly-paper."

"Fly-paper?"

"Yes, he thought it was bad enough to step in it, but at last he used to get it stuck to his legs. That was because he never would wear pajamas. I wanted him to, but he's so old-fashioned he prefers nighties."

I may as well admit that I was merely gasping;—not a thought would come. But this never worried the lady.

"Oh, you don't understand about the fly-paper?" she went on. "Well, soon after we were married, something long ran across me one night and down one leg. John lit the gas, but we couldn't see anything. That used to happen every once in a while, till I thought of putting fly-paper around the legs of the bed. You see, I thought it was a thousand-legger. Well, the next time it happened something got caught in the fly-paper, but it got away. Then I put fly-paper under the doors and around the floor and one night I caught a little mouse. Maybe that mouse was what ran over me and maybe it wasn't, but anyhow I got the thing on my mind so that I can't sleep if there isn't fly-paper all around the room and on the legs and edge of the bed. And I can't take a nap on the sofa unless it has fly-paper around it, too. When I put fly-paper in the parlor, John kicked, but you know I can't sit down and put my mind on playing the piano if I think that maybe something will jump on me, so I have fly-paper all over the piano. John thinks it smells bad, and then he is so clumsy he's all the time getting stuck to it. He got madder and madder about it, but I told him I just simply couldn't live without fly-paper. So he said would I rather do without him than fly-paper. So he said would I didn't know, and he went to his mother's and won't come back, and I want you to get him back, for I love him so" (a sob came in her voice,) "but he ought to let me have the fly-paper, don't you think?"

Before my first stumbling word would come, she had burst out in an "Oh-h-h-h!"

Her horrified gaze was fixed toward a box on the floor. I turned and looked too.

During a walk in the woods the day before, I had come upon a beautiful specimen of the coronella snake. Jim Parker, the keeper of the snake house at the Zoo, hadn't had a coronella for some time, and wants one badly, so I took great pains to catch this snake, and had it in my office in a perforated box under the table, awaiting a chance to take it out to Jimmy. Of course you know that the peculiarity of the coronella is that it is the one and only snake that doesn't lay eggs—it brings forth its young alive. My snake had evidently been proving my correctness in classifying it, for wriggling out of the holes in the pasteboard were no less than seven diminutive coronellas.

"Fly-paper!" screamed my client. "That's what it was! Get me fly-paper!"

She opened the door of the outer office. "Fly-paper!" she yelled.

Out into the hall she went. An elevator had just stopped. "Fly-paper!" she shouted in the ear of the boy. The elevator shot downward and the last I heard of my client was "Fly-paper!" reverberating from the depths of the shaft.

Then I went clubward and took three—cold plunges.

The Mongrel Dog.

If you are really fond of dogs, you will be fond of every kind of dog, big and little, good and bad—the mongrel and the cur, as well as the high-bred animal, asserts the Evansville (Ind.) Review.

They all have the same affectionate nature and, it may be added, the same capacity for suffering. Anybody who professes to take an interest in one dog only, or in one kind of dog only, or in well-bred dogs only, may be sure that his feeling is not genuine and disinterested. It is qualified by vanity or selfishness, or the ignoble desire to be in the fashion.

Strange, is it not, that even in selecting a pet, mankind should be governed by fashion? And yet that is largely the case. Years ago people bought pug dogs, then fox terriers, and later Boston terriers—not, in most cases, because they preferred that kind of dog, but because it was the correct thing to own that kind.

A mongrel is simply a dog whose father and mother were of different breeds; and as the mongrel has little or no pecuniary value, he is liable to be knocked about from pillar to post; to have no home, or a very bad one; and to be treated with scorn and cruelty. Often, indeed, he is set adrift and abandoned by a hard-hearted or thoughtless owner, too indifferent to give him the boon of a humane death.

Not only is the mongrel quite the peer of the well-bred dog in affection, in loyalty, in obedience; he is often superior to the well-bred dog in intelligence. But, alas! his outward appearance is against him. Like many human beings, he is the innocent victim of fate.

It is among the boys that the mongrel finds his warmest friends. Boys are more natural and therefore more democratic than men. If a dog is good-natured, intelligent and affectionate, they care little what his pedigree is. They love him for himself, and he returns their devotion a thousandfold.

Mark the sorrowful, piteous look in the eye of the homeless mongrel, and you will be slow indeed to add to his miseries. In the last great accounting we may be sure that we shall receive no credit for the fine dogs or horses that we fed and cared for; the motive there was mainly pride of ownership. But whoever has bestowed shelter and affection on an animal that nobody owned, or wanted to own, may have procured an intercessor that he never dreamed of. It is a Russian legend that the man who befriends a friendless animal will find that animal waiting to help him across the deep, dark river that, according to the old mythology, separates this world from the next.

In South Carolina.

Through the woods of Carolina
Starry banners light the shadows,
For the dogwood is in blossom—
Dogwood, and the yellow jasmine,
And the maples' coral fringes,
And azaleas flushed with morning.

Up the twilight of the marshes
Green the tide of spring is creeping,
Where the sheeted oaks are lonely
In their mosses, gray and solemn.
By the tall pines, gazing downward
In the swamps of Carolina,
Stark and pallid are the spectres
Of the ancient trees departed.

Sadness dreams within the woodland,
An enchanted melancholy
As a web hangs from the branches;
Scrow brooding on the waters
Lifts the brow of wistful beauty,
And her voice is music sighing
Through the woods of Carolina.

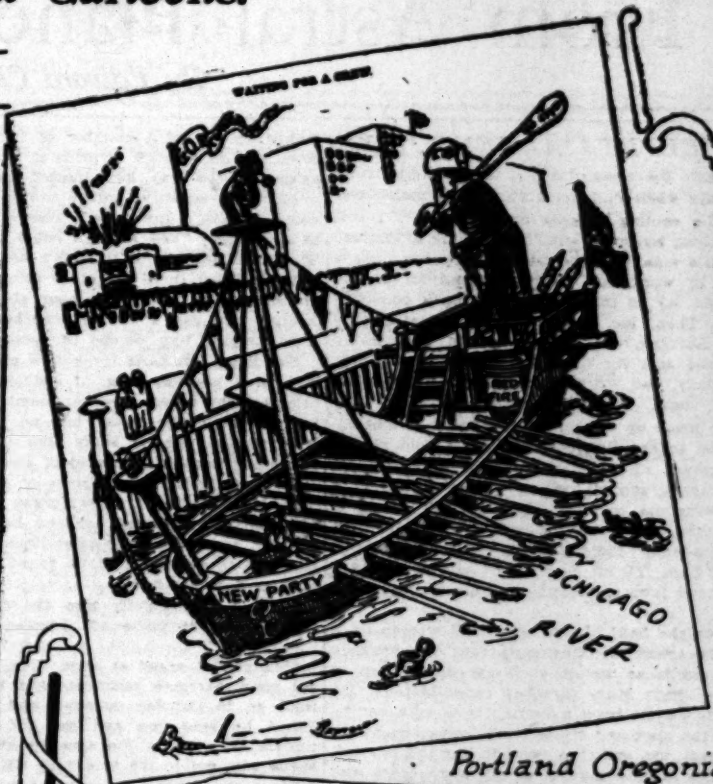
—[Ada Foster Murray, in Harper's Weekly.

Recent Cartoons.

That Third Party



San Francisco Post



Portland Oregonian.

THAT THIRD CUP OF COFFEE

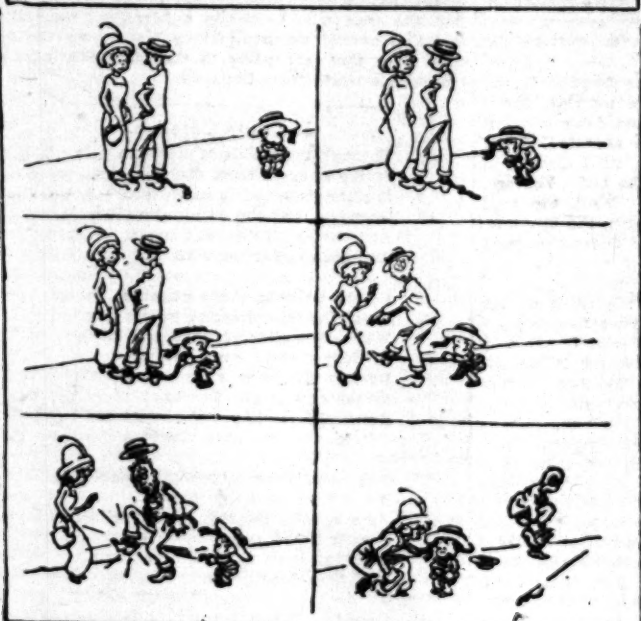


New York Tribune



Cleveland Plain Dealer

THE REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES OF THOMAS EDISON JR



Chicago Post



Cleveland Plain Dealer

Good Short Stories.

Compiled for The Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered
from Many Sources.

The Summer Girl.

MAYOR BACHARACH of Atlantic City listened, with a charitable smile, to a dress reformer's condemnation of the 1912 summer girl's attire.

"Well, after all," said the Mayor, digging his stick into the white sand, "while it may be true that these things conduce to pneumonia, still let us remember, after all, that Providence tempers the wind to the shuck-bee blouse, the openwork silk stocking, and the salmon bathing suit."

The Difference.

TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF, dressed no less quietly than faultlessly, was laughing, at the Chicago Auditorium, over the old stories about his confagration or rainbow waistcoats.

"My waistcoats," he said, "were always in good taste. At least they were always quiet. These old yarns about them were started by men who had never seen a waistcoat that didn't match the coat."

"Loud waistcoats indicate vanity. I am not a vain man—nor a proud one, either, for that matter."

"But is there much difference between pride and smug?" a Chicago reporter asked.

"A great difference," Mr. Woodruff answered. "Pride says: 'I don't think much of you.' Vanity asks: 'What do you think of me?'"

The Old School.

REAR-ADMIRAL VON REBEUR-PASCHWITZ, at a dinner given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in New York to the visiting German officers, spoke of the improvement in the naval tone of the world's navies.

"There has been a special improvement," he said, "in the matter of temperance. The modern sailor is as temperate as the modern judge. I fear it wasn't always so."

With a smile the rear-admiral resumed:

"They tell a story about a naval lieutenant of the old school who, after a very wet evening, an evening noisy with the popping of champagne corks, awoke the next morning in the midst of a battle."

"He listened smiling to the bang-bang of the guns, then shouted:

"'Hi, steward, bring me three or four bottles before these pigs finish them all up!'"

Let Astray.

BISHOP WILLIAM F. McDOWELL of Chicago was condemning lotteries.

"Even church lotteries," he said, "may result in harm. Did you ever hear about Dr. Thirdly's bazaar?"

"Dr. Thirdly got up a bazaar for the benefit of the bazaar, and one of the features of it was a guessing contest for a doll."

"Surely, you would say, merely a guessing contest over a doll's name—guesses, 5 cents; prize, the doll itself—surely such a contest could do no harm."

"But after the contest, Dr. Thirdly, a cunning leer upon his innocent and good face, said to a friend:

"'The doll contest was extraordinarily successful. It brought us in \$600.'"

"'Ah,' said the other 'you must have selected a very old name. What was it?'"

"Dr. Thirdly laughed.

"'Ho, ho! That's the point,' he cried. 'I didn't name it at all.'"

Unfolding.

THEODORE A. BELL, chairman of the California delegation, said of an unfortunate remark made at the Democratic convention in Baltimore:

"It was unfortunate, it was unfolding. In fact, it resembled me forcibly of Wildard."

"Wildard, consuming ham and beer after his wife's funeral, shook his head solemnly and said:

"'My poor wife! Buried on the 13th of the month! I do hope it won't bring me bad luck.'"

A Misunderstanding.

WILLIAM SHAW, the secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society, said in a witty after-dinner address in Boston:

"There is a little Back Bay girl who is much interested in her auntie's Christian Endeavor work. The little girl was writing a letter to her brother at Yale one day, and in the midst of the epistle she looked up and said:

"'Auntie, how do you spell devil?'"

"'Devil?' cried her aunt, with a shocked smile. 'Why, child, don't you know you mustn't use such a word as devil?'"

"'But, auntie,' protested the little girl, 'I want to tell brother about your Christian and devil meetings!'"

Even More Profitable.

THERE would be fewer divorces if marriage were regarded from a less worldly standpoint."

The speaker was Henry Townsend Martin, the well-known social leader and sociologist. He continued:

"Some young people—especially those in the upper circles of society—look at marriage from as material a viewpoint as the business man whose son asked him:

"'Father, is it true that marriage is a failure?'"

"'My boy,' the father solemnly answered, 'if you marry the rich girl I have selected for you, you'll find marriage a good deal better than most failures.'"

Not All the Luxuries.

A PROPOS of the high cost of living in Chicago during the convention, George W. Perkins said:

"Two independent delegates sat at breakfast one morning. As they consumed oatmeal at a dollar a saucer, one said to the other:

"'We'd better hurry up for the convention. What time is it, Bill?'"

"'Don't be a fool,' Bill answered gruffly. 'Do you think that in this blasted town an independent delegate can eat and have a watch at the same time?'"

A Vacation Warning.

BISHOP BERRY of Buffalo, at a luncheon at Ocean Grove, condemned the young man who takes a vacation that is beyond his means.

"There is more pain than pleasure, anyway," he said, "in living beyond one's means."

"A young Buffalo book-keeper, on a recent visit to New York, thought to impress his New York friends by putting up at the Ritz-Carlton. Of course he couldn't afford so fashionable a hotel, and he had to economize in various ways in order to make ends meet."

"He happened, on one occasion, to be taking his evening meal on a bench in the park when a young man and his sister, friends of his, passed in an automobile."

"The Buffalo youth bent his head over his sandwich, but the New Yorker saw him and shouted:

"'Hello, George! Dining out again, you gay dog, eh?'"

Needed Interpretation.

PRINCE HENRY OF REUSS, who speaks superb English, laughed good-naturedly, at a dinner in New York, over the accent of certain officers of the German fleet.

"One of our chaplains," said the Prince, "had the hardihood to preach in English at one of your Lutheran chapels the other day. He astonished his congregation by saying, as he rose, that he would choose for his text the words:

"'And he tore his shirt.'"

"A quite audible snicker went round. The chaplain noticed it, flushed, and repeated the text in a louder, slower, more distinct and impressive voice:

"'And he tore his shirt.'"

"The snicker became a laugh, and the pastor rose and said:

"'Our good brother is quoting, of course, the familiar words:

"'And the door is shut.'"

Once At Least.

ADDISON MIZNER, the noted vivar, told, during a visit to Atlantic City, a story about a beautiful young widow.

"In her white bathing suit," he said, "with her blonde hair and her supple grace, the widow is certainly not—ha, ha, ha—the widow is certainly not a mis-"

"Two show girls discussed her rather anxiously as she glided past them in her rolling chair the other day.

"'She looks so demure,' said the first, 'and she is so rich and so beautiful—I wonder if she ever had a joy ride?'"

"'Oh, I'm sure she had,' said the other girl, 'when she attended the repulture of her octogenarian millionaire husband.'"

Harmless After All.

GEN. H. DE V. MORRELL, at a national guardsmen's dinner in Philadelphia, told an appropriate story.

"A young man was being entertained at luncheon at a young girl's one Sunday evening," he said. "Little Jimmy, the girl's brother, broke the silence of the soup course to remark:

"'Say, Mr. Smith, you certainly did look fine last night, sittin' beside sister on the parlor sofa, with your arm—'"

"'Jimmy, be quiet!' the girl screamed, blushing scarlet.

"'Well, he did look fine,' said Jimmy. 'He had his arm—'"

"'Jimmy, will you be still?' exclaimed the mother.

"'Why?' whined the lad. 'He did have his arm—'"

"'James,' said the father, 'go straight upstairs to bed!'"

"The boy rose. He began to cry. As he left the room he said:

"'I don't know what's the matter with you folks. I was only going to say he had his army uniform on—and he had, too!'"

A Prohibition Story.

SOLOMON LUNA, New Mexico's richest delegate to the Republican convention, discussed, at a dinner in Chicago, the prohibition movement.

"I'm a friend of temperance, but not of prohibition," Mr. Luna said. "Whenever I enter a prohibition town I think of the Nola Chucky rattlesnake."

"In Nola Chucky the prohibition cause was so strong that doctors were forbidden to prescribe whisky except in cases of rattlesnake bite."

"A drummer entered a Nola Chucky drug store one day and said:

"'Are there any rattlesnakes around here?'"

"'Yep, stranger,' said the drug clerk, 'there's one; but he won't be any use to you, for he's booked up full for the next five weeks.'"

Heavy Freedom.

ONE of the country-week associations of Duluth was entertaining a pale host of slum children with an open-air luncheon; and, as the urchins devoured ham sandwiches and cake and pie on a wind-swept knoll in the shade of an oak, Jerome S. McWade, the millionaire sociologist, addressed them.

"Children," he said, "don't be like some little ones we entertained here last year. They were awful eaters."

"I saw a young lady last year offer a boy a piece of chocolate cake. He looked at it doubtfully, then he rubbed his stomach and rose."

"I guess I can get away with it all right," he said, "if I stand up."

"Another very little boy, at the end of the repast, held out his arms to his mother and said:

"'Carry me home, ma; but don't bend me.'"

"I paused beside a third youngster who was scowling as he wiped his hands and face on the table cloth."

"'Well, son,' I said, 'have you had a good feed?'"

"'No,' he growled; and, giving his stomach three or four pats, he added: 'It don't hurt a bit.'"

Always Little Chaps.

MAYOR BACHARACH of Atlantic City, answering a toast at a recent banquet, told a bathing-suit story.

"A woman," he began, "entered a department store, sought out the men's counters, and said:

"'I wish to buy a bathing suit for my husband.'"

"'Yes, madam,' said the salesman. 'And what chest measure?'"

"The woman frowned and bit her lip.

"'Well, now,' she said, 'how provoking that is! I've forgotten the chest measure.'"

"'Twenty-eight inches, madam?' suggested the salesman."

"'Why, yes, of course!' she cried, beaming. 'How on earth did you know?'"

"'Gentlemen who let their wives shop for them,' he answered, 'always have twenty-eight-inch chests.'"

He Lost His Job.

WOODROW WILSON, said a Princeton man, "often illustrates with a story the chief drawback of school teaching."

"This drawback is an arbitrary tone, a tone of command, due to the constant ordering about of the young. Dr. Wilson's story is about a youth, an ex-teacher, who got a clerkship in a bank. The youth happened to look up from his work one day, and saw the president dreaming at his desk. Thereupon, forgetting that he was a bank clerk and not a school teacher now, he whacked the counter with his fist and shouted at his chief in a voice of thunder:

"'Say, you, get on with your work!'"

Quick Enough.

MISS HELEN HAMMOND RILEY, the champion polyglot typist, told, at a stenographers' banquet in Cleveland, a typewriter story.

"Two elderly and plain stenographers," she said, "were talking about a young and pretty one."

"'Is she very quick?' said the first."

"'You'd better believe she's quick,' replied the other. 'She's held her present job only two weeks, and she's already engaged to her employer, the millionaire octogenarian, Gobus Golda.'"

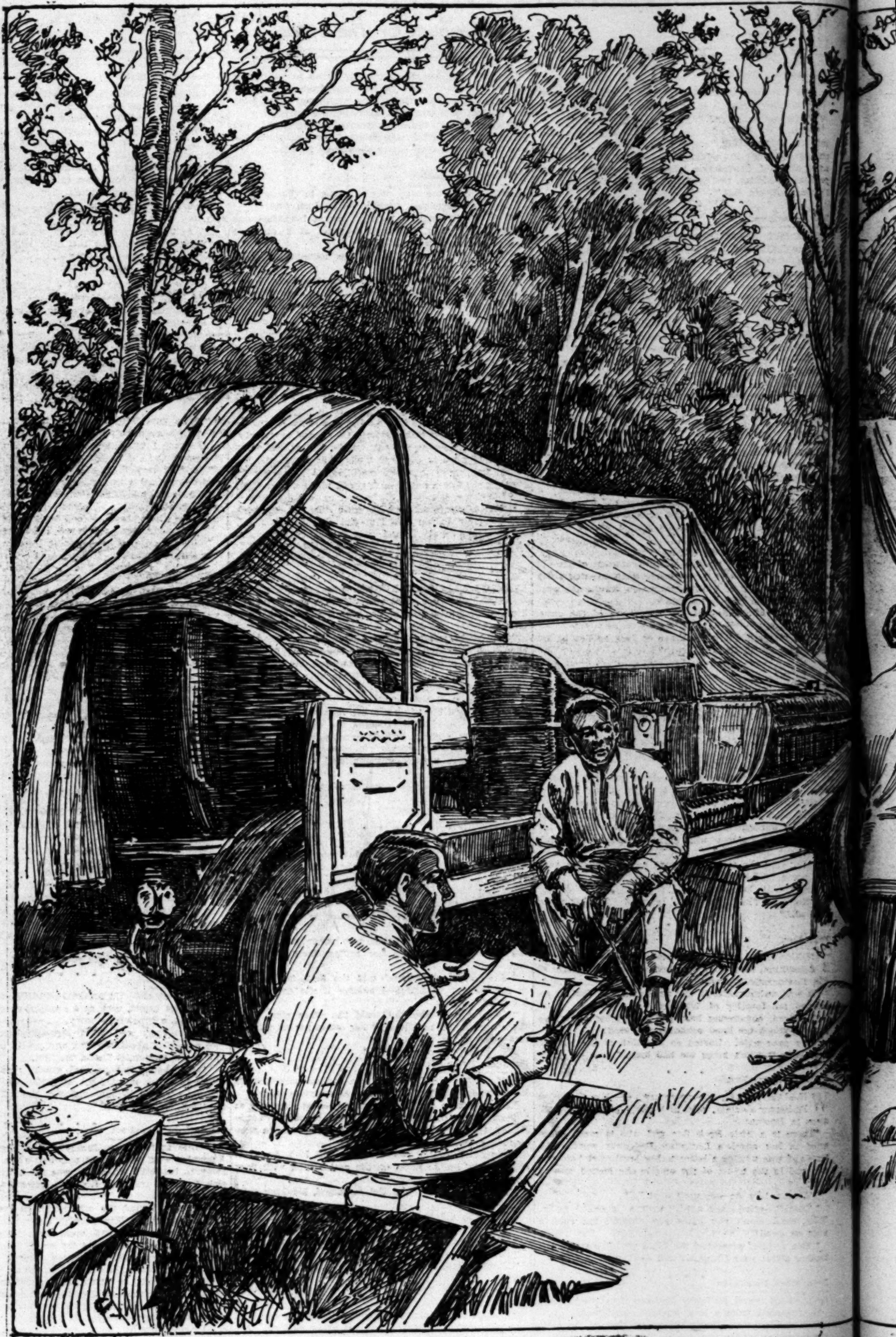
Getting on in School.

IN HIS native town Jimmy had always been most popular with young and old, but when he was sent away to boarding school he was for a time too homesick to make friends. His first letter was little more than a wail:

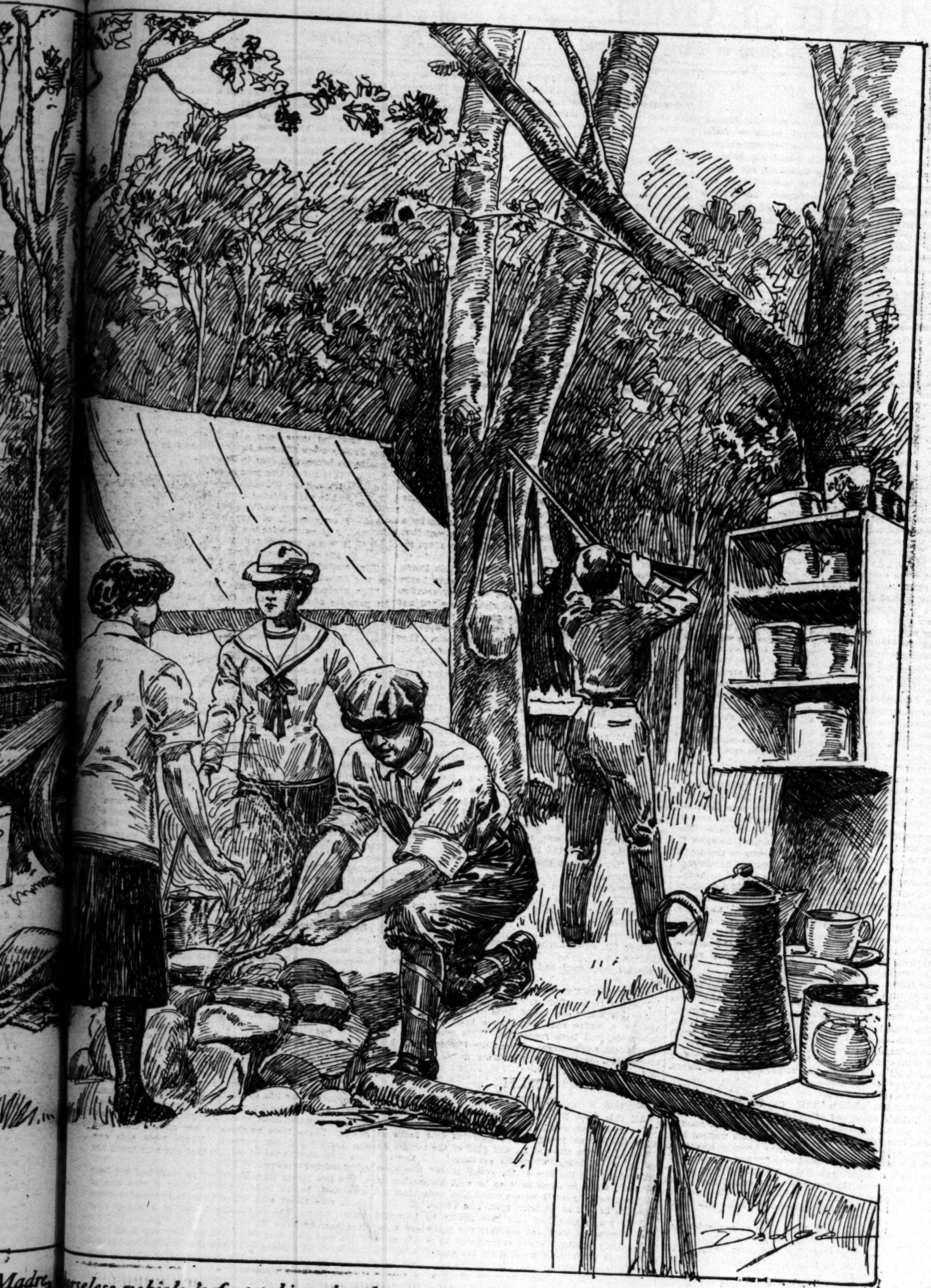
"'I'm way behind the other boys in everything,' he wrote dolefully. 'I ain't only studies, but it's gymnasium and banjos and everything. I don't believe they'll ever have much use for me.'"

But the second letter, written after a week in the new school, was quite different in tone.

"'I'm all right,' he wrote to his mother. 'The boys say they'll teach me all they know, for they're proud to have me here. I can stretch my mouth half an inch wider than any other boy in school, and my feet are the longest by a full inch. So you needn't worry about me any more.'—[McCall's Magazine.]



Automobile camping party in the foothills of the Sierra Madre



Motorless vehicle is fast taking the place of the old-style camp wagon.

Heart of Gold:

A Pen-pictured Pageant
of a Californian Century.

A Story of Early Days and of Recent Times. By Myra Nye.

XLII.
THE ACCIDENT.

AS LOIS busied herself with preparations for the evening meal, her resentment began to abate. When at last he appeared in the doorway, she was quite ready with her smile if he would but give her pleasant notice. He crossed the threshold, not raising his eyes nor meeting the appeal in hers. Supper was eaten with no exchange of conversation, the evening reading began, then Lois became self-admittedly nervous. She wished he would say something. At last he did.

As Lois busied herself with preparations for the evening meal, her resentment began to abate. When at last he appeared in the doorway, she was quite ready with her smile if he would but give her pleasant notice. He crossed the threshold, not raising his eyes nor meeting the appeal in hers. Supper was eaten with no exchange of conversation, the evening reading began, then Lois became self-admittedly nervous. She wished he would say something. At last he did.

"I am going down in the orchard."

"Why?" The question leaped from her lips. She did not know what she feared.

"To see how much harm one woman and—how many Japs came?" he broke off.

"I don't know, Philip."

"They have torn my trees to pieces, I can see by the first row."

"But if the fruit is picked it does not matter so much, does it?" Lois had never been so conciliatory. Philip who last night would have been glad, now answered bitterly.

"Culls every box." The door closed behind him and Lois sat miserably in her chair, not disentangling her fingers from their tight folds nor moving; her eyes fixed upon the door he had closed.

Philip walked rapidly over the uneven ground, going directly to the piles of boxes he had casually examined before. The stems were on the fruit, they had not been clipped but torn from the branches; the lemons were of all sizes, some over-large, others hard and undeveloped. When Philip saw how they had been thrown in the boxes he uttered an angry exclamation. The sound of his own voice recalled him. He felt a presence of unknown presence. His eyes strained down the row. The sky was bright beyond the Puente hills; yet he saw nothing. He circled the water-box where the water was gushing deep within like great sobs in the darkness. All at once there was mingled with the weird sound another similar sound pathetic, the sob of a strong man.

Unmindful of thorns Philip was gasping tight the leafless branch of a noble tree which that very morning had uncured its gloomy wealth to the fog. That one branch was left while all its fellows showed as stumps. The fresh white wounds made by ruthless knives were as accusing faces in the brightening night.

The man, hearth-rat, ran from tree to tree only to find reater trouble; all were haggled of branches; some trunks were girdled as though giant gophers had worked, others were split of bark from top to ground. Up and down five rows Philip ran to find it all the same vandalic devastation. His misery was voiceless now. He stumbled over the dead furrows with sudden determination; the Japanese had not worked this havoc; the malefactors were in the orchard, he knew it. That was the meaning of the horse's fear at the corral fence and the constant barking of the collie through the evening when no coyote's yapping was to be heard.

By now the moon had cleared the hills and shone across the valley against the mountains. Suddenly in his headlong rush Philip saw them. They were five. Quite clearly he made them out disfiguring a patch of silver light—Fred Mason, Tom Baxter, his ignorant cronies, the other three merely lads, wayward sons of neighboring ranches, led into harm they knew not of by the revenge of an incompetent pruner.

The threat had been made among the laborers that the first man to employ Japanese would regret it and Fred Mason made haste to execute the threat. The careless haste of indifferent Japanese was as nothing to this brutal work of Philip's own neighbors. When Philip saw them his pace did not slacken by so much as an instant, he rushed right toward them. A pistol's shot shattered the night's stillness; a bullet purposely aimed high sang among the acacia's quivering leaves. Still Philip did not pause.

"Cowards!" he shouted.

Another gun barked. This time the aim was lower and Philip's rush was checked. His side was stung. A few stumbling steps farther forward, then a mass of pruned branches above the irrigating ditch trapped him. The ominous snap of a split femur brought him down with his broken leg twisted cruelly beneath him.

In the house Lois heard the first shot and in an instant she was on the veranda. The second sound sent her running swiftly to the wounded man. Headless, for once, of dainty skirts, she was down beside him in the dust.

"Oh, Philip, what have I done?" was her quick confession.

"They did—it," was his low, forgiving reply. With the effort of answer he fainted quite away.

The stir made by the boycott incident was not quickly

forgotten in Zondora, for Philip's hurt was long in healing. A long-distance call had brought Olive immediately the night of the accident, but to Lois, in the days that followed, fell most of the care of Philip. Her novitiate as nurse gave her ample time for self-examination.

Not until spring was Philip able to leave home. They did not possess an automobile as Lois had one time hoped, but she was glad and happy to ride with Philip beside her on the electric car to Los Angeles. They chose, for their first trip, to go down to San Pedro to see that wonderful sight of the incoming fleet of battleships.

As they rode through the Heart of Gold Valley they saw from the window the ruca, the Lord's candles, lighting the altars of the foothills. They gleamed too in the great San Gabriel wash where late generous rains had made of barren, boulder-filled ground, a great kaleidoscopic gem with hues of blues, purple brodiaea, the scarlet bugler, the yellow primrose, the golden poppy, and over all, predominating all, as the wire in a cloisonne, was the burnished copper of the insidious dodder.

They were talking of the flowers and Lois said, remembering their conversation of months before. "If I am like dodder, I am glad it has the name 'love-vine' too; for, indeed, I love you and you are my oak to grow upon. The love-vine is very beautiful anyway."

Philip's hand closed lovingly over hers on the seat between them but he disregarded her playful appeal for admiration and answered quite gravely, "No, you are not like dodder, and I am not the oak, for I could not live without you."

Lois turned in the seat till her eyes were gazing direct into his. They were filled with tears which blotted out all else in the car and only his dear face shone into hers.

Presently she said, "I know I was wrong, Philip, to interfere so in your work when I would not even take interest enough to know your need."

"But if you made a mistake, Lois, it was really a wise mistake. Idle workmen have no right to say that others shall not work. I believe in the open shop, for country as well as for city."

It was like a new honeymoon, this trip to San Pedro. Nowhere in the vast throngs were two more happy people. It was a memorable time, for other emotion than love stirred their hearts. Patriotism revived and made them glow with it as the glorious pageant appeared. Sixteen battleships in naval parade appeared on the horizon and swung off Point Firmin. They rested at last like great sea gulls on the bosom of the sea.

Imagination was stirred and Philip in glowing terms told Lois of the coast's possibilities.

Nature, prodigiously prolific in producing ports for the Atlantic, had gifted this sun-kissed shore with great beauty and there rested. But Los Angeles, the marvelous, would not long be denied: even if Nature had refused her maritime advantage, the courageous city would accomplish the impossible. Already the government breakwater, for which Los Angeles had worked a full score of years, was being finished. But that was only a beginning. If Philip could have looked only a short distance into the sealed future, he might have seen more than the accomplishment of an Aladdin's lamp. This is what he would have seen:

At Los Angeles' gates, the commerce of the whole wide world through the Panama Canal.

The "Mud Flats" changed into an interior, land-locked harbor.

Breakwater, two and a half miles long, entirely completed.

Outer harbor, one mile of municipal wharves and warehouses.

Inner harbor dredged.

Miner fill, outer harbor, two and one half miles of wharves.

Harbor boulevard and highway to city, twenty-two miles.

Harbor industries, many and of great magnitude.

Pilotage free; wharf rates nominal.

All this and more would have been Philip's vision and he, a native son, would have been possessed of fine pride, and been more glad. This was to be the magnificent achievement of the little Pueblo which his forefather Joseph Carew, a century gone, had sought and made his own.

XLIII.

IN THE RAIN.

All this time Robert Gregory had gone on loving Olive more and more. He had lived the normal life of a Californian young man, spending two years at Harvard, but in the end he was glad of the honors he gained at Berkeley, where he graduated. All through his college life the lure of the pencil pusher was upon him and when he came back to be with his mother in Zondora nothing could have pleased him more than the position he had as reporter upon The Times.

This young man had that rare ability to disregard the worm's eye view and see only the bird's eye view. His sturdy common sense engendered by a life on a California ranch, kept his feet on the ground when his imagination lifted its head high in the sky. His wide knowledge and almost intuitive grasp of a subject

made him almost prophetic in the affairs of the city and state. Withal he appealed to his fellow-men as a man good to know, a rare friend and a finer companion. No friend throughout all Olive's life had secured so high a place as Robert in her esteem; but farther than friendship she had never encouraged him to go.

Olive had become acquainted in her school work with one of the principals who was an avowed Socialist even before the days of socialism's increase. He was a man much her senior; but he held for her a fascination merely from the power with which her imagination endowed him.

His pale gray eyes were wide apart beneath a big shiny forehead. His coarse black hair hung in a heavy lock above his anemic face, and often he teased it back with a gesture singularly like a girl's, but his great bony hand in adjusting the lock gave the observer the feeling of something uncanny, as though of an infant wearing a wig.

Because seven small children and a very pale wife, made fragile by too-frequent child-bearing, were dependent upon his salary, which in turn was precarious in proportion as he neglected his duties to expound the theories of his distorted politics, Olive's sympathy and interest were awakened. Her's was simply the kindly and instinctive feeling for the under dog. Just what made this particular dog, Principal Kenyon, under, Olive could only conjecture. For once her intuition failed her. It was laziness, pure and simple. Olive would have tempered euphemistically that strong Anglo-Saxon word and would have called it temperment.

She had just come from a long talk with him one rainy Friday when she met Robert Gregory by appointment to go home with him to Zondora.

"It is not raining rain to me,

It's raining daffodils,

And in each shining drop I see

Wild flowers on the hills;

Though clouds of gray infest the day

And overwhelm the town,

It is not raining rain to me,

It's raining roses down."

Olive quoted happily as she and Robert fell into step on wet Broadway.

"You are certainly optimistic," Robert laughed and for pure joy of the sentiment Olive finished the verses.

"It is not raining rain to me,

It's raining orange bloom

Where any buccaneering bee

May find his board and room.

Here's health unto the happy,

A fig to him who frets;

It is not raining rain to me,

It's raining violets."

"And now you are paradoxical in your happiness, for by your song all our Heart of Gold valley must be shoulder high in the blues. It has been raining steadily almost for a week."

"Yes, look what Los Angeles is getting; Zondora averages an inch and a half, to one inch there. I am mighty thankful to have someone hold my umbrella even if it is violets falling down." Olive glanced gratefully at Robert.

Broadway was a torrent, Spring street was worse and when they reached Main they found it a veritable Venice canal. Cars almost piled on one another; and the whole length from Sixth to First was a wet, sodden, slow file of them. The waiting people along the corners daringly walked planks that were stretched from the curbs to the cars and the water overflowed onto the sidewalks. In the ditches it ran madly, swirling and foaming in dirty currents with white bubbles splitting and forming on the eddies.

Under the umbrella, Robert looked down into Olive's face and thought she did not look at all as though she had just finished a week of trying teaching. The dampness curled her hair about her face, hair that was a shade or two darker than in the old days, and the youth of her teens had robbed her of only one thing else; yet so gradual had been their going that Olive herself scarcely realized the difference. Not even across the bridge of her aristocratic little nose did a freckle appear. Her skin of that transparent white peculiar to Auburn-haired people, and her cheeks still retained the pink hue of the pomegranate.

If Olive Carew was alluring at sixteen, at twenty-six she was magnificent. She was the type of woman who would be superb at forty-five. Her good health founded by an out-of-door life in California radiated wholesome cheerfulness. Beyond the radiations toward her personality, an acquaintance could not go and a friend but rarely. There were reserves to her nature that even she herself did not suspect. There were also certain little obstinacies of opinion that one who loved her delighted to overcome.

The two blocks from Broadway to Main had not been traversed, before Robert realized that it was one of those rare times with Olive when barriers of reserve were down. The ride home would be a happy time together; he knew it.

He was glad that Olive had put her veil back from her face: its floating ends from her modish hat seemed to allure and invite him, as the flags upon a race course, to keep pace with her in all her moods and

laughing conversation. When the sleeve of her jacket touched his coat sleeve in the crowded street, he felt a new thrill as of the protection of ownership.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she said rather suddenly. Robert did not ask what was wonderful; instead, he answered simply:

"Yes, it is wonderful to be with you." "Then all our lives have been more or less wonderful."

"No, not like this." "No, I think we were never together in Los Angeles in quite such a rain as this."

"You are just pretending to misunderstand, Olive. You know how it is different. You are different."

Just then they must have crowded Main street at Sixth, and Olive made no answer, but she kept close to Robert and allowed his protecting hand on her elbow as they threaded the slippery, crowded street with their umbrellas jostling others on either side of them.

When they were in the huge, cavernous, Pacific Electric building, the people in groups seemed to steam dampness. Little pools of muddy water gathered on the mosaic and glistening tiled floors over the marble floor. Every one was drenched except Olive and Robert. Even the violets and daffodils at the flower stand opposite the iron-caged elevator shaft seemed to droop and their odors as a tangible weight hung heavy above them.

"Here are some of your raining daffodils. It will be carrying coals to Newcastle to take them to Zondora when it is pouring such bushels of them there, but this variety is more becoming to you," and Robert bought a great bunch of the yellow spring flowers for Olive. Olive held them in their cone of green, transparent paper with care.

"Why don't you put them on?" "I haven't any pin big enough." "Take your hat-pin," Robert suggested. "No," Olive laughed, "hat-pins are dangerous enough in their places. Besides I need mine for my hat in this lumpy crowd."

They were standing before the brass rail which intervened between the people and the iron-tracked curves of dim dusk through which shot, one after another, like shot from a cannon's mouth, the suburban cars dripping with the rain which they brought from the outside.

People's garments smelled of the dampness with the odors of a closed street-car, there were bedraggled skirts and soaking feet; but Olive was conscious of no discomfort. On the contrary she felt a strange elation that she did not know she owed to the physical nearness of Robert. She had never experienced the emotion before and now she neither recognized it nor analyzed it. Her eyes shone to triple the brilliance of her appearance, between the red-gold of her hair and the daffodils in her hand. Neither Olive nor Robert was conscious of the many glances of admiration, they were engrossed in themselves.

XLIII.

THE LITTLE SOCIALIST.

Once upon the Zondora car they began talking in eager conversation; but it mattered not so much at first what they said; it was more the joy of companionship that just now was not of the still sort of old friendship. It was an epoch in their relationship and Robert was more happy than Olive. He felt that now he had but to press his claim in order to win her; but the time seemed strangely unpropitious, a sudden day succeeding others as sudden, on a suburban car that at each corner, on dirty immersed Main street, took on passengers disgusted with the weather and worn with toil.

But soon both these young people were forgetful of their fellow-passengers. It was as though they two rode alone, they were in a world of their own.

Javelins of rain slanted against the car windows, which were covered with a half opaque film, and the outside world was shut away from them.

"I am to have an interesting assignment soon."

"What is it?" Olive asked. "The aqueduct: I am to go up into the Owens River Valley and follow the work from its beginning. The whole engineering scheme fascinates me. I intend to write for the magazines concerning it as well as report for The Times."

"Robert, don't you honestly think that the scheme to get water for Los Angeles from the Owens River is one big graft?" The influence of Mr. Kenyon's recent talk was apparent neither to Olive nor least of all to Robert, but it was the first rift in the lute of their pleasure in being together.

"Why, Olive, that is not like you. You, a knocker for Los Angeles! That sounds more like a Socialist than the sentiment of a loyal, native daughter."

"That is what I am Robert. If I could vote I would vote the Socialist ticket."

"Olive Carew! And you the daughter of a Civil War veteran!"

"You speak as though I had said, 'I am a thief,' I honor Father's patriotism; and you know, Robert, how I love my father, but I believe that men and conditions have changed. New methods and new thought are needed to meet the changes. The rich are constantly growing richer and the poor poorer. Property rights should stand aside for the welfare of society."

As the familiar platitudes fell from her lips, Robert at last realized that some influence was working with Olive of which he was ignorant.

"Olive, human nature is just the same today as it was a thousand years ago, the same as it was when Adam and Eve, away from the garden, grew old and saw their own offspring make their own world too

crowded, and let thought that property rights should stand aside for the welfare of society, more particularly for his own society. Socialists today would tear down old-established customs that have been tested and found good. They offer no substitute save high-sounding phrases. Their actions do not fit the case nor the conditions. If human nature were perfect, if the millennium were already here their theories might possibly work; but they think they can bring the millennium by the endorsement of their vague tenets. Although they are vague, they are extreme, and I believe that it is always the extreme course we should follow; take things as we find them and make them better by construction, remembering that destruction of ideals and thought is worse even than destruction of life and property."

They became eager in their discussion; each was mentally at his best. Underneath the mental stimulus Robert felt a vague surprise at the turn their conversation had taken. So interested they were that they had not heard the conductor tell the passengers that they must get off at the river.

"The bridge is condemned, we dare not go over."

XLIV.

AT THE SAN GABRIEL.

One by one, and in groups, at the crossings and stations they had left the passengers till the time they reached the San Gabriel bank only a small number were left, and of these only three would need to walk over the condemned bridge to reach their destination. These three were Robert, Olive and the postmaster of Zondora, who for the last three days had valiantly carried the mail across the unstable bridge and Zondorites, though flocking to the river in automobiles and carriage loads to see the San Gabriel higher than ever before in its history, nevertheless they did not realize that there was anything unusual in their mail service.

"Good-evening, Mr. Bostwick. How do we get to Zondora?" asked Robert of the postmaster when the three stood together on the track near the seething San Gabriel.

A car will come up to the other side; it should be there now. We cross on the trestle; it is not a foot bridge you know. I believe it is perfectly safe, though this morning when I crossed it was more shaky than usual."

"Do you want to try it, Olive?" "There isn't any danger" the postmaster put in, not safe for cars of course, but for walking it's all right."

"Yes, I want to go. Father's expecting me, he will be disappointed if I do not come." So the three started upon the long bridge with its seven arches beneath them. Ordinarily water flowed through only the middle one and even there, though the current was swift, the water was not deep. But now the San Gabriel had broken all bounds, it had widened and deepened till the piles of the bridge that were formerly in sand and dry rocks, now were deep in swirling, eddying water that rushed with devastating force against all the foundations of the bridge which never before had spanned so angry a San Gabriel.

Robert took Olive's hand and they followed the postmaster, who had shouldered his burden and was walking skittishly over the ties above the rushing water as one used to it.

"Are you dizzy?" asked Robert of Olive. "Not a bit," Olive was excited by the adventure and her lithe body poised rhythmically at each even footstep. A step too long or too short meant falling; but Olive was as secure as though she walked across her own schoolroom. In the middle of the bridge, over the worst part of the flood, she paused and said with a little laugh.

"Now this really is wonderful. Look, Robert, at that sky;"

The wish flashed through Robert's mind that a sky vision might keep her safe over the rotten ties of false theories on which she was treading. Now he marveled at her physical fearlessness, her sure-footedness, and her joy in the scene. He himself had already noted the beauty of their surroundings.

The rain had changed to a smothering medium of fog which in turn had drifted away to disclose to their view a curiously tattered sky which hung from under its clouds pale sweeps of wan sunshine that was daffodil hue at the horizon. At the zenith the sky was iron and lowered over the river and landscape already chaotically tossed.

Ahead of them Robert saw the postmaster pause, and he drew Olive forward.

"Mr. Bostwick is waiting."

In a moment they were behind him.

"This is the worst place," he said "some of the ties are loose. Keep close behind me."

The three walked on more cautiously and just before they reached the eastern edge of the bridge it began trembling and swaying beneath them.

"Hurry up," the postmaster called peremptorily and they quickened their pace to a run, still measuring their footsteps accurately and skipping every other one of the ties.

Mr. Bostwick, still ahead of them, tossed his mail sack to the bank, then turned back, seized Olive's hand and the three almost as one made the last three feet of the bridge in one leap. They were on firm ground. They turned. Slowly, surely, tremblingly, the bridge pulled from its moorings and before their very eyes the end on which an instant before they had been walking drifted away down the river.

The postmaster made no remark. He picked up the mail and walked on down the track away from the

young people. Olive looked at Robert, who responded by coming closer. He was carrying her jacket, as she had been warm for the walking, for there was no breeze and with the cessation of rain a strange heat had mingled with the air. Olive felt the rough texture of Robert's coat against her bare forearm. Her body and her spirit were closer to him than ever before.

"Robert!" It was a murmured exclamation.

All around them the setting sun, at last shining through the western clouds, had set everything on fire. The whole sky had turned from iron to gleaming copper, the hills were golden and the mountains were dappled with floating purple shadows of clouds ablaze; a great pile of orange culls dumped in the wash seemed like the accumulated and concentrated gold of all the landscape. There came to their nostrils the queer anesthetic odor of the over-ripe fruit.

It was like chloroform to Olive. She was not conscious of her feet beneath her, of her surroundings save the touch of Robert's sleeve upon her arm; then she felt his arm close about her and heard from his lips words not new.

"Olive, I love you."

She remained quiet in his arms, unresisting; but her lips framed no response, for breaking in on her consciousness came the sound of the car on the track. In an instant its headlight was upon them and she had retreated from Robert's embrace.

Mr. Bostwick took the seat behind them and engaged their attention the remaining short distance to Zondora. When they reached the station Sam was there to meet Olive with Jerry and Jane; and Robert and Olive had not a moment more to themselves, but while they were leaving the car Olive managed to say:

"Do not misunderstand me, Robert, I was scarcely myself when—we left the bridge. I must not say to you what you said to me. Even if we should agree there, we do not mentally."

"Olive, I am sure you feel it, if, as you say, you must not say it."

But Olive hurried toward Sam and the three were soon riding up the hill toward the mountains and the Heart of Gold ranch.

"How strange everything looks: And it is not the rain either or the washed roads. What has been done to our trees?" Olive questioned rather nervously.

"It had to be done, Olive; there's no use kicking. Peppers certainly breed scale; our orange trees can't stand that, so the County Supervisors ordered the peppers all defoliated or cut down," Samuel explained.

"Dear Zondora!" exclaimed Olive "it looks like a child with all its front teeth missing and its hair bobbed by a most unskillful barber."

"It won't take much longer for pepper-tree hair to grow than for a kid's, so Zondora will soon look fine again," Sam said soothingly and glanced at his sister, whose tone of voice showed unusual excitement or pressure of emotion.

"How does Zondora look to you, Bob?"

Like a girl's first blue-ribboned manuscript after the copy choppers have done their worst. But the old place looks mighty good to me after the time we had getting here." And both Robert and Olive began telling Sam of the broken bridge and their narrow escape.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Real Estimate.

You may hold a grand opinion
Of your cerebral dominion;
May appraise yourself at flattering amounts.
You may think you're it or better;
But (although the truth be bitter)
It is what the other fellows think that counts.

You may think the planet quivers
Every time your foot delivers
To the surface of the earth your mighty weight;
You may think all time shall end
With your going; but, my friend,
What the other fellows think decides your fate.

You may have your full approval
Till you think that your removal
Would project the solar system o'er the brink.
Yet the thinking you may do
On the subject known as "you"
Counts for naught—it's what the other people think.

When your bonnet-band is swelling
And you'd fain be loudly telling
What a marvelous phenomenon you are,
Spend an hour, instead, discerning
What the others think—just learning
If your stock, in open market, reaches par!
—[Strickland Gillilan, in Leslie's Weekly.]

Left-Handed.

[London Chronicle:] Among the world's left-handed geniuses was Leonardo da Vinci, who wrote a treatise on aviation, the handwriting of which travels from the right side of the page to left. Nelson, too, was left-handed—but that was from necessity.

J. A. Green records a story of Nelson's visit to Yarmouth to receive the freedom of the borough. "A storm met him on his landing, but the danger failed to prevent his appearance on the quay. When the freeman's oath was tendered to him, the town clerk noticed that the hero placed his left hand on the book, shocked at the legal impropriety, he said, 'Your right hand, my lord.' 'That,' observed Nelson, 'is at Tenerife.'"

Red Mexico, As I Saw It.

By N. C. Adossides.

(Recently War Correspondent of the Los Angeles Times in Mexico, Author of "The Black Cabinet," "The Sultan of Turkey," "The Russian Spy System," etc.)

PORFIRIO DIAZ

EPOCHS in the histories of nations have their great opportunities for great men; sometimes the opportunity passes without a man large enough to mould it into effective history for his country, while at times the right man and the right opportunity come together. More rarely there arise men who wait not for opportunity, but make it and blaze their own way in history. There are a few such men in the annals of civilization, and most of them have been warriors.

Among them may be rightly enrolled the name of Porfirio Diaz of Mexico, not alone as a great soldier, for history will write his record as well as a statesman and an administrator of progress for his country. Those who know Mexico and the conditions of its civilization can recognize his remarkable ability, and when time shall elapse to give a general appreciation of his deeds the historians will certainly accord Diaz a position among the world's really great men.

Even the very fact that he was in one sense a dictator and extremely severe in his methods will be credited to his favor ultimately, for his was assuredly a necessary severity. It showed the iron hand that could take a disorganized, bankrupt, indolent, oppressed country and bring it up to a position among the nations of the world with excellent credit and an approach to stable and modern conditions. Severity at times was required to accomplish such an achievement. Undoubtedly any other man of the administrative ability possessed by Diaz would have exercised as great if not a greater severity.

In the early part of Diaz's career he seems to have made his own opportunities, and often when everything seemed against his success. After he was well established as Mexico's executive there came to him numerous great opportunities, which he seized on and made the most of. Both abilities are indicative of the great man, but perhaps the larger ability is that enabling him to win when overwhelming odds seemed stacked against him. It was probably his indomitable courage that achieved this as much as anything else.

The biographers of Diaz have had frequent occasion to refer to this courage, curiously limiting it usually to his feats in time of war, although it is evident through many instances that he possessed as much courage of a rarer and higher sort which made for success in molding the civic and financial policies of his country. He had the courage to support the railroad policy of Finance Minister Limantour and to adapt as a state policy the conception of H. H. Harriman for a combination of Mexican railroads. For a country to arrive at a position commanding ability to arrange such a plan as that of the railroad nationalization speaks well for its executive, but infinitely more when it is considered that just about a quarter century before Porfirio Diaz was elected, not as president of a successful, peaceful nation, but to the head of a country that was turbulent with revolution and invasion and almost bankrupt. The courage of Diaz as a statesman and administrator of government is fully as great as that he exhibited so many times as a fighter.

Porfirio Diaz was born in the city of Oaxaca, in southern Mexico, September 15, 1830. His father was Jose Faustino Diaz, of good Spanish descent; from his mother's side he inherited the blood of the Mixteco Indians, one of the best of the aborigines of Mexico. Hence, Gen. Diaz can claim relationship with both Indian and Spanish influences in the upbuilding of Mexico. When Porfirio Diaz, who was one of seven children, was 3 years old his father, who kept a small inn at Oaxaca, died of cholera, leaving scarcely any worldly goods. Much of the fortitude and resoluteness of the "maker of Mexico" must have been inherited from the mother, Petrona Diaz, for history records that she made extreme sacrifices to provide for her children and give them as much education as possible. She was a devout Catholic; and the bishop of Oaxaca was her relative, so it was only natural that she should wish Porfirio to become a priest. The mother and the bishop urged the boy to enter the church, but he thought otherwise decidedly. "I argued with myself," he said a few years ago, "that my life would be longer than theirs, so I must carve it out my own way."

The good bishop was the godfather of Porfirio and held a close regard for the boy, and he and the mother argued for months to no avail. Young Diaz was told that he would die a pauper if he persisted, but he took to teaching to obtain money for his mother and to be able to complete his education. Then he was designed for the law, and he studied for four years at the National and Pontifical Seminary at Oaxaca, and in 1849 entered the Institute of Sciences and Arts of Oaxaca. It was there he came under the influence of Benito Juarez.

As a boy young Diaz had been attracted frequently to the camp fires of the soldiers frequently bivouacking at Oaxaca, and it is tradition in his native city that he and his brother Felix played "soldiers" at times when they were supposed to be in school. The dominating desire to be a soldier had slumbered through his school days and his preparations to become a lawyer, and in 1853, when the struggle between the Conservatives and Liberals of Mexico reached white heat, Porfirio Diaz

began his public career. He was a pupil and student under Benito Juarez, and naturally when Santa Anna forced the banishment of Juarez orders were given for the arrest of Porfirio Diaz, but he fought his way to safety and joined the Liberal troops in the mountains.

Benito Juarez and the man who made him acquainted with young Diaz, Don Marcos Perez, a professor of the law institute, had a tremendous influence in shaping the ideas and early career of Porfirio Diaz. When he met these men Juarez was Governor of the State of Oaxaca and Perez was a district judge. The Governor took an immediate fancy to the youth and aided him by securing his appointment as librarian of the law college, thus adding to the income he had established by taking pupils and lessening his privations and worry about his mother's support. In the history of the rise of Mexico Benito Juarez was a necessary precursor to the work of Diaz; without his ability and labor possibly that of Diaz might have been less quickly established.

In a consideration of the life of Diaz it is quite valuable to have his personal opinions of his teachers, Perez and Juarez, and these have fortunately been narrated by him to Mrs. Alex. Tweedie, a famous biographer of Gen. Diaz; for her Diaz gave the following biographical statement regarding the early life of Benito Juarez:

"Juarez, when 9 years old, was left an orphan; he lived with an uncle of his, a full Indian like himself, in the poor little village of Ouelato, in the State of Oaxaca, about forty-five miles from where I myself was born. His uncle employed him in looking after his cattle, and frequently beat him and treated him harshly in many ways. One day when in the fields with his oxen he accepted an invitation of another shepherd boy that they should go down a ravine near by to roast some ears of green corn. This meant leaving their oxen. The animals, finding themselves no longer watched, entered an adjacent cornfield and caused much destruction. This was discovered by the owner, who immediately appeared beside the frightened lads, threatening Juarez that he would accuse him of neglect and theft before his uncle. The boy begged for mercy, for his uncle was cruel without cause, and he dared not face him under such circumstances.

"He was so frightened that he never returned home, but took himself off, barefooted as he was, to the city of Oaxaca, joining some vendors of provisions who were going to the market, with whom he walked all the distance, about fifteen leagues, in two days. He remained with them during the market day, intensely interested in all he saw, earning a few centavos by carrying market produce, with which he obtained food.

"Although his newly-found acquaintances wanted to take him back he refused, and remained alone with no money and no friends in a strange town—not even able to speak Spanish, for he only knew a dialect of his Zapotec tongue. He wandered around the market, but luck had left him with his fellow villagers' departure, and no one would employ him. At last, crying and lamenting to himself in Indian language, he was noticed by a student, also of Zapotec origin, who could understand him. Juarez told him his story, and finding the stranger sympathetic, asked if he could work for him as a domestic servant, not for wages, but for food, to learn Spanish and the Christian catechism—all he then thought necessary for his education.

"The student took him to the house of a man who kept a shop. This individual had a son, and engaged Juarez to perform menial work and accompany his little boy to school. Juarez's intelligence and eagerness for instruction were soon observed, and finally the lad was sent to the same free school with the shopman's own son, and allowed so many hours' liberty a day from domestic duty for the purpose. Later on, as a reward for his good conduct, his master sent Juarez to college, intending him for a priest. The boy had different inclinations. No power or persuasion could make him take holy orders, and when his benefactor died he determined to follow the career of a lawyer.

"In the house of my master and patron, Don Marcos Perez, I often met Senor Don Benito Juarez, who was always very kind and friendly to me."

Of his patron Porfirio Diaz wrote in his diary:

"Don Marcos Perez was, like Juarez, an Indian of pure race, and both of them might have figured with advantage among Plutarch's characters. He was sent by his father to the town of Oaxaca to receive his education. A man of distinguished ability, of wide learning and of strong character, honorable in all his dealings, he became the best lawyer in Oaxaca, and rose to be one of the most distinguished men in the State, discharging the duties of president of the Court of Justice. Perhaps more severe than Juarez, to whom he was related by blood, Perez enjoyed the sincere and lasting friendship of that great Mexican statesman. The two had many ideas in common, and both were among the most firm and enlightened Liberals of the whole republic."

"I had the good fortune to know Perez intimately, to understand his character and to learn much from him, for I admired my teacher and held him as a model worthy of imitation. He treated me as a child, but his friendship was a great advantage to me in improv-

ing my education and position when I was still a poor and unknown boy."

It is easy to observe the impression these men made upon the youth. And young Diaz proved a true friend to his patron in time of trouble, for when Perez was arrested and accused of conspiring against the dictatorship of Santa Anna, Felix and Porfirio Diaz managed to communicate with the prisoner and plan for his release from jail. Climbing on the roof of a house in the same block with the prison, which for greater security was the turret of the convent of Santo Domingo, Porfirio tied a rope around his body and Felix let himself down to the window of the room in which Perez was confined. When the guard outside the door looked through a wicket to see that the prisoner was there Porfirio slid below the sill of the window to be out of sight. He talked with Perez and did so again for two other nights, and arranged the prisoner's liberty, although at every minute of the conferences Diaz was in danger of being shot.

In 1854 Porfirio Diaz, 24 years old, was a member of the teaching force of the law college at Oaxaca. The Plan de Ayutla, the revolutionary scheme to abolish the dictatorship of Gen. Santa Anna, was announced at Acapulco under the leadership of Gen. Juan Alvarez, who was a veteran of the "war of independence." Santa Anna ordered in December, 1854, a "popular" vote which was intended to establish his supremacy as dictator. The professors were called together by the director of the law college to go in a body and cast their votes in favor of Santa Anna regardless of personal views. Porfirio Diaz alone refused, but went alone to the place of voting, thinking there might be trouble and not wanting to shirk in that event.

The voting was conducted on the porch of the Governor's palace, and a strong military guard was placed around it and cannon were trained upon it. When the head of residence division where Diaz lived attempted to cast all the votes of individuals of that division in favor of the dictatorship, Diaz demurred and stood by his right to refrain from voting. Just as he did this the professors from the law college arrived in a body. When their votes were cast Diaz was asked if he was still determined not to allow his vote to be cast, and he replied that voting was a right which he was free to exercise or not as he preferred.

"Yes," sneeringly said his interrogator, "and one does not vote when one is afraid."

That was enough for the spirit of a man like Diaz. Without a moment's hesitation he pushed his way through the crowd and wrote down his vote. It was not for Santa Anna, however, but an unprecedented ballot for Gen. Juan Alvarez, the revolutionist and arch enemy of the dictator. There was a hubbub, in which Diaz walked out, mounted a horse and rode away. His escape was opposed, but he rode his opponents down, and made his way to assume the command of the pelados of Mirteca, who were in open revolt against the dictator, Santa Anna.

About twenty of his men were armed with muskets and the remainder had axes and other farming implements. A column of cavalry and infantry greatly outnumbering the Diaz force pursued, but the youthful commander of the motley revolutionists effected a clever ambush and repulsed the troops by rolling boulders down on them.

Santa Anna was compelled to flee, and Alvarez became President, with Benito Juarez as his Minister of Justice. A year after he had defied the dictator's representative at the voting place young Diaz was serving as Civil Administrator of the district of Ixtlan. As he himself has said of that time, he was compelled to be the government itself, for he had neither advice nor support from the government at the capital. He placed the financial administration on an honest basis, organized and disciplined troops and defended the district against the Conservative troops.

He asked Juarez to obtain him a commission in the military, for he foresaw the fight that was to occur, and was accordingly made a captain in the grenadiers. When resisting the uprising of Col. Salado, in August, 1857, Diaz was severely wounded, but he held his cap against the wound to stop the flow of blood and rushed forward, inspiring his men to put the enemy to flight. His Indian endurance enabled him to carry on the fight, although almost dead from loss of blood, and for nearly two years afterwards, until the bullet was removed by an American naval surgeon, the bullet caused him great pain.

For ten years afterward Porfirio Diaz was in the thick of numerous combats, either in civil war or against the French invaders. Half a year after his first serious engagement and injury he fought at Jalapa and a few moments later was promoted as a major for his distinguished services. Not long afterward he was made Governor and military commander of the Tehuantepec district, and for his success in taking the city of Oaxaca he was appointed a colonel in the regular army at the age of 30 years. After the success of Juarez he distinguished himself further, and for his victory over the reactionary Gen. Marquez at Jalatlaco he was made a brigadier-general.

Gen. Diaz fought his way and earned his promotions if ever a warrior did. His official appointments, showing his military rise, are as follows: Comandante de bat-

tation of militia in Oaxaca, April 24, 1856; infantry captain in a auxiliary force, December 23, 1856; commander of infantry battalion, July 23, 1853; lieutenant-colonel of infantry, July 4, 1859; colonel of infantry, November 25, 1859; colonel in the regular Mexican army of President Benito Juárez, August 22, 1860; rank of general of brigade, August 23, 1861; full general of brigade, May 29, 1863; general of division (highest rank), October 14, 1863.

The poor boy of Oaxaca attained the highest possible military rank thirty-three years after his birth. He distinguished himself in the characteristics that make a great soldier in his service. Although severely wounded he persisted at critical times in urging his men forward. When placed in positions of trust he accounted faithfully for all moneys collected, and at one time turned over to Juárez a surplus of \$300,000 where a deficit had been expected. He repulsed indignantly offers of

high position and power from the French, even when brought to him in tempting form by his close friend and former superior officer. When captured, he escaped, and refused to give up the fight as long as he could draw breath, although at times he fought when in the throes of serious illness.

When the imperialists defended the establishment of Maximilian as Emperor, Gen. Díaz carried on the severest fighting. When held a prisoner at Puebla Maximilian visited there and expressed a wish to see Díaz, but the latter refused to accept an opportunity to take a carriage and appear before the Emperor, sending back defiant word that the only way to see him was to have him dragged as a prisoner between soldiers. And Díaz escaped, afterward to effect the capture of Mexico City and see the foreign forces withdrawn.

Such a man was Díaz the soldier. It is impossible to describe all the odds he fought against as a soldier—

ignorance, apathy, lack of ammunition, epidemics, all contributed at times in favor of his enemies. He fought them and conquered, and for those achievements he is entitled to a place in history among the great warriors of the world.

And yet it is in the more peaceful work, the constructive achievements of the statesman and President, that Porfirio Díaz is best entitled to the historian's consideration. Other patriots have fought for Mexico, but they were unable to establish a period free from revolution in which the country could be placed upon a stable base and established genuinely as a nation. It is in this comparison, even with his successor, Francisco Madero, that Porfirio Díaz is even less afraid to stand analysts of his deeds than as a soldier of Mexico.

[Note—The second part of this article on Gen. Porfirio Díaz, analyzing his work as a statesman and executive, will appear in the *Times Illustrated Weekly* of next week.]

A Thief in the Night. By Ruby Baughman.

HIS PLAN OF REVENGE.

THE Girl awoke with a startling sensation that something living, something human, was breathing in her room. Her eyes stared open into the swathing darkness; her breath choked her till she remembered that she must stimulate the even heavy respiration of a sleeper. The sweat of fright trickled from her fingers, yet her flesh felt cold and clammy. With the trembling steadiness of a series of moving pictures, various newspaper stories of tragedies of burglary waved before her memory. Carefully she canvassed the possible motives for the intruder's presence. Flight was impossible: the presence was between her and the door. She might scream if her stiffened throat could croak, but her shrieks might bring upon her direful calamity before these screams for could reach her. She felt certain that she had not moved the tiniest muscle, yet the faint creaking of one of the springs of her bed sounded to her strained ears like the first crackle of the crumbling of the universe.

She recalled a story she had heard about a woman who in desperate danger began to pray aloud for deliverance in the presence of her assailant. But then, that was a different situation, a different woman, a different assailant.

Indeed the Girl was not sure that the softly-breathing, intangible something was an assailant. The softest possible shuffling movements of a shoe sole against a carpet decided her plan of action, if organs of articulation without any apparent co-ordinate action of the mind, can be said to make a decision. Her brain felt heavy and solid and inert like the pat of petty that the ghaster has worked soft with his fingers. Sharply and with a ring of courage which surprised her, her tongue called out:

"Who are you?"

Only a stillness answered her, baffling, blackly invisible. Her eyes, emboldened by the temerity of her tongue, gained the courage of their curiosity, and her head rolled on the pillow till they looked toward the obscure bulk of something concealed in the still more obscure shadows. Motionless, almost emotionless, she waited for some indication that the invisible one had taken note of the movement. The soft, stealthy scraping of the snow-laden maple branches against the porch roof answered the suspicious whisper of the night wind that tossed them. The cold shrill scream of a railroad engine whistled in answer to her scurrying thoughts. The crisp creaking in the snow of the wheels of a night-wandering cab grated on her alertly sensitive ears. The muffled tread of a belated passer-by marked time with the thumping of her heart. Why did not the man speak? Or shoot? Or was it a man? She had endured the intolerable to the limit.

Right quickly, though it seemed frozen with fear, her hand, independent of her will, reached the reading light above her head. Her fear-bewildered eyes saw at first only the soft radiance of the shadowy circle of light. As they adjusted themselves to the gleam, they were able to distinguish at the dim edge of the brightness a man's form which showed well-set shoulders in a loose dark suit. A wide-brimmed felt hat was pulled low over a face which buried its outline in an upturned collar.

She felt that the man's eyes were scanning carefully every detail of the room; she perceived keenly the atmosphere about him of some profound purpose—some more unusual aim than an ordinary thief errand. His scrutiny completed, the Man turned to escape by the window. The Girl gave a gasp of recognition of his profile, then a start of amazement, and then a convulsive relaxation of her tense muscles. She sat up with an exclamation as the broad back disappeared on to the porch roof and a scraping, creaking thud announced his arrival upon the ground below.

Long the Girl lay, open-eyed and intent, searching every nook and corner of probability for an explanation. Through long hours of conjecture, suspicion, conviction, irresolution, final decision, she puzzled her way.

The next morning, however, all traces of fright were erased in the activity of the day. Vigorous telephoning to a familiar number long unused by her, a conversation beginning with a polite request and ending with a positive demand, preceded a careful arraying in the garments of conquest and a feverish waiting for an appointed hour. At 10 o'clock the expected visitor came in her in the library—a capable looking, serious-eyed

youth who greeted her stiffly with a restraint that might have been resentment or embarrassment or both.

"You sent for me?" in almost disinterested query.

He clearly had no notion of making things easy. "Why did you refuse to come when I first telephoned for you?" she demanded, as their white, tense faces stared at each other.

"I do not like to own myself a coward." The Man parried with an approximation to a smile, "but it seems to me that a rejected suitor could hardly be expected to visit joyfully the scene of his defeat."

The Girl moved uneasily in her chair.

"I can't see why you would refuse to come at my request by daylight this morning, when you were willing to come last night by moonlight and by your own choice."

A rather too evident lack of comprehension came over the Man's hard, set face.

"Your meaning is quite lost in the enigmas you speak in," stiffly.

"My meaning is perfectly clear to you. What did you come to our house for last night?"

"Miss Raymond, your implication is not pleasant, to state the case mildly. You surely do not expect me to remain to listen longer;" and he moved as if to leave the room.

"You couldn't deceive me in your shoulders, John, not in a thousand years. I know—" and the Man looked up quickly as she plunged on—"you made a mistake in the room, of course. Tell me why you came."

The Man only shrugged his shoulders silently as if in helplessness before such foolish feminine persistence.

"Why do you want that little bundle of letters in the blue envelope?" she fairly hurled at him.

The young man dropped his assumption of bored resignation in a jump of consternation. Very unwisely he began to talk before he had anything to say.

"You—you have made a mistake, Ruth—Miss Raymond—"

His explanation bumped off into silence as his interlocutor's eyes showed a gleam of satisfaction with her success.

"I insist on knowing why you want those letters—want them badly enough to come for them like a thief in the night."

The Girl leaned forward, her hands clenched till the knuckles gleamed white; as he persisted in silence, she went on:

"You need not tell me. I know. When dad gave Aunt Ruth that bundle of letters a couple of weeks ago, he told us that they were of tremendous importance to him and that he feared for their safety even in his strong box. He seemed so nervous about them that I asked him why he gave such precious things into our keeping, and he said no one would ever think of looking in Aunt Ruth's room for them. How did you know they were there?"

"Your flights of imagination have gone quite beyond my ability to follow."

She acknowledged defeat with a sigh, and went on:

"That same evening he asked me if you had ever said anything—if you had ever mentioned your father's failure."

Her breath came in jerks. The difficult thing planned during the night's darkness is not so easily accomplished in the actuality of day.

"When dad made me—refuse to marry you—he told me it was—he objected to you because—that you were—that your father—dad said you were poor—that your father had failed, and—"

The Man's eyes forbade her to continue, but his lips spoke no word. Her heart ached with the pain and anger and regret struggling in his face.

"A girl has to believe her own father, John, or there isn't anything. I couldn't—when dad said that I couldn't forget—when I—he sent for Aunt Ruth, and she told me to marry you without his consent—told me in dad's presence—and she said that there were very excellent reasons for your father's failure—if all the facts were known about the Bouncing Betty, perhaps you wouldn't—"

She waved away his protestations as she blinked back her tears and swallowed her sobs.

"When dad sent Aunt Ruth home I didn't know what to do—it seemed to me I grew into one great yearning ache to see you—I suspected about the papers—I just had to know if they had anything to do with the Bouncing Betty—and what the honest thing is—"

Through her tears she saw him stiffen in his chair.

"Oh, I know you'll never respect me again—and dad—I've betrayed his trust, and I love him, and I—but I couldn't help him by keeping the papers if they—if you were—"

She put her hands tight over her eyes as a heavy, almost dragging step sounded in the hall.

"So I sent for you—and dad is to meet me here—he's here—" and she ran to meet the tall, weary-eyed master of men and money who entered. In silence the men looked at each other across the oaken barrier of the library table. The eyes of the elder man dropped. Clutching the Girl close to him, he asked:

"Well, Ruthie, girl?"

She shivered at the hopelessness of his voice.

"Daddy, I asked John to come here today. He came last night for those letters. Of course, since John knows we have them and where we keep them, we may as well admit we have them."

She read nothing in her father's grave countenance.

"Why not let him have them, dad?"

The father looked over the Girl's head at the Man.

"You were here last night?"

"In the wrong room, however. I meant to find the room formerly occupied by your sister, Ruth's Aunt Ruth."

"How did you know that you would find the papers you wished in that room?"

"Your sister Ruth told me."

"And what did you purpose to do with them?"

"Clear my father's name."

"Where are the papers, Ruth?"

Silently the Girl drew them from the table drawer and placed them in her father's hands.

"There are the papers, John Winter. You'll find there the contract of sale for the Bouncing Betty. That alone will clear your father's name."

The Girl dared not look up at their Nemesis as her father's voice, lifeless and hopeless, droned on:

"You have there, John Winter, the proof of the one dishonest act in a long life of dealings with men. It offered the chance to make a fortune great beyond my dreams for my girl here. I knew it would entail loss upon your father; but I did not know it meant his ruin. Once done, it could not be undone. Prison bars, young man, have no terrors, after my long years of silent guilt. My little girl—I prayed she might never know. Thank God, her mother never can! I forbade Ruth's engagement to you—you see why now. For her sake I could almost ask for—"

"No, no, daddy, not to John, for me—"

Stricken dumb with the thought of the terrible danger to her father and of the other loss which would mean her desolation, she lifted her eyes to the Man for his decision. She watched with unbelief the ugly lines of hate and revenge melt from the stern face; with unbelief she watched him slowly tear into bits each separate letter; with unbelief her ears heard as he crowned the cone-shaped pile with the last blue scrap:

"Mr. Raymond, I love your daughter. If I can win her promise to marry me, will you give her to me?"

The form of her father seemed to shrink and his face shrivelled into deep lines. His voice wavered:

"God bless you, boy, and help me—"

Benumbed the Girl watched him stagger from the room and heard him stumble up the stairs to her mother's empty room.

"Ruth." The Man came slowly around the end of the table.

"No, John, that is all over for us."

"It is only beginning for us, Ruth. I thought I could ruin your father, but I couldn't compel myself to do it. I can't hurt you, Ruth."

"But you'll always—I'll always—"

"We'll both always cherish each other, dear."

The tension of the wearisome night and the anxious morning took its toll, and the Girl crumpled tearfully against the Man's eager shoulder.

An Acrostic.

Devoted diagnosticians doubtfully defying death.
Optimistic operators orthodoxly obtruncating organs.
Conscienceless charlatans claiming cabalistic cure-alls.
Trained theorists tentatively tinkering therapeutics.
Opinionated oracles officiously opining omniscience.
Ruthless rascals rodomontading ridiculous remedies.
Skillful scientists saving sans salvages.

(John Northern Hilliard, in Judge.)

The City and the House Beautiful. Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

By Ernest Brauntton.

Love of Nature.

IT IS INDICATIVE OF REFINEMENT OF CHARACTER.

IT IS an unquestioned fact, certified by all observant travelers of broad experience, that the cultivation of ornamental tree and plants has an uplifting and ennobling influence on all mankind. No matter in what quarter of the earth you are traveling, you will invariably meet with the best reception at that domicile where the greatest love of nature is manifest through the cultivation or presence of plants and flowers.

It has at least once been stated in this department that H. Wilfrid Walker, F.R.G.S., a globe trotter of wide and varied experience, once told the writer: "When in a strange place, if wishing information, a drink of water or other favor, if I have any choice I invariably look about for the house or hut where the most and best vegetation is to be seen. Even the dogs are more cross on a place barren of ornamental plant life." Mr. Walker has been in many remote parts of the world and says the rule holds good wherever one goes. Others who have likewise traveled slowly, spending months in a single country, bear similar testimony, therefore we must concede flowers to be civilizers.

Aside from the orchard sections of California it is

stately, of what use is it to put in other plants for competitive struggle? If you will plant beneath trees, spade in deeply a liberal quantity of stable manure and after planting water not too often, but very heavily. Plant begonias, columbines, forget-me-nots, pansies, vincas, and violets. In shrubs use barberries, camellias, hollies, hypericums, and laurels. If low growth is desired, use the herbaceous plants in the list, otherwise the shrubs, with perhaps a border of herbaceous perennials.

Value of Lime.

LIME is applied to the soil primarily to correct acidity, and for that purpose is best applied as slaked. In this form it should be purchased for a trifle over one-half the market price of fresh lime, known as quicklime. Slaked is better because it has been reduced to a powder by the disintegrating influence of the atmosphere, and all lime should be applied in the form of powder.

A Fine Magnolia.

ON THE Thompson place, at No. 2637 Pasadena avenue, stands one of the finest specimens of magnolia to be found in Southern California. In a loose soil, in a depression of a well-watered lawn, on the north side of the residence and other vegetation to help shade and keep cool the soil on the sunny side, it is growing as-



MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA AT 2637 PASADENA AVENUE.

a rare occurrence, in any State, to note in rural districts a farmyard where any intelligent or ornate attempt has been made to beautify the some grounds and in small towns decorated, tidy premises are equally rare. Dooryards in the outskirts of cities are often just as unkempt. In place of lawns, flowers, trees and shrubs we find broken-down wagons, farm implements and machinery about an unpainted house scarcely fit for a stable, and not infrequently stock runs loose about the house.

This disagreeable phase of life is pictured merely to ask if good, cheerful, intelligent citizens of high standard may be reared amid such surroundings. Can you expect culture and refinement in young men and women coming from such so-called homes? And the pathos of it all is that they are not to be held accountable for their uncouthness, for, given a fair chance, most of them would develop into men and women of many graces and accomplishments. Experienced travelers are elated when they come across well-planned and well-cared-for homes tastefully planted. They instinctively feel a desire to know the occupants, feeling sure they will find within people of intelligence, education, nobleness, generosity and affability. All know then, that the cultivation of plants and flowers is indicative of high ideals and character, even though he has never thought closely along these lines. It has truly been said that "the exterior of a home is an index to the character of the inhabitants." How will you be judged?

Plants Beneath Trees.

IT VERY often occurs that plants do not seem to thrive beneath large trees, even though shade-loving by nature. In such cases the cause is more often due to lack of plant and soil moisture than any other cause. Many trees root near the surface or have roots coming to the surface even though others delve deeply. Constant watering and surface fertilizing will encourage such rooting. If the soil is already so appropri-

ate for the best possible conditions obtainable in Southern California, for both soil and climate here are naturally too dry for magnolias. In the same yard stands the best and largest of local maidenhair trees, *Kimberly blakei*, sometimes known as *Salsburia atlantica*. It is a very odd deciduous conifer, bearing a berry or drupe much like those of the yew.

The Useful Toad.

THE common "garden" toad is one of the most useful animals (or reptiles) a garden could contain. Whenever the writer finds one in street or vacant lot near his home he never fails to place it in his garden, where there are many. The only harm they ever do is to occasionally disturb a small spot on the surface of damp plant beds where the soil is soft. The good they do cannot be overestimated.

Don't Worry

It makes Wrinkles

MRS. HELEN HARRISON

LOLA MONTEZ CREME

Especially delicate, effective and water-soluble for wrinkles and blemishes. It is a true complexion beautifier and preserver, the result of 25 years Beauty Culture practice and the advanced scientific method of skin treatment. (3 months treatment) 75 cents. All druggists.

FREE Sample and interesting book on skin and hair care. Write for it to Mrs. Helen Harrison, 1011 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

An examination of a large number of toad specimens at the Department of Agriculture disclosed the fact that they ate only injurious insects. The contents consisted of angle worms, ants, caterpillars, crickets, cutworms, carrion beetles, ground beetles, potato bugs, grasshoppers, snails, slugs, spiders, sowbugs, thousand-legged worms, a miscellaneous lot of worms and bugs, vegetable detritus, and gravel. Anything with such a record must be welcomed by all owners of soil whether the area be great or small.

When a boy the writer used to be told that toads were to be avoided, and for many reasons. A common cry was: "If you handle toads they will bring warts on your hands." They were also said to poison infants with their breath and to cause cows to give bloody milk in case their owner killed a toad, by se-

BURNS

STANDARD OF QUALITY

Burns' Soft and Easy Shoes

\$2.50
\$3.50



Burns' Soft and Easy Shoes

In Button or Lace, hand-curved soles, \$2.50, \$3.50

Fit Easy style for men.....\$2.50

\$2.25



Burns' House Shoe, soft and easy; hand-curved soles; rights and lefts.....\$2.25

Fit Easy Style.....\$1.50 to \$2.00

Men's Fit Easy Shoes, Lace or Congress.....\$2.50

Martha Washington Shoes.....\$2.50

Julia Marlowe Shoes.....\$2.50

240, South Spring Street
525 South Broadway

KODAK DEVELOPING PRINTING AND ENLARGING BY MAIL

KODAK PRINTS FREE. We want you to try our Kodak. Send us three of your Kodak negatives and we will make you sample prints free of charge, returning the negatives safely to you. Write for developing, printing and enlarging price list. Reasonable prices. Return postage paid. Better make than you have ever had before. HOKER HOWELL, Suite 112, 414 S. BROADWAY, Los Angeles, Cal.

Bungalow Plans

We have what is probably the most complete line of 4 or 5 and 6-room Bungalow Plans to be found in Los Angeles. Our prices for these plans complete in blue print is only \$10.00. Take your choice of any Bungalow Plan we have in stock.

We also have a very complete line of 2, 3 and 4-story apartment houses and flats.

If you contemplate building, be sure to see our plans first.

ALFRED E. GWYNN
303-314 W. Second St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EUCALYPTUS SEEDS

In large or small quantities. Write for free pamphlet, "EUCALYPTUS CULTURE" (new edition). It gives full directions for sowing the seed, raising the plants and planting out into the field, together with descriptions of all the leading species, giving their uses and the localities to which they are adapted. Sample packets 10c each, 1 for \$1.00, 4 for \$4.00, 9 for \$10.00. Special quantities on large quantities. THEODORE PAYNE, 245 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

N. C. Madsen, Landscape Gardener

New Lawns, Tennis Courts
and General Gardening
471 Mountain View Ave. Tel. 51831

ident or otherwise. The wart story is doubtless due, partly to the warty appearance of the toad, but mostly to the fact that when roughly handled they eject, through the pores of the skin an acrid milky fluid which is, however, in no wise harmful or dangerous to human beings. The writer has handled toads each year for forty years, without harm or inconvenience. It has been noticed that dogs taking toads in their mouths show, for a while, signs of distress, yet hawks and owls seem to esteem toads a dainty luxury. Horned toads are also beneficial and, contrary to general belief, will remain in perfect health in the average garden throughout the year. The writer has some which are seen occasionally in summer, though the garden soil is heavy clay loam.

A Fearless Gladiolus.

IN THE writer's garden there has flowered this summer among thousands of other sorts, named and unnamed, Luther Burbank's gladiolus "Giganteus." The flower is of large size, good form, strong growth, and superb coloring, a combination that places it as the best one the writer has ever seen, far better than any other scarlet or crimson. The color is rich crimson, with a pure white throat. To particularize, its color is its strongest feature, for the writer has gladioli of his own hybridizing of greater size and finer form, but none that in the combination of high-grade characters are equal to this superb sort. To those who know these flowers the writer would venture the opinion that it is of American—Principe type and blood.

Garden Chemistry.

TO ONE who studies fertilizers, unless a scientist or expert, the terms are often confusing. How often in our California formulas, required by law to be

until the specimens are dry. The size of blotters in use by professionals is approximately twelve by eighteen inches. Take a newspaper page the size of The Times, fold it once, just as they are usually folded and you have very nearly the size of your blotters. Open these out, place your specimens on one-half and turn down the other half over them. These slip-sheets are alternated with blotters of good quality, the whole covered with a board of like size and weighted down with a stone, piece of iron, or anything weighing more than twenty-five pounds. The blotters should be changed daily and the wet ones dried. The more carefully the work is done the more valuable, for any purposes, will the specimens be. The writer once had a herbarium that he wished to dispose of, and the United States government (National Herbarium, Smithsonian Institution) eagerly bought it at the highest price per sheet that it pays, though there were in the National Museum, doubtless, many specimens of every plant sent. As an occupation, though, such work would not prove profitable.

Protection of Highway Trees.

IN ORDER that the State may protect highway trees the State of Connecticut pays a bounty of 10 cents a tree for every one planted sixty feet apart on a public highway of elm, maple, oak, basswood, tulip, walnut, hickory, apple, pear, or cherry. The bounty is paid for but five years, and not unless the trees are cared for. The same law provides a penalty for any person who shall cut or maim a tree upon which the State has paid bounty, the maximum being \$35 and thirty days' imprisonment. This law is said to have given a great impetus to roadside planting in Connecticut and is a very ingenious arrangement for securing trees and guaranteeing protection without cost, of planting, to the State.

Patronize Home Industries.

DO NOT send away for plants; you may get better ones "at home" for less money. Secure local plant catalogues—none are better or more reliable. Some local firms spend large sums annually in printing and sending out catalogues filled with valuable information and fairly teeming with photo-illustrations of plants and flowers suitable for this climate. The descriptions are more reliable than those in the average eastern catalogues; we do not have fakes of the "wonderberry" class in California, even if this useless plant did originate in this State. The writer does not know of a Los Angeles dealer who issues a catalogue that is unreliable, and there are many honest dealers who issue none. Keep your money at home, for some or all of it may come back to you the next day following your purchase.

School Grounds.

IT IS strange that towns and communities will decorate their cemeteries and allow the school yards to remain bare. Would it not be better to reverse the rule and care for the living rather than the dead? It is certainly too late to benefit those who rest in the cemetery and not too early to instill a love of plant life into those who attend school.



THE ORIENTAL SYCAMORE.

Given with all commercial fertilizers, do we see: "Nitrogen in terms of ammonia," the two often being confused, and this is equally true of phosphoric acid and phosphorus, potassium and potash, so we here give the equivalents of the dual terms.

Ammonia is a compound containing 82.25 per cent. of nitrogen; hence, 1 per cent. of ammonia is equivalent to 0.82 per cent. of nitrogen, and 1 per cent. of nitrogen is equivalent to 1.22 per cent. of ammonia.

Phosphoric acid is a compound containing 43.66 per cent. of phosphorus; hence 1 per cent. of phosphoric acid is equivalent to 0.43 per cent. phosphorus and 1 per cent. of phosphorus is equivalent to 2.29 per cent. of phosphoric acid.

Potash is a compound containing 83.01 per cent. of potassium; hence 1 per cent. of potash is equivalent to 0.83 per cent. of potassium and 1 per cent. of potassium is equivalent to 1.20 per cent. of potash.

Botanical Specimens.

V. W. wishes to know what constitutes a botanical specimen of plant life, and how to cure such specimens. The proper material is not the same in all plants. It is always best to have plants or parts of plants having stem, foliage, flowers, and fruit. It often occurs that flowers and fruits are not obtainable at the same season, so that two sheets would have to be made. Plants first forming a rosette of leaves on the ground and afterward a flower spike, which is also covered with leaves, some of the rosette leaves should be included. It is sometimes, though not often, necessary to have the roots of a plant.

Plants and flowers are cured by placing them between blotters, under pressure, and changed each day,

TUEC



The handsome new \$50,000 residence of Mr. Frank Walsh, at the corner of Wilshire and Harvard, in which a

Tuec Stationary Vacuum Cleaner

has been recently installed, and is giving splendid satisfaction. The TUEC is an asset of permanent value to any property. It is not a toy—it is a powerfully built machine, that will last as long as the building itself and continue to give uniformly efficient results.

Out of sight in the basement, connected by piping with all the floors of the building, it responds to the touch of the electric button in any part of the house, and does its work quietly, resistlessly sucking out every particle of dust and impure air from the room in which the cleaning is going on.

The machine is so powerful that a cleaning tool about twice the size of the one used with ordinary cleaners, is employed, thus enabling the work to be done in half the time, and yet the hose, with the aluminum cleaning tool attached, is so light that a child can easily handle it.

The Tuec Stationary Vacuum Cleaner

is made in 13 sizes, suitable for every building from a small residence to the largest office building or hotel. It is the simplest machine on the market, being of a powerful centrifugal fan type, with only two wearing parts, and these are Swedish ball bearing, and run in a constant oil bath. There are no complicated pumps or belts about it, requiring expert attention, and there is practically no depreciation. No matter how large the building, the TUEC will give as fine service on the top floor as on the first, and we have ample evidence to prove it.

There were more TUECS sold in the United States during 1911 than all other makes of stationary cleaners put together, and if you will write us, or call at any of our offices, we shall be glad to give you more of the reasons than we have space for here.

Below we give a partial list of recent TUEC purchasers in LOS ANGELES and vicinity, and you will find them among the most successful builders in Southern California.

Edward Schuh, 1453 Winfield St., L. A.	Apartment
D. F. Gates, South Pasadena	Residence
R. L. Pfister, Los Angeles	Residence
M. L. Whitney, F. & E. Co., Visalia	Apartment
A. M. Drake, Oak Knoll, Pasadena	Residence
Guy M. Bean, Ardmore Avenue, L. A.	Residence
W. B. Merwin & Co., 327 So. Flower St., L. A.	Apartment
H. L. Miller, 46 No. Raymond, Pasadena	Residence
H. Joe Isaacs, 431 St. Andrew's Place, L. A.	Residence
Tetley Hotel, Riverside	Hotel
Reynolds Hotel, Riverside	Hotel
Potter & Knight, Riverside	Hotel
Frank Walsh, Wilshire and Harvard, L. A.	Residence
Dr. C. S. Coile, Los Angeles	Residence
C. C. Gates, South Pasadena	Residence
I. W. P. Biecherhelm, Pasadena	Residence
Thos. R. Bard, Huemans	Residence
Don S. Gates, South Pasadena	Residence
Levon Arabashian, Los Angeles	Residence
A. H. Gates, South Pasadena	Residence
Elks Building Assn., Pasadena	Club House
J. H. Henry, Pasadena	Residence
Ward Rice, Hollywood	Residence
S. M. Newmark, Kingsley Drive, L. A.	Residence
A. R. Park, Buckingham Apartments, L. A.	Apartment
John F. Sullivan, Hollywood	Apartment
E. J. Barnes, Hollywood	Apartment
C. H. Elger, Inglewood	Residence
W. E. Watkins, Atkins, Cal.	Residence
Times-Mirror Co., Los Angeles	Office Building
W. E. Staley, Los Angeles	Office Building
L. A. Investment Bldg., Los Angeles	Office Building
Robert Nelson, Long Beach	Residence
Mrs. G. S. Wilson, Los Angeles	Apartment
Golden West Home Builders, Santa Monica	Residence
M. C. Smith, Los Angeles	Residence
W. E. Staley, Los Angeles	Apartment
R. McGarvin, Los Angeles	Residence
Lillie M. MacGowan, Los Angeles	Apartment
Charles Barnard, Ventura	Residence
Geo. H. Cram, Venice	Apartment
F. A. Clarke, San Diego	Residence
W. J. Thayer, San Diego	Residence
Jos. S. Locke, Whittier	Residence
The Mercantile Co., Long Beach	Office
Helwig Nelson, Los Angeles	Apartment
Mrs. E. M. Neupert, Altadena	Residence
Potter & Knight, Riverside	Hotel
Santa Monica Poly. High School, Santa Monica	School Bldg.
John Stein, Ocean Park	Apartment
Mrs. A. M. Waite, Ocean Park	Apartment
W. J. Washburn, Los Angeles	Residence
Mrs. Amelia Siebert, Oak Knoll	Residence
Pomona Investment Co., Pomona	Office
Jewish Orphan's Home, Los Angeles	Buildings
Amelia C. Briggs, San Diego	Briggs Building
The Royal Laundry, Pasadena	Laundry Bldg.

Los Angeles Office of the TUEC Company,

742 S. Hill Street.

R. B. PETERS, MANAGER.

In Pasadena, see H. L. MILLER, 66 N. RAYMOND.

In Riverside, see POTTER & KNIGHT, NINTH AND MARKET.

In San Diego, see F. A. CLARKE, 1070 THIRD ST., corner of C.

Make Your Home a "Fairy" Home

Do your dusting with FAIRY POLISH. It collects the dust and gives new life and luster to furniture and floors. Ask your dealer for FAIRY POLISH.

"The Tragedy of The Times"

AN EXTRAORDINARY REVELATION OF DISTINCT HISTORIC VALUE:

Complete Story of the Awful Dynamite Crime from First to Last

From Oct. 1, 1910, to Dec. 10, 1911

The contents of this extraordinary issue of The Times are so distinctly and permanently valuable that thoughtful students of the "Crime of the Century" cannot afford to be without the authoritative record for permanent preservation. It is more accurate, more graphic, more complete and better than any book on the subject could possibly be.

Three Parts Combined in One Sheet. Three Chief Divisions with 157 Different Headings and Sub-headings, Making More than 125,000 words. Price 10c; Extra Address

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY
Or Apply at the Counting Room

637 South Spring Street, or to Any News Stand.

FOR Effective, Artistic and Useful Landscape Improvements

home gardens, country estates, subdivisions, parks and school grounds; also surveying, planning, grading and planting; designing and construction of pergolas, summer houses, pools, walls, drives, tennis courts, etc., confer with

PAUL J. HOWARD,

Formerly of Howard & Smith (Inc.),

"The Californian"

Landscape Architect and Horticulturist.

544-545 L. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

F4034

Main 6776.

The Holmes Patent Self-Airing

Disappearing Bed

Does Not Fold or Hinge Up.

Movable to any part of the room; perfectly ventilated; no sham furniture; artistic; nothing to get out of order. All space ever bed used to advantage. Send for catalog. Call and see our display rooms.

HOLMES DISAPPEARING BED CO.
Pacific Electric Bldg. LOS ANGELES.

Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

FINE FOWLS AND SOME SUCCESSFUL BREEDERS OF THEM.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Symptoms and Remedies.

DISEASE IN GROWING FLOCKS. ITS CAUSES, SYMPTOMS AND PREVENTION.

VERYLY, all flesh is grass and subject to disease—an aphorism to which poultry is no exception. Indeed, it would seem at times as though chickens were especially liable to certain ailments, which if not checked soon thin out a flock and put it to the bad. Often the inception of disease is due to filthy quarters and unsanitary conditions. Change these for the better and there is at once improvement in the flock; at other times contagious diseases get a foothold, and before the owner realizes it his birds are to the bad from every point of view. In all cases prevention is better than a cure, hence we strongly advise every precaution to insure health and vigor in the poultry yard. To a better understanding of symptoms we here give a few.

Watering at the nostrils, sneezing, face puffed out indicates a cold; rattling in the throat, cold with bron-

chitis in the runs soon become tainted. Water and food-borne diseases are not uncommon with chickens. To keep the premises pure sprinkle powdered air-slacked lime in runs and houses. As a precaution against the spread of disease with the drinking water, add permanganate of potash, enough to give it a red-purplish tinge.

In the case of incipient colds common hard soap dissolved in water to the consistency of soft soap, one tablespoonful to the gallon of water, will often clean out nostrils and throat, and also act as a mild purgative, or a few drops of coal oil will effect a cure if taken in time. If allowed to degenerate into roup more drastic remedies and measures are essential. First, separate the ailing birds from the healthy, and place in dry, clean quarters. Give opium salts, using about one-fourth of a teaspoonful to each bird. Feed on soft foods, but rather sparingly. Roup in its more virulent forms is hardly worth the effort to cure. Experienced breeders usually destroy ailing specimens, and either bury the carcass good and deep, or else cremation is resorted to.

oil. Bumblefoot is nothing but an abscess on the bottom of the foot caused by jumping from a high perch. Wash with good vinegar and apply tincture of cocaine. Crop bound, give castor oil and warm water; if compacted, knead contents of crop and force gradually through the mouth holding the bird head down. Feather casting is due to an abnormal appetite in one or two birds. Remove the guilty ones, and its spread to the remainder of the flock will be prevented. In case of leg weakness discontinue high feeding and give cut bone and bone meal quite liberally. If troubled with worms give vermin in the soft foods, say two or three drops for each bird of the flock. Apoplexy, heart failure, suffocation, etc., are purely relative terms. Many so-called deaths attributed to these causes are sudden only because the keeper failed to note the presence of trouble before it became acute and fatal.

As a general thing it does not pay to spend much time and effort in the curing of sick birds, and particularly after the trouble has been of some standing. Prevention by means of proper caretaking—by providing wholesome food, sanitary conditions and a salubrious environment, are the factors that really stand for success. The symptoms and remedies here given are danger signs which it is hoped will place the inexperienced on their guard rather than become a part of their poultry practice. Only the robust bird is the paying bird—as for the other kind, the less one has to do with them the better.

The Black Minorca Powl.

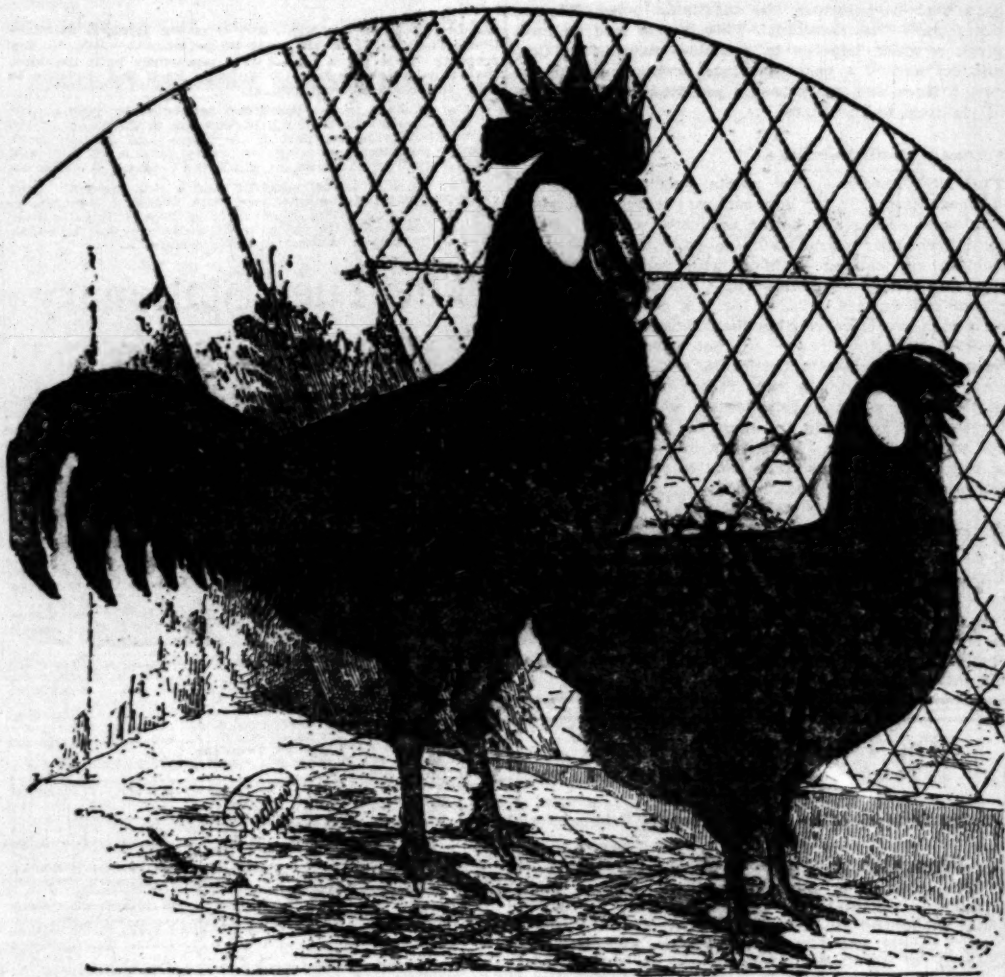
Like all the Mediterraneans, the Minorcas are among the most popular breeds and varieties of poultry in the Southwest. The picture herewith shows the English type rather than the American. Breeders in England have made more of a meat breed of the variety, just as they have of the Leghorn and other breeds. This, naturally enough, affords a larger frame, heavier bone, immense combs and wattles, and a coarseness that is wholly lacking in the American type. Indeed, to our nation the comb on some of the prize winners shown in the English papers is almost a monstrosity. The American bird shows a finer type, with more grace and better carriage, and is also somewhat lighter in weight. The Minorcas lay the largest egg of our domesticated poultry, and are rated as a good laying breed. It is beyond question the most popular black breed in the Mediterranean or egg-laying classes. The varieties are the single and rose comb Black, and the single and rose comb White.

Caught on the Wing.

The little details punctually attended regularly every day are the things that make for success in poultry culture.

It is only the man of resources that can afford to keep poor laying hens; the man with comparatively limited means should tolerate only the best in his yards.

Wholesome feed of the best quality is not an expense.



—From the Feathered World.

A PAIR OF BLACK MINORCAS—ENGLISH TYPE.

chitis; difficulty in breathing, the trouble has degenerated into pneumonia.

Head and face appearing a sickly yellow, suggests general debility or consumption; general listlessness usually signifies indigestion.

Hard lumps on face often occur in roup, while ulcers about head and face, spell chicken-pox.

Ruffled plumage, purplish or black in comb and face, accompanied by brownish discharge shows congestion of the liver; if discharge is yellowish it has developed inflammation of the liver.

Cholera usually shows itself in a greenish discharge, turning to frothy white.

Gummed feathers about the vent accompanied by looseness of the bowels, indicates diarrhoea.

Diphtheria or diphtheretic roup shows a canker in mouth and throat; discharge from nostrils in volume and ill-smelling shows common roup.

Cramp and rheumatism are often manifested by the twisting of the head and neck. Sudden deaths are often due to apoplexy and heart failure. Other troubles, such as indigestion, constipation, bumblefoot, break-down behind, crop bound, enlarged crop, debility, egg-bound, feather eating, leg weakness, worms, etc., are self-explanatory and bespeak their character.

Cleanliness from within and cleanliness from without is the slogan that stands for health and progress in the poultry yard; if religiously observed, but little trouble will be experienced. Wholesome feeding and sanitary quarters are indeed the safe precautions to be observed. Especially does this apply during the warm days of summer, when drinking water and bits of mash foods un-

Indigestion is the result of overfeeding; correct the diet, give liberally of green food, induce plenty of exercise, and the matter will usually right itself.

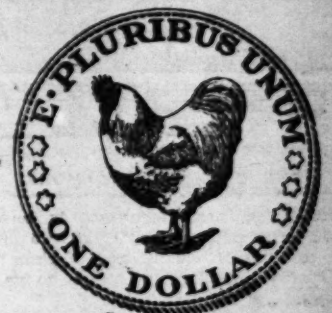
Chickenpox is infectious and should at once be taken in hand when discovered. Wash the sores with warm water and soap until perfectly clean, then swab thoroughly with peroxide of hydrogen, which is a cleansing agent as well as a destroyer of disease germs. It is also excellent to use in case of wounds, bruises, etc., as it is very healing in its action.

Liver troubles are due to overfeeding, which results in congestion of that organ, which if not checked, soon degenerates into inflammation of the liver, which is usually beyond treatment. Give for congestion of the liver one of the common liver pills sold at the drug stores; repeat every other day for a week. Also, correct wrong conditions.

Cholera is usually the result of filthy quarters, tainted food and extreme heat. Treatment of ailing specimens is useless. Seemingly healthy birds in a diseased flock should be given sanitary quarters; also one-eighth ounce of sulpho-carbolic acid of zinc to the quart of water.

Diarrhoea usually arises from unsound feed and impure water. Check by giving boiled milk and dry food. Another remedy is five grains rhubarb, five grains chalk, five grains cayenne pepper, made into a pill given night and morning, until relief is effected.

Break-down-behind is due to over-fat, remedied by putting bird on light diet. Constipation is principally the result of a want of exercise and green food; in chicks too much boiled milk and "binding" food. Alter conditions; in severe cases with adult fowl give castor



The Chicken Dollar

will be a big one this year. The small number of chicks hatched this year makes high prices for chickens and eggs certain. It is more important than ever to

Make Every Hen Count

Scientific feeding with prepared foods, and immediate attention to unhealthy symptoms with proper remedies, will mature more robust fowls and put many extra eggs in the nests.

Any amateur or professional fancier will find everything he needs at this store. We are agents for the best brands of Foods and Remedies, and carry complete lines of the new things in Appliances.

Ask Our Chicken Man

about any detail of hatching, brooding or caring for chickens.

His advice is free. Write for booklets and prices on any item in which you are interested. Address Dept. E.

Germain SEED & PLANT CO.
Established 1891
326-328-330 80 MAIN ST.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

diture in the operation of a flock of pure-bred fowl, but a good investment.

Green food is not only essential to fowl prosperity, but it is also economical to the breeder. Hence it should occupy a prominent place in the daily ration.

During the heated term the birds will be benefited by an intelligent use of good lice and mite-killing preparations.

The new edition of the Standard of Perfection is now out, and breeders contemplating exhibiting their stock this fall and winter should study its requirements. Wild birds consume quite a portion of the grain food given to poultry, especially in the rural districts. It is said that the quantity of grain and other feed consumed by the English sparrow daily amounts to about half of its own weight.

The fall poultry shows held in conjunction with the agricultural fairs of the several counties and States are yearly growing in importance. Many of them enjoy individual buildings devoted exclusively to web and feather.

Cull out the "off" specimens in the growing flocks, and put them in condition to sell. In this way you gain room for the good birds, which augments their growth and at the same time cuts down the feed bill.

Some of the eastern poultry press is already becoming L. C. Hyes of Petaluma for president of the American Poultry Association in 1915—all of which tickles our pride, and convinces us that the industry on this Coast is coming into possession of its own.

The Pacific Poultryman says that an optimist is a man who can see his incubator cook a lot of eggs and feel that it is better to lose this way than to hatch the chicks and have them burned up in the brooder.

If your youngsters are valuable, don't go off to the seashore or mountains leaving them to the careless attention of neighbors. Young stock to develop to the best advantage requires intelligent care.

John R. Cromsthwaite, a breeder of experience beyond the ordinary, recommends the following ration to fatten cockerels as fryers: Corn meal, 10 pounds; ground oats (without hulls), 5 pounds; ground buckwheat, 5 pounds; oil meal, 1 pound.

Report No. 95, of the United States Department of Agriculture, "The Agricultural Possibilities of the Canal Zone," does not hold out very alluring prospects of profit in agriculture there. Of poultry, it says:

"Some poultry is raised by natives and canal employees. In view of the ruling high prices, there is unquestionably a good opening for raising both pork and poultry. Away from the noisy activities of canal construction, the depredations of wild animals, such as the tiger cat and jaguar, would likely entail some loss to these industries." Farming on an extensive scale is said to be impracticable because of labor and transportation conditions. "The average farm of the native or West Indian . . . includes from one-half to two acres of cultivated land, located upon the lower gentle slopes and bottom lands, although often embracing quite steep slopes. In most cases, the Panamanian lives in a palm-thatched shack at or near his farm, frequently in the midst of a wonderfully luxuriant growth of mixed fruits, vegetables, and ornamentals. . . . West Indians who have given up canal work for farming, or who cultivate small patches during spare hours from canal work, occupy shacks, usually roofed with scrap tin, situated in the midst of their fields, which are usually very near the canal." Fowls, ducks and sometimes turkeys, are common at the shack farms.

The Black Boys of Samoa.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

along up the "Road of the Loving Hearts," built by the Samoans for their cherished Stevenson, and on past his home, "Valima," into the green hills. The luxuriant tropical vegetation covering the slopes and valleys, the numerous clear, sparkling streams, and the blue sky were beautiful in the extreme. It was difficult to realize that almost within sight existed a slavery which by its horrors and cruelties double discounted anything of the kind ever known in America.

Higher we climbed, and higher up the mountain, and the sea was left far below. We found the place indicated by Seumana, where the blue-rocks flocked. Here was a dead tree, literally covered with the birds. They were tame, and in easy shotgun range we slipped from our saddles. Even at the moment I recognized the novelty of the situation. The scene was not that of a hunter's paradise, alone; it was that of a paradise for any human being. No one who has not been among these islands can appreciate their utter loveliness of nature, where "only man was vile."

We crept on for a few paces, then leveled our shotguns and blazed away with both barrels of each piece. The tree rained down blue-rocks, and simultaneously the brush around about poured out "black boys." A yelling horde, out they swarmed, mad for our flesh. Truly, the tables were turned.

Naturally, we forgot about the blue-rocks. There was no space in which to reload the shotguns. The foremost of the savages was well-nigh upon us, when they encountered the rapid fire of our revolvers. And they all were mightily astounded. I have been reminded, since, of the American Indian's classic complaint: "White man shoot one time with rifle and six times with butcher knife!" And in the crisis itself I was reminded, strange to relate, of Scott's lines, in "Lady of the Lake":

"Instant, through copse and heath, arose Bonnets and spears and banded bows,"

while—
"At once there rose so wild a yell,"
and so forth. Rhyme it to suit yourself; we were busy.

At any rate, the crackle of our discharge was as potent as the Roderick Dhu whistle, for instantly again every changing figure melted away into the brush.

That is, all save one—who had been leader. When we ventured to examine him, we found him stark naked, as was the fashion with his kind; except that upon his right foot was a sailors canvas shoe!

Conscious that our bullets had found a rightful billet, without gathering our pigeons and certainly without search further for any cousin to the decoy, we remounted our ponies and made for the village below, and the ship.

When Gen. Lawton Fell.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

lean my head on my arms and sleep for a minute at a time; all that kept me awake was the horse's determination to eat grass. I heard the talking of the soldiers and the creaking of the Chinamen's luggage as in a half-dream. There was a continuous cursing and joking going on. Finally we heard the command, "To the rear," given, but immediately stopped, for the major decided to halt until the moon rose. We bivouached on the side of a hill. As I rode up, old Blunt asked: "Is that you, doctor?"

"No," I said sternly, "this is the doctor's horse." This reply thrilled everybody within hearing, and some healthy laughter relieved the tension. The joke was told throughout the regiment for months afterward.

The guard was posted. I unsaddled my mount, using the sweaty horse blanket for a cover. I smelt it only once or twice before I was sound asleep. When we awoke a wan moon was shining, and the first thing I saw was the horse, who was lying down within a dozen feet of me. I felt a deep love for him.

It was 3 o'clock. We resumed the trail without any bugle calls, reaching our encampment by 7 that morning.

The next day it rained heavily, and Gen. Lawton was shot in a rice paddy a few hundred yards beyond where we were fired upon. Our reconnoitering was done to see what kind of a force the enemy had by drawing his fire. Our reports being satisfactory, the general decided to cross the river at that point, as his men could, if necessary, advance by rushes, finding a ready-made breastworks behind the walls of the rice paddies. His column began moving through a heavy downpour and sustained no great damage, as the rain practically masked them.

"It was claimed that the insurgents had a deserter from our army in their midst, and that this was the man who killed the general. But Lawton owed his death to his own recklessness more than anything else; for instead of dressing like a private soldier, as every officer in action should, he wore a helmet and a raincoat. This was the more strange as he was very simple in his ways and didn't care for "dog." In addition to his conspicuous dress, he stood up straight in the middle of a green patch of ground, and kept looking across the stream, where it was impossible to see anything, no matter how long you looked.

When he was hit, he staggered, struck his breast with his right hand, crying out: "I'm shot!" He tried to speak again, but the bullet had passed through his chest and he spit out a mouthful of blood. A hospital steward rushed up and gave him a hypodermic injection to stop the hemorrhage, but he died in a few minutes.

A little later the column crossed the river, the staff riding all through the streets at the gallop. The place was taken, and the general's body brought to Manila over the main road. We had gained a town, but lost our truest regalar.

Later on we piled some rocks over the spot where he died, and a photograph was taken of the place. Still later the general's body was carried to Manila, and subsequently transported across the continent to Washington, where it was honored by an imposing military funeral at Arlington National Cemetery.

Materia Medica and Anatomy.

[Popular Magazine:] The last time Urey Woodson was in Atlanta, Ga., he went through a factory and got so much oil and grease on his trousers that he had to send them to an old colored man to be cleaned. The following morning the negro appeared before Woodson with this lament:

"Deed, Mr. Woodson, I don't think I gwine be able to clean dese here pants. I done tried gasoline and pearline and naphthy, and don't any of them seem to do no good."

"Have you tried ammonia?" asked Woodson.
"No, sah," said the old daky, "I ain't tried 'em on me yet, but I reckon they'd fit me all right."

A Cheerful Outlook.

[Harper's Weekly:] "Father dear," said Amaranth, "Willie Smithers is going to call at your office this morning to ask you for my hand. Isn't there some little hint I can give him before he goes so as to make it easier for him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Blinks, "tell him to take ether before he comes. It will save him much pain."

NOTE—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experiences with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

Views of Nature, Human and Dog.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

man and his best girl asked us please to snap their kodak for them while they posed with his arm as far around her as their sense of propriety and our sense of humor would permit. We found the wild lilac in bloom, more wild roses and sweet peas and other pretty things galore.

When we turned to retrace our way, I began to gather the flowers, and by the time we stepped out into the cool sea wind at the canyon entrance again, my arms were heavily burdened with them. And I was falling over the affectionate Beauty with every other step.

We took the trail up the bluff instead of pursuing the auto road all the way back, and the steep hillside quickly revealed an undreamed-of treasure of mariposa lilies in a sheet of lavender bloom. They fluttered their crisp, deliciously rustling petals in the strong wind from the sea below, which was now a stretch of sapphire under the clear sun. I transferred my gathered flowers to the Professor's care, and proceeded to gather greedily of those lovely butterfly lilies which I value above all other wild blooms except the poppy.

We followed along the bluff for a mile, through the tawny grasses, under the sapphire sky, then slid down a steep path where popples added themselves to my already overflowing hands, and so to the beach road again.

We walked for a while along the hard wet sand, where Beauty paddled in the curling foam and sniffed investigatively at the beached kelp. When we returned to the auto road, the machines were beginning to move toward again. But the motorcyclists had arrived, and they were racing canyonward, many of them with haggard-eyed, wind-torn girls clinging behind them. The acme of female devotion is to ride behind the man of one's heart on a motorcycle.

It now developed that Beauty's idea of true sport was chasing motorcycles. But when I saw the agonized apprehension in the eyes of one of the girl riders as she looked down at the dog tearing along beside her, I called him sharply off, and to my great surprise he obeyed instantly. Evidently Beauty was a dog hungry for a master, and aching to be bossed. 'Tis better to be owned and bossed, than never to be owned at all, was probably his philosophy of life.

We took our home car at the Long Wharf at 4:30 and the crowd of returning fishermen and sunburned picnickers was so great there that we could not see what happened to Beauty at the last. We bade him an affectionate farewell, and though the Professor asked me if I wanted to bring him on up to town, I had the fortitude to leave him where we found him.

I am convinced, however, that that little black cur was a lineal descendant of Old Dog Tray, whose reputation for faithfulness has never been excelled, I believe. And it warms my heart yet when I think of the capacity for friendship and chivalry and love there is sometimes in the heart of a common dog.



FREE BOOK

On Application to

Coulson Poultry and Stock Food Co.
P. O. Box T, PETALUMA, CAL.

VERMIN

You can rid fowls and chicks of the curse of the hen yards by painting or spraying the roosts with

Albers Liquid Lice Killer
Strong, pure, economical, full measure.

Henry Albers Co.
409-411 E. 3rd St. Los Angeles

MOULTING SEASON

NOW HERE

Midland Poultry Food

will keep your hens LAYING while MOULTING. Your hens will not stop laying if fed properly with strictly balanced rational food. MIDLAND NO. 4 IS THE FOOD.

Price per sack.....\$2.00

Aggeler & Musser Seed Co., 113 and 115 NORTH MAIN



Mandy Lee

Incubator measures and adapts heat, moisture and ventilation to each other. Gives definite proportions of each. Results, right conditions, big hatchings. The one really scientific method. Name writes for all information. My latest best poultry book free. Address GEO. H. LEE CO., Cor. 14th and Alameda Sts.

Orchard, Farm and Range. Fruit, Grain and Stock-Raising in California.

By Our Regular Contributors.

Lima Beans in California. FIVE SOUTHERN COUNTIES YIELD LARGEST OUTPUT.

SOME forty-odd years past, so the story goes, a sailor came up the Pacific Coast from Peru, bringing with him a handful of lima beans. These were planted in Santa Barbara county, and they grew and matured a crop. This event is said to have marked the beginning of one of the greatest industries in Southern California.

How much of the above tale is truth and how much fiction it is difficult to tell, but one fact remains, and that is that there are five counties in the southern part of this State which now produce more lima beans than any other section of the world. These five are Ventura, Orange, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Diego, and their combined output for last year is figured at 1,300,000 sacks of between 80 and 100 pounds each. As lima beans sell at from 4 1/4 to 5 cents a pound at the present time, the value of the production can be safely put at more than \$5,000,000, which is a tremendous sum to be derived from a single industry.

Nearly everything in California progresses by leaps and bounds, but no enterprise has exhibited a more wonderful development than lima-bean raising. Undoubtedly one of the principal reasons for the vast growth which has taken place in this industry is the fact that the lima-bean district in the southern part of this State is one of the few parts of the world suitable to the cultivation of the product on a business basis. Efforts have been made to raise it commercially in various parts of the United States for twenty years, and they have not resulted in producing more than a very small quantity of marketable green limas, which can not be sent to any great distance. Outside of our own country, a small yield is had in Peru, while the only portion of the world besides Southern California where the crop is harvested to any extent is the island of Madagascar, off the southeastern coast of Africa; but the output from that district does not come up to that of this State, being only about 5000 tons. It is conclusively established, therefore, that Southern California is the greatest supply station in the world for dried lima beans.

The reason why this part of the world is so admirably adapted to the growing of lima beans is almost entirely a matter of climate. There are few vegetables on earth which require more peculiar conditions to yield profitable crops than lima beans, for they demand warm sunshine during the day, cool, foggy nights, and considerable moisture, although a rain during the harvesting season is likely to injure them to quite a degree. The required conditions are fulfilled by the coast regions in Southern California. So well indeed are they adapted that the lima beans are more prolific than those of other sections, and are better in quality, because their skin is less tough.

Altogether there are about 95,000 acres of lima beans in Southern California. Of the five counties where the commodity is raised Ventura yields two-thirds to three-fourths of the crop, and the division of the output for last year is figured as follows in bags: Ventura county, 575,000; Orange county, 200,000; Los Angeles county, 100,000; Santa Barbara county, 75,000, and San Diego county, 25,000. Such, then, are the tremendous proportions of the production today.

Early Days of the Industry.

THE so-called father of the lima bean industry in the State was a man named Lewis. He planted acreage in Santa Barbara county near Carpinteria, and probably produced a few thousand sacks. Gradually more land was set out and the farming of the commodity spread to Ventura county. The introduction of the product into Los Angeles county did not occur until about fifteen years ago, and shortly afterward the first extensive plantings were made in Orange county. Commercial production did not begin in San Diego county until within the last ten years, although it is said that beans were introduced before that time.

In the early days practically all the beans grown in Ventura county and neighboring territory were shipped by water from Hueneme. Even fifteen years ago nine-tenths of the production from this section went out that way. Since the advent of the railroad in the Ventura lima-bean district, of course the greater part of the crop is sent out by rail, although last year 200,000 bags were exported from Hueneme. The warehouse at this port has a capacity of 1,000,000 bags.

Co-operation in Lima Beans.

IN THE early years of the industry marketing was almost entirely carried on through selling agents.

Some of these buyers sold short, and then tried to pay as low a price as possible. As the farming of the product was gradually carried on more extensively this speculating began to prove rather irksome to the growers, and therefore, about seventeen years ago they formed an association. From 75 to 90 per cent. of the producers were members and they practically con-

trolled the crop, but unfortunately instead of marketing the product themselves they sold to the agents. This amounted to nothing more than jumping from the frying pan into the fire. A number of the bean buyers did not relish the idea of having to deal with an association, and it is alleged that they made every effort to lower the price of beans. They informed the growers that there was no demand for the product, and refused to purchase. It is said that they also told jobbers in the East to hold back on beans because they could secure them at a lower rate later in the season. This bagatelle was kept up until another crop began to mature, prices falling all the time. The producers found that they were unable to harvest without first disposing of the produce on hand, because of the lack of money. The banks had refused to lend under the bad conditions, and it became absolutely imperative to get rid of the beans at some sort of price. The upshot of the whole matter was that most of the farmers sold their crops for the ridiculously low figure of \$1.27 1/4 a hundred pounds, and as a result of this the association dissolved.

For about fourteen years no successful effort was made to reorganize the growers, but during the greater part of that period the price averaged 3 1/4 to 4 cents a pound for lima beans. In 1909, however, the producers once more got together, and formed an association with some energetic men at the head of it, which has been highly successful.

The present organization is one of the best of its kind in the State.

It is established on a far firmer basis than the old institution of seventeen years ago, for it sees to the marketing of the crop through its own agents in the East. About 300 growers are members and these produce about 30 per cent. of the crop. Besides this the association buys about 10 per cent., thus controlling about 40 per cent. of the output. Undoubtedly the organization of the growers has had much to do with the upbuilding of the lima-bean industry during the last few years, for since it has come about the price for the product has risen to 4 1/4 and 5 cents a pound while the consumer pays no more than before because of this increase. Although many growers prefer to deal independently with the selling agents, this does not detract to any great extent the progress of the association. It has gone ahead steadily in the work of handling the product for market.

Lima Beans and Soil.

LIMA beans are generally planted from April 15 to June 1, and are harvested in September. Of the 95,000 acres of land devoted to the cultivation of the product in the southern part of California, about 10,000 acres can be irrigated. While growing, beans absorb humus and phosphates from the soil, and for this reason it is well to rotate with barley about every five years and plow the stalks from this crop under to make up for the withdrawal of the two elements mentioned. It is a well-known fact that lima beans are highly beneficial for the soil, but it is nevertheless quite surprising to note how the amount produced increases on land devoted to the product for a long period. In the first years probably only about 3 to 5 sacks will be harvested, while in time the yield will grow in some cases to nearly 50 sacks per acre. Undoubtedly the great increase in the output of this State has been due in quite a degree to this fact.

Every effort is being made to develop the superiority and potentiality of the California lima bean. For quite a number of years the Agricultural Experiment Station at Berkeley has been carrying on experiments for developing a better stock. Some pedigreed seed, which was distributed by the Station, has been set out by the growers, and has yielded from 15 to 40 per cent. more beans of better quality than has previously been grown. It will take time to spread these high-class varieties, but it is said that in four or five years Southern California will be producing a much finer grade of beans even than at present. It is also expected that earlier crops will be secured. This will mean increased revenue for the farmers, because early yields are always money-makers.

Great Future for the Product.

WHAT green beans are now raised go to nearby markets, and the output is practically only shipped dry. At the present time, however, a factory is being constructed for canning green limas at Sawtelle. This will open up a new field of enterprise in the industry, if it proves successful, as it quite likely will. Also it will give room for the extension of the cultivation of the product, as far as natural conditions will permit. If the factory at Sawtelle turns out to be a good proposition it is quite likely that similar ones will be built in Ventura county.

The future of the lima bean industry appears to be wonderfully promising, and probably no line of work will see greater progress during coming years. Our producers are making an effort to find a market for some of their output in Europe, although thus far the consumption in this country has steadily kept pace

with the increase in yield. At present nearly all the dried lima beans used in Europe come from Madagascar, and the United States even imports 20,000 bags from that island. England is the greatest consumer of the product outside of this country at the present time, and Germany and France also use it in fairly large quantities. It is probable, therefore, that the day will come when they will have to draw on us for their supply.

Heavy Peach Yield Reported.

WHAT was said to be the longest train of perishable fruit ever seen in the world recently left Imperial Valley, and consisted of 181 cars of cantaloupes. The estimated number of melons in this consignment was about 1,500,000 and their value at the prices prevalent at the time in Los Angeles was put at over \$77,000. This is the record shipment from the valley, the highest last year being 143 cars. Early in the season it was thought unlikely that output of the fruit for a single day would run over 1000 cars, but the above statement indicates that the estimates fell short. To gather enough melons to fill 181 cars must have been a gigantic task, for as a general thing cantaloupes are sent out the same day they are harvested.

Record Day for Cantaloupes.

IT IS expected that the first large shipments of peaches from the Fresno district will be made about July 20, and although some early varieties will probably be sent out sooner, they are not exported in any great quantity. Indications are that there will be a very heavy yield in this district, and it is said that the delicious fruit crop generally is very good in the State this year. California peaches will come on the market at the normal time this season, following those from the Southern States, and preceding those from Michigan. It is probable that pretty good prices will be averaged this year, but owing to the fact that the production will very likely be large, fancy returns can not be expected.

Soil the Basis of Success.

ONE of the prominent features of the Fruit Growers' Convention recently held at Santa Barbara was the number of facts developed on the importance of increasing the food supply in the soil, to bring about a steady and growing yield of crops. Dr. Cyril G. Hopkins of the University of Illinois, showed in a number of forceful lectures how decreases in production have been caused by the lack of plant food. The wheat yield in California and in parts of the East has declined from year to year, and millions of acres are now neglected which at one time produced large crops. This is not because of any difference in climatic conditions or for any ordinarily supposed reasons. The weather has remained about the same, better seed has been planted and in every way things seem to be better, but nevertheless the amount produced has become less. The cause lies in the ground itself—in its inability to furnish sufficient nutriment for the plants, after it has been used for a number of years without being replenished. Dr. Hopkins also showed how by fertilization and rotation of crops the yields of the various staples had been increased, and his talks pointed conclusively to the fact that farming will have to be engaged in on a far more scientific basis in the future than in the past, to conserve and improve the wonderful resources of the United States. The importance of the soil question in agriculture can not be too carefully weighed by the grower, for it is the basis of real success.

Acetylene the WONDER LIGHT

READY AT ALL HOURS BY JUST TURNING A KEY. DOESN'T THAT SOUND GOOD TO YOU?

No Country Home Complete Without It. No home too small to participate in its benefits. No building too large to light well and economically. Safer than city gas, brighter than electricity and cheaper than either.

ACETYLENE APPARATUS MFG. COMPANY

137 SOUTH LOS ANGELES STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Write for free booklet telling all about Acetylene and FLUO Generators

Hints On Gardening

If you are interested in gardening of any kind, it's worth having. It's FREE. Your name on post-card brings it by return mail.

MORRIS & SNOW SEED CO., 425 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FERTILIZERS CAR LOADS OR LESS

Bone Meal Ground Sheep Manure

Blood Meal Tankage

Hauser Packing Company

Home 2953

Branch 5600

Men and Women.

HON. GEORGE CURRY, Congressman from New Mexico, appears to be as "hot stuff" as the Indian spice the name of which he bears. Curry was born in Louisiana, and according to an ardent admirer had for his first pet an alligator, for the second a cotton-mouth meccasin. At 16 he went out to New Mexico and became a cowboy, then post trader, then stockman. Here he turned aside from the industrial paths and went into politics, landing in the presidency of the Senate. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he joined the Rough Rider regiment, and at the end of it returned and became Sheriff of Otero county. When the Philippine rebellion broke out he went to the tropical archipelago and when the outbreak ended he organized the police force at the city of Manila, then became successively Governor of two of the provinces. Again he returned to New Mexico to be Governor of the Territory. There's a stirring career for you, and yet Curry was not at the Chicago convention.

Edward F. Brown is the special field agent of the National Child Labor Committee. He was born in the city of New York just thirty years ago, and is a graduate of the New York University law school. For seven years he has been engaged in the study of immigration, municipal affairs, social evil, child labor and the tariff. He was appointed by President Taft a little more than a year ago as a member of the staff of the tariff board. In an elaborate paper on anthracite coal mining he sets forth that in 1889 the average number of the employees in the industry was 278,361, that the number of fatal accidents in that year were 681, or 2.45 per thousand. Almost without interruption the number of employees has grown steadily, reaching in 1908 an average of 712,209, of whom 2723 were accidentally killed, or 3.83 per thousand. This is the highest rate of casualties excepting in 1907, when it rose to 4.15 per thousand. It certainly would seem as if there were something wrong that the casualties in this industry increase rather than decrease. It is certainly not an example of progress in civilization.

Jacob G. Schmidlapp is an Ohlean, born at Piqua nearly sixty-three years ago and now engaged in the banking business. He is a profound student of the relations between capital and labor and has a new idea there-arent. He is an ardent advocate of the co-operative plan by which employees shall have some share besides going wages in the profits of industrial operations. Although earnest, he is not fanatical, and proposes where the sharing plan does not appear feasible that bonuses be given to employees who display unusual care and diligence, or who develop unusual abilities. He points out that the capitalist whose money is invested in the plant can very well afford to encourage a larger output of better goods by awarding some of the results to the producers.

James B. McDonough is an Arkansas lawyer living at Ft. Smith. He is a graduate of the Arkansas University and was a member of the Arkansas State Legislature for two years, Prosecuting Attorney for four years. Albeit not equipped with a diploma from the law schools of Harvard or Yale, of Pennsylvania or Michigan, he is a well-known writer on law topics. A recent contribution is a paper against the recall of judicial decisions, bristling with facts and lucid in reasoning.

Some one asked a theologian if the devil were ubiquitous. The reply was: "No, but he is devilish quick." There is little difference between Dan Cupid and His Satanic Majesty. The devilish little god is nearly everywhere. One of his latest escapades was entering the High School at Spokane, Wash., and beckoning Miss Etta Clairway away from the graduating exercises to the altar of Hymen in the temple of Mama Venus, to wed one of her classmates. And the nervy young woman came back and graduated, too.

How "good" some of our adopted citizens make. In 1902 an Italian, Nazareno Marianelli, came to Pennsylvania and got into the banking business at Plainville, and brought with him a son Emilio, aged 14, who got a job running a pump in one of the mines. With a thirst for knowledge young Marianelli attended night school, then entered the Wyoming Seminary, and has recently graduated from the Dickinson Law School. Six years ago he spoke very broken English and could not write a word.

W. Morgan Shuster seems to be pursuing new adventures. Readers of the press will remember the noise he made as financial manager for the Shah of Persia. He left New York City the other day for a six months' tour in South and Central America. Business is what attracts Mr. Shuster's attention, and he goes to Latin America to further trade interests between the United States and our neighbors to the southward.

The other day at a New York hotel appeared a little dark man with a heavy black mustache, slightly bald, slightly gray. He was accompanied by his wife, three daughters, one son, three secretaries, three maids and two private tutors. He was Simon Y. Patino of Bolivia, once a storekeeper in a little Andean town, and now a mine owner, estimated to be worth \$20,000,000.

Industrial Progress.

AS THE Illustrated Weekly appears before the eyes of the half-million persons who read it to-day, midsummer is right upon us all. Schools are closed, winter tourists are back in their eastern homes, and the summer army from the torrid interior plains are crowding in to the beaches. The city people are down by the strand, too, where the little boys and girls, the dogs and the dolls are also splashing in the silver surf.

The Presidential conventions have both met, squabbled, done their work and scattered. The real work of the campaign is not yet on. In business midsummer quiet reigns in stock markets, grain markets and almost all others.

With us here there seems to be no particular change. Every industry is running full blast, and in the building trades all the sections of the army are just as busy as ever. The enemies of our peace, mostly outsiders, attempted to make a disturbance by calling off from their jobs mechanics making good wages in the building trades. But that trouble died before it was born.

What the effect of the political campaign will be is not easy to foretell. Under such conditions as the present, with the final result in doubt, there is usually a good deal of hesitancy in the business world. We do not see how it is likely to affect us much here in the Great Southwest. Our manufactures hardly suffice for home consumption. Our crops are of such exceptional character that they find a market all through North America. Our minerals find a market world-wide. The turmoil of the campaign or the result of the balloting will not greatly affect the tourist crowd of next winter, and altogether it looks as if we might expect at least as prosperous a year following the election as the one preceding it.

Among the notable events in the industrial world of recent date are presented the following:

The Edwards ranch, near Saticoy, Ventura county, consisting of 700 acres, is being piped with five miles of concrete and steel piping at a cost of \$50,000 for irrigation purposes.

At the Holly sugar factory, Huntington Beach, the working force has been increased to 250 hands. There has been added a complete crushing and milling apparatus to prepare the lime used in sugar-making. The power is supplied by a thousand-horse-power turbine. A new concrete reservoir has been made with a capacity of 250,000 gallons.

Senator Perkins at Washington has put in the last days of the session in pleading for an appropriation of \$200,000 for improvements in Yosemite Valley.

The magnitude of operations formulated for Los Angeles is illustrated by the plans of the Broadway Department Store, which look to the expenditure of \$12,000,000 in erecting a building and equipping it to handle the business of this prosperous concern. It is hoped that actual work will begin in about six months.

The city of Santa Barbara is about to pave four separate approaches by which the city may be reached from the country around. The work is estimated to cost about \$170,000.

The launching of the ship Camino from the shipways at Long Beach marks an epoch in local industries. The cost of the vessel is \$310,000. It is of steel, 308 feet long, 44 feet wide, with a depth of 31 feet.

A company of eastern people have bought the Mason property near Lompoc, in Santa Barbara county, for the sake of the deposit of infusorial earth. This is a non-conductor and fireproof material. The land consists of about 2000 acres.

Near Santa Barbara the Santa Rosa ranch, consisting of about 17,000 acres, has been purchased by San Francisco parties for subdivision purposes.

In the Santa Maria oil fields it is rumored that 2000 acres of oil land, a portion of the John Dell ranch, has been sold to San Francisco interests for \$3,000,000.

San Bernardino people propose four bond issues for development purposes: first, \$210,000 for extension of the sewer system, second \$150,000 for a City Hall, third \$60,000 for the fire department, and lastly \$27,000 for a branch library.

The Chino Beet Sugar Company will soon open the annual campaign to harvest a crop from 17,000 acres. The prospects are said to be excellent.

At Newport Beach the Board of Trustees have purchased the school building to be used as a City Hall, at a cost of \$6000.

San Diego is the first city to take up practically the project of manufacturing potash from kelp. The International Seaweed Products Corporation will erect as a beginner a 200-ton plant.

The City Council of Long Beach has advertised for bids for repairing the Pine-avenue pier at an estimated cost of about \$25,000.

The Spreckels interests are about to begin operations to develop oil on a tract of over 5000 acres of the Corral de Quatro ranch in the northern part of Santa Barbara county.

A new apartment-house planned for Santa Monica is to be a two-story affair, frame and plaster construction, on a lot 42x84 feet and to cost \$12,000.

The city of Santa Ana is moving energetically for the construction of an outfall sewer to reach the ocean between Huntington Beach and Newport Beach. The right of way has been secured.

The managers of the Pacific Electric Railroad Company have been going over the ground between Santa Ana, Orange and Tustin, preparatory to possible connection of these cities by electric railroad lines.

The Board of Supervisors of Orange county are about to pass upon bids for the sale of bonds to the amount of \$200,000, the money to be spent on school developments.

The new electric line connecting Colton, Riverside and San Bernardino looks like a probability soon to be fulfilled.

According to the vital statistics in the city of Los Angeles for May the industrial development in the baby line is not slack. The births for the month number 429, almost evenly divided between boys and girls. It is the largest birth rate in the history of the city. The deaths recorded numbered 452, leaving a nice margin of profit on the side of the birth rate.

There is going to be great development in the industrial line in the erection of a plant for electric power from the aqueduct and its distribution. The entire cost looks like something about \$4,000,000.

Good Little Poems.

Heart-Song of the Native Son.

The smooth land stretches on and on, beneath the arching sky,
And never a tree nor curving hill to greet the aching eye.
My heart is wandering far away, from fields of rustling corn,
To a southern land of sunshine—the land where I was born.

The purple mountains shimmering in the kindly summer heat,
The rows of drooping pepper trees along the quiet street,
The wide-fung fields all brilliant with poppies' golden glow,
And far-off San Jacinto with his cloud-wrapped crown of snow.

The little rustic cottage by the eucalyptus tree—
What memories of days ago are calling—calling me!
The golden summer weather, the cool and fragrant morn—
Oh, my soul is sad with longing for the land where I was born!

PERCIVAL J. COONEY.

The Best Friend.

If I was sad, then he had grief, as well—
Seeking my hands with soft, insistent paw,
Searching my face with anxious eyes that saw
More than my halting, human speech could tell;
Eyes wide with wisdom, fine, compassionate—
Dear, loyal one, that knew not wrong nor hate.

If I made merry—then how he would strive
To show his joy: "Good master, let's to play,
The world is ours," that gladsome bark would say;
"Just yours and mine—'tis fun to be alive!"
Our world. . . . four walls above the city's din,
My crutch the bar that ever held us in.

Whatever my mood—the fretful word, or sweet,
The swift command, the wheedling undertone,
His faith was fixed, his love was mine, alone,
His heaven was here at my slow, crippled feet:
Oh, friend thrice-lost; oh, fond heart unassailed,
Ye taught me trust when man's dull logic failed.

—[Meribah Abbott, in Life.

Courage.

Courage! Courage! Courage! The word is a marching-song!
Trumpets and bugles and drums to these seven sounds belong;
Banners and flags and pennons; shouts, applause, acclaim;
But what of the courage that grubs in the dark, with never a dream of fame?

The courage for dull routine; for Monotony's treadmill round;
That cannot always smile—but aye at its post is found;
That clinches Duty with bull-dog grip; that silently shoulders and bears
Taunts, reproaches, temptings, burdens, labors, cares.

Courage in the dark; Courage in shabby dress;
Courage forgetful of self, unavid of Happiness,
Not relying on Heaven, not afraid of Hell;—
This is the kind of Courage for me, though it toll a passing-bell!

—[Florens Folsom, in July Nautilus.

A Warrior.

Clad in no shining panoply of mail,
With helm and hauberk and with falchion dight,
Did he go forth to battle for the right
Like those of old who sought the Holy Grail;
Nor yet that faith and freedom might prevail
Did he charge sheer on some embattled height,
Where shotguns belched forth their lurid light
And poured on those below their iron hail.

Yet, he wore honor ever for his shield,
Although ne too upon the foughten field,
Save Wrong, he faced with valiant undismay;
Nay, not the very fower of chivalry
Won victories more glorious than he—
This warrior in the lists of every day.

—[Clarence Scollard, in July Ainslee's.

The Stronger One.

Said Hate to Love: "None can resist
My strength!" Love kissed his cheek.
And lo! Hate vanished like the mist
When morning glids the peak.

—[William W. Whitelock, in July Ainslee's.

With the Lid Off.

[Harper's Mazar:] "Mother," asked Bob, with a hopeful eye on the peppermint jar, "have I been a good boy this afternoon?"

"M-m-yes," answered mother, dubiously, recalling a certain little rift within the lute. The 4-year-old diplomat looked anxious.

"Please," he begged, "say a wide-open yes!"

The Human Body And the Care and Health of It.

Timely Health Editorials.

KEYNOTE: *Nature cures, not the Physician.*—[Hippocrates.]

Effect of Mountain Air.

The discomfort which many persons experience at great altitudes is caused chiefly by the diminution in atmospheric pressure. For most persons, a sojourn in mountain regions at altitudes up to 10,000 feet is wholly beneficial and the benefit is due partly to objective and determinable factors and not entirely to the subjective influences of change of scene, environment and occupation.

The Involuntary Breathing is Best.

The character of the respiration, for example, is altered. Observation shows that at great altitudes and, in general, in an atmosphere poor in oxygen the volume of air inhaled and exhaled in each respiration is increased, while the number of respirations per minute remains unchanged. In this way a more thorough ventilation of the lungs is effected without greatly increasing the work done by the respiratory muscles. This involuntary, unconscious and effortless deep breathing is quite different in its character and effects from deep breathing practiced laboriously under an effort of will, which may seriously overtax the heart.

It has also been discovered that the red-blood corpuscles, the oxygen carriers of the body, become much more numerous in the atmosphere of the mountains, and that this increase of these short-lived corpuscles is due to a more rapid production, not to a less rapid decay. The parts of the spinal cord in which these corpuscles are generated reveal, under the microscope, evidence of increased activity.

Mental Workers Refreshed.

The deficiency of atmospheric oxygen probably stimulates other organs than the spinal cord to similar compensating activity, and Dr. David, a writer of considerable note, regards such stimulation as very beneficial, if not carried to the point of exhaustion. It is for this reason that mental workers are refreshed by moderate indulgence in walking and athletic sports, while men engaged in hard manual labor derive physical benefit from reading and other mental work. In each case comparatively idle cells are forced into action.

This stimulating effect of mountain air is revealed by the balance sheet of bodily receipts and expenditures. It has been found that if the albumen ration which is required to keep the body in normal condition at the sea level is consumed in the mountains, the result is an accumulation of albumen, the most important constituent of the muscles and most of the organs.

The theory that the beneficial effects of mountain air are due to its poverty in oxygen receives additional support from Dr. David's discovery that the circulation of blood through the lungs of animals is increased by diminishing the proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere.

E. B. W.

Acid Fruits and Water for Acid Diseases.

It is believed by many that acid fruits and cold-water treatment tend to precipitate the uric acid of the system and thus to aggravate chronic arthritic conditions. This belief is held by a few physicians, but is quite generally accepted by those who judge merely of their symptoms—the temporary aggravation. This is what Dr. Lindlar in the following article calls "healing crises." Who would not suffer for a little time, comparatively speaking, to rid one's self of a long-standing—or long-sitting ailment?

Let us see. It is true that apples, tomatoes, lemons and other acid and sub-acid fruits contain malic, oxalic, citric and other acids, but over the acids preponderate the alkaline constituents of these fruits. They are acid to the taste, but chemical analysis shows that in reality they are very rich in the alkaline salts of sodium, lime, magnesium and iron. The action of these fruit juices on the circulation is therefore alkaline rather than acid; they greatly increase the alkalinity of the blood and its solvent power for uric acid, doubly so, because they are poor in proteids and starches—the acid-producing elements.

Furthermore, the acids of juicy fruits are organized and complex; they readily disintegrate in the metabolism of the body and enter other combinations.

For these reasons we find that acid fruits as well as green vegetables are good medicine in all forms of uric acid diseases.

Why, then, the prejudice against them? Our critics say: "Because experience teaches us that acid fruits greatly aggravate and intensify the rheumatic symptoms." It is true, they increase the collaemic (acute symptoms) but never the arthritic or chronic.

Because juicy fruits increase the alkalinity of the blood, the acid deposits in the liver, the blood vessels and tissues are dissolved and reabsorbed into the circulation of collaemic symptoms, but how are we ever going to cure the arthritic conditions unless we dissolve and eliminate the acid deposits in the blood vessels, joints and muscles and the gravel and stones in

gall, bladder and kidneys? It is for this reason, that patients suffering from chronic rheumatism endure the most painful and severe crises. The aggravation of acute rheumatic symptoms means nothing more or less than "healing crises."

To recapitulate, fruits and vegetables increase the alkalinity of the blood. This dissolves and reabsorbs into the circulation the acid deposits, and the blood stream then carries the acids for excretion to the kidneys and the skin.

Cold water is the next culprit accused of making and increasing chronic rheumatism. Dr. Haig truly says: "Warmth dissolves uric acid, cold coagulates and precipitates it." Therefore, it is argued, cold-water applications coagulate the uric acid in the capillaries and throw it into the tissues. This claim, also, is a fallacy and the fear of cold water groundless.

Cold-water applications rightly applied will never have such detrimental effects. The reaction following the cold rub or guss leaves the surface aglow with warmth and not cold. These applications increase the temperature of the skin and stimulate the capillary circulation. The first effect of cold applied temporarily to the skin (in accordance with the law of double effect) is to send the blood into the interior and to leave the surface cold and anemic. The sensation of cold is telegraphed, over the sensory nerves, to headquarters in the brain and from there immediately the command comes back to the circulatory apparatus, "send blood to the surface."

As a result, the blood rushes into the surface and the cold and shivering skin becomes aglow with vital heat. When in winter time our hands are frozen with cold, we do not bathe them in warm water or warm them at a hot stove; experience teaches us that this may cause gangrene. We rub them vigorously with snow. By virtue of the law of double effect this draws the blood into the frozen fingers and sends it scurrying through the capillaries.

Since the greatest problem in all uric acid diseases is, how to stimulate the circulation and how to overcome the obstructions in the capillaries, no better means for accomplishing this can be used than the cold-water application, wet packs, blitzguss, barefoot walking in the grass, etc. The trouble is that the critics of cold-water treatment reason from the first temporary effect rather than from the secondary and permanent effect.

It is argued by Dr. Page of Boston that the use of hot-water applications instead of cold in cases of pneumonia and other similar conditions is very much the same in effect as to put a hot poker into a furnace to cool it. The only question in the mind of the writer is as to the vitality or resisting power of the patient in the use of cold water to produce the necessary warmth in the capillaries.

E. B. W.

Care of the Feet.

We have, in a previous article, given a remedy for callosities on the feet and corns. But it may be said of these, as of other afflictions, that it is more satisfactory to prevent than to be obliged to cure them. If the feet are given proper care, from the early years of life, callosities and corns will not so readily form. Let us see what is the primary cause of these formations on the feet. It is generally supposed that they are due to the rubbing or pressure of a shoe that fits improperly. This is very often the case. For this reason parents should be very careful in buying shoes for the boys and girls. The mistake of buying cheap shoes for the little ones is too often made, because they wear them out so fast, and the parents believe that they "will do just as well." But they will not. Often we have seen some dear boy limping painfully to school until his shoes should be "broken in." Shoes should need no breaking in. They should be comfortable from the time they are put on. And if a shoe cannot be bought that is comfortable, it should be made to order. This rule should apply for both children and grown-ups. And in the making of these shoes the arch of the foot should always be followed. A high instep is too often not properly fitted nor supported.

It is a cruelty to put on the tender foot of a child the harsh, poorly-made cheap shoe, with its hard, unyielding leather. The little one's footwear should have a firm, well-shaped sole, with a soft, comfortable body. In the summer, a well-made sandal, with no stockings, is the ideal foot dressing for the little child, and the grown-up, too, if he but knew it.

When the matter of fit and quality of the shoe is disposed of, there is still another cause for hard growths on the feet. We must, of course, take into consideration the fact that a certain amount of good hard quality of flesh on the soles of the feet, where they strike the ground, is necessary. But it is very easy to discern when the callous growths are foreign and abnormal. These, as well as corns, are caused in great part by the fact that the foot is so constantly covered, and receives so little ventilation that the pores, at some points, are not able to freely discharge the natural excretions. An aggravated case of this is what often causes very disagreeable odors from the feet. The outer skin becomes clogged and dead, and while a new layer of skin is forming underneath is

perform the natural functions, the outer layer still remains. The next layer also becomes clogged and dead, and so on, until a callous mass is formed. When the skin at any point is in this unhealthy condition, any slight extra pressure of the boot sets up a morbid irritation, sometimes taking the form of a corn, when a little point of hardened skin pierces into the soft flesh surrounding, causing pain, and often inflammation.

There is a simple preventive measure, which, if commenced as soon as a child is inured to walking, and continued always thereafter, would prove an absolute preventive of morbid conditions of the feet. It consists first in proper attention to bathing of the feet. Every person, man, woman and child, should take a hot foot-bath every night. A little perfumed bath-alcohol in the water is beneficial, and leaves a dainty after-effect. After the bath, the feet should be rubbed well with a hard, Turkish towel—not so roughly as to tear the skin, but vigorously, especially on the soles of the feet, all over and between the toes. Attention should be given to keeping the nails properly trimmed, as a great deal of trouble may result from the neglect of this. If there is a change of stockings in the afternoon, the feet should be given a thorough dry rubbing with a hard, coarse towel before the fresh footwear is put on.

The child or adult who is not accustomed to this treatment, will at first find the feet a little tender and sensitive. But this is the surest sign that the treatment is needed. If commenced in time, it will positively prevent the acquirement of corns. And even where corns and callosities are already started or established, it will do a very great deal of good; for it will keep the pores of the skin well open, and thus relieve the congestion around the inflamed point.

Another measure of expediency is the matter of ventilation in the footwear, for the feet suffer for want of it. One journal suggests that two eyelet holes be put in the shoe on the inner side of the arch of the foot, excepting, of course, in heavy boots to be worn in inclement or very cold weather. These eyelets can be put in by any cobbler.

It should be realized that the suffering caused by corns, bunions and callosities are a constant drain on the vitality; and the unceasing consciousness of pain saps the resisting power of the constitution. It would seem, therefore, that to save her children suffering in later years, and not to allow so small a thing to become an element of detriment to their general health, the mother would make it a point to give up the time necessary to the care of the small feet every night. She should also give the same care and attention to her own feet; for very often upon the good condition of these important members depends the peace and comfort of the entire household.

Care of Cuts.

[Youth's Companion:] The cut made by the surgeon should always be kept absolutely free from germs; if infection occurs, we know that some one has blundered. Accidental cuts, on the other hand, are almost invariably infected.

The germs of disease are everywhere; no matter how small the cut may be, or how brief its exposure to the air, germs are almost certain to enter. If an accidental cut is to heal quickly and well, all germs must be carefully removed at the first dressing.

When we consider how many are the ways in which a cut may become infected, we can understand why such precautions are necessary. Infection is often introduced by the very implement that makes the wound. Only surgeons use sterilized instruments; a knife or a pair of scissors, or a piece of glass or crockery is almost certain to plant germs in the furrow it plows. Germs may also enter from the clothing, from the hands of whoever rushes to help, from the first piece of cloth or handkerchief used to stanch the flow of blood, or from the water used for the first washing.

Since the avenues of danger are so numerous, it is safest to assume that infection has occurred. It follows that every family should understand some of the simplest methods of sterilization. Heat is the simplest of all. The mother of a family should keep a supply of soft linen rags that have been thoroughly boiled. She should keep them not on an open shelf with towels or other cloths, but done up in a carefully closed, oiled paper bag, or protected from the air in some other equally effective way. For washing the wound, she should use only water that has been boiled. When the doctor comes he will add some kind of chemical antiseptic, and it will be proved once more that a clean cut can do nothing but heal.

Dipping Chocolate at Home.

Melt chocolate in double boiler, be sure it does not come in contact with water. Cool down until the curl will stand up. Dip in as cool a place as possible—the quicker the chocolate sets, the better will be the gloss. If the chocolate becomes too thick add warm chocolate from the boiler.

Any sweetened cake chocolate may be used by adding about three ounces of butter to the pound, stirring well while warm.

Experiences With Hot Water as a Remedy.

By Edward B. Warman, A.M.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR TO THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

He who knows, and knows he knows—
He is wise—follow him.
He who knows, and knows not he knows—
He is asleep—wake him.
He who knows not, and knows not he knows not—
He is a fool—shun him.
He who knows not, and knows he knows not—
He is a child—teach him.
—(Arabian Proverb.)

For Kidney, Bladder and Stomach Trouble.

SOME time ago I wrote a brief article on "Hot Water as a Remedial Agent." Since then I received the following interesting and very valuable communication; no less interesting and valuable because it does not agree with the statement I made.

There is no disagreement as to water being an excellent remedial agent—outwardly and inwardly; but the question hinged only on its habitual use and the taking before meals. The premise I took for the statement I made (that the habitual use internally is more or less detrimental) was based on the fact that many persons have greatly weakened the stomach by the use of hot water, with its enervating influence, instead of cold water, with its enervating influence—especially for flushing the stomach in the morning. My statements were based solely on the hundreds of testimonies that have come to me. The following letter, however, speaks for itself and speaks in no uncertain tones and simply proves my oft-repeated statement that every man is, indeed, a law unto himself. If it agrees with your individual case and you have every assurance of that fact, do not let any one persuade you to the contrary on general principles.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 6, 1912.

"E. B. Warman, A.M., Los Angeles Times—Dear Sir: I hardly think your article on 'Hot Water as a Remedial Agent' does justice to yourself and to a good remedy for kidney, bladder and stomach troubles. I have drunk one quart of hot water, one and one-half hours before each meal, for twenty-two years. At 65 years of age my health is much better than when I began. I have watched at least 200 people drink it; never knew any one to be injured by it. The majority of them were helped, including Dr. James H. Salisbury of New York, who drank it for more than forty years and died at the age of 82 as the result of a railroad accident.

"I write this simply in the interest of a large class of sufferers who could be helped by the long-continued use of hot water. By hot water I mean just comfortably warm, so that it can be drunk a glassful at a time. It should not be so hot that it must be sipped; but a little warmer, perhaps, than blood heat.

"I know a broker in New York who, the last I knew of him, was 90, and had drunk hot water regularly before meals for forty-five years. I take no exception to your remarks about the external use of hot water. I am not an M.D., but a plain business man who had an opportunity in New York to investigate the hot-water treatment, their investigations extending over a period of many years. This is why I feel so strongly in the matter. I am a regular subscriber to The Times.

Yours very respectfully,

"JAMES G. ANTHONY."

Here is another case of where "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," or, as some have it, "in the chewing of the pudding string." The number of years of usage should be strong argument in favor of the correctness of the theory, but it strikes me that the quantity is somewhat in excess; yet that may be left, largely, to individual judgment.

A fair-minded criticism, based on well-substantiated facts and expressed in a kindly spirit and, especially, as in this case, bringing with it helpful suggestions to suffering humanity, always receives a kindly welcome.

We should not say a thing cannot be done when it has been done simply because it has not been done our way. This reminds me of the lawyer who called upon his client in jail. The lawyer said: "Why, man, they can't put you in jail for such an offense under such circumstances." The client meekly replied: "But, I'm here."

A Good Word For the Obesity Cure.

"Whittier, Cal., April 23, 1912.

"Mr. E. B. Warman, A.M., Los Angeles, Cal.—Dear Sir: It was with a great deal of pleasure that I read your article in the Illustrated Weekly of The Times of April 21 on the drinking of Vichy and Kissengen water for the obese. I most heartily indorse the treatment, and would say that I have been taking it since September 16, 1911. To say it has been a success would be putting it mild. It was a very simple task living up to the rules of Dr. Cathell (whom you quote as your authority,) and from 237 pounds I have reduced to 184 pounds—a loss of fifty-three pounds—and I intend to take off twenty-four pounds more, thus making my weight what it should be—160 pounds.

"I have given myself one year to do this. I have not been anxious to rush the treatment, having felt confident of its success from the first. Now that you have brought it to the attention of The Times' readers, I thought that if my case would be any benefit to those intending to take the treatment I would gladly give them the benefit of my experience through you. Not only has it proved beneficial, but also a pleasant and delightful remedy for one who got in the heavyweight class through carelessness.

"Respectfully yours,
GEORGE B. BESSLER."
Many years ago when I was serving in the capacity of editor of the health department of the Ladies' Home Journal I brought to the public notice the excellent results of this obesity cure, since which time hundreds have been benefited by this simple, harmless and inexpensive treatment for obesity.

Healthfulness of Laughter.

"LAUGH and grow fat." To this I might, with appropriateness, add—grow fat and be laughed at. Here, again, we should strike the happy medium. There is no denying the fact that laughter, the full, joyous hearty laughter, is very beneficial; the laughter that fairly shakes your sides, if you are fat. "For curing gloom diseases and grinch complaints that make life miserable," says the Christian Herald, "there is nothing better than a good, hearty laugh."

A new "opathy" has sprung into existence—merriopathy—the science of the healing laugh. The wise physician well understands the therapeutic value of fun and a cheerful spirit. Laughter not only lengthens the life, but brightens it. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." The force of this quotation has lost none of its power in these nearly twenty centuries. "Set the gloomy, discouraged, neurasthenic invalid to laughing," says the Christian Herald. "Study how to provoke smiles. Cause a few thrills of humor, however weakly, to run through the veins and to tickle the risibles. The hostile forces of disease and worry and discouragement can be driven back by the benevolent microbes of mirth." The truth of this does not admit of argument. We all know how welcome the smile—if the soul is back of it—and how unwelcome the frown. And when the smile breaks forth in a peal of laughter, how it chases away the shadows. But there are various kinds of laughter. Let us analyze them.

Analysis of Laughter.

HE WHO smiles and smiles continuously is foxy. He who laughs long and loud at nothing is a fool. He who laughs with the mouth and not with the eyes, is a villain.

He who laughs with a little sniff at the end of the laugh is egotistical.

He who laughs not at all is either melancholy, revengeful, selfish or studious.

He who laughs with eyes, mouth, cheeks and sides is a jolly, easy-going fellow that you can borrow money from.

He who laughs moderately and shows his upper teeth, making little, fine wrinkles at the corners of the eyes and mouth, is a square, good-natured fellow and a good man to tie to.

Caesar, speaking of Cassius, says:

"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they dangerous."

From a health point of view laughing is to be highly recommended. Hearty laughing has a very beneficial effect, causing the arteries to dilate and, thereby, carrying more blood to the tissues of the body and causing the heart to beat more rapidly, thus hastening the flow of blood through the vessels. In short, laughing causes the tissues to take up more nutritive material and to more properly eliminate the waste products.

Necessity for Exercise in Summer.

THERE is a strong tendency to give up physical exercise when summer comes, but it is a serious mistake. To "let up" on one's physical work is to "let down" on one's physical condition. This is not desirable. Regularity begets equilibrium; equilibrium of one's physical condition is a synonym of health.

The uncomfortable feeling with which so many persons are afflicted during the summer months is not so much due to the oppressive heat without, as to the depressing effect of the heat within. To prove this assertion it is only necessary to note the fact that those who exercise most and perspire most are the least affected, because their pores are thoroughly opened to let out the heat.

One should not eat a winter diet during the heated season, as the system does not require it. It is impossible to make rules to regulate diet, but one should eat as he works, the quantity and kind to be governed thereby. The last meal of the day should be of such a nature as to fully repair the torn-down tissue of the day and to supply a portion of the energy for the morrow.

Avoid undue exposure to the sun's rays during the heated portion of the day, but if obliged to be so subjected do not wear black clothing, especially a black hat. If you are so circumstanced as to be obliged to expose yourself during the heat of the day, three things observe with care—what you eat, what you drink and what you wear.

Sitting Out on Summer Evenings.

MANY of these precautions would not be necessary if every one lived in this "Land of the Heart's Desire," but it is our purpose to reach all conditions of all climates.

Sitting out of doors is a custom to be encouraged un-

der favorable circumstances. From a social as well as a health point of view it is desirable when the necessary precautions are taken.

First, protect yourself, if in a malarial district, by keeping the system well toned up through proper exercise and nutritious food, thus fortifying yourself outwardly and inwardly. Disease is a summing up, not an attack. Keep all the vital organs up to the proper standard of activity and they will do excellent sentinel duty and will not allow the enemy to encroach upon you. Malaria (bad air) is more or less prevalent everywhere, but all bad air is not necessarily miasmatic. All things considered, outdoor air is preferable to indoor air on hot summer nights. Such nights, however, are almost unknown in Southern California.

Second, avoid a draught, if overheated, especially on the back of the neck, the most vulnerable part of the whole body. Even this would hardly be necessary if one was normal, but how few we find that are in that happy condition. Whatever may be your manner of dress during the day, when night comes make preparation for the atmospheric change. True, it may still be warm, but it is less warm than during the day; hence, as a rule, more protection is needed for the body. Men, for some reason, are likely to be more cautious than women. A man who is comfortable during the day by wearing a very thin coat, when night comes is likely to don a heavier one, while "the weaker sex" often sacrifices comfort for looks and makes no addition to her day attire.

Third, if there is much dampness in the air, one should sit under cover. Remember that electricity is life, and that we do not get it from the earth, but the earth being negative takes it from us; therefore keep your feet from the wet boards or the wet grass in order that the vitality of your body be not reduced by the dampness conducting the electricity from your body. Even the dampness of the clothing is not desirable when you are sitting still, as it also has a tendency to reduce the vital force. Sitting under cover is, therefore, a preventive measure especially for one who is not in health. It is wise to have a wrap with you that it may be at hand when needed, otherwise you may not be inclined to exert yourself to get it when the need comes and may excuse yourself by thinking or saying: "Well, I'm going into the house in a moment, so I shall not need it." That very procrastination has shortened many a life. I do not mean that you should coddle yourself, and by so doing, fear every little whiff of air that strikes you.

Ventilating the Bedroom in Summer.

AIR and sun the room, air and sun the bedding, air and sun yourself. Toss the bedding over chairs and expose it to the sunlight. Allow the sunshine to stream into the window sufficiently long to perform its office of purification. Then if you think best close the windows and darken the room, but open the windows again ere the sun goes down and allow the air to circulate freely. If your bedroom is so situated, open opposite windows and keep them open all night. If you have but one window to open lower the upper sash and raise the lower one. This is better than to raise the lower sash to its fullest extent, as it allows the foul and heated air to pass out of the upper opening, and the pure and less warm air to enter the lower opening, thus creating its own current.

Whatever else you do, do not shut out the night air. No matter how well ventilated your room may be during the day you cannot well get along without the outside air to replenish that which becomes poisoned with the exhalations of the body as well as the exhalations of the lungs. Consider the fact that 2000 cubic feet of fresh air are required every hour to keep the system in proper condition. Remember, also, that air twice breathed contains enough carbonic acid gas to extinguish a light. If you wish to awaken refreshed, see to it that your bedroom is aired by day and ventilated by night.

Do not fear the night air; it is the only air you can get at night. Burglars? If the burglar wants to get in he can do so, as he always has his friend "Jimmy" with him. Besides, it were better to be carried off by a burglar than by an undertaker—I suppose in order to keep up with the times I should say "mortician"; the word "undertaker" is becoming obsolete—not the mortician.

Vigorously yours,

EDWARD B. WARMAN.

Stale Bread Vs. Fresh Bread.

THERE is but one good reason for recommending the eating of stale bread, viz., one is obliged to thoroughly masticate it before swallowing it, whereas, on the other hand, fresh bread as a rule is swallowed in chunks. As for myself, I frequently eat warm, fresh bread or biscuit (especially when made of whole-wheat flour)—yes, so warm that it melts the butter; but I masticate it (as I do everything else) to a finish. No one enjoys cold stale bread any more than they do cold, stale victuals, and the enjoyment of what one eats is, of itself, a strong factor as regards digestion.

Hysteria, Its Main Cause.

A Real Malady That Is Often Misunderstood.

ONE of the most irritating and baffling ailments that physicians have to deal with in women is hysteria. And it is often irritating and baffling to the patient herself who has become the victim of it. The word "hysteria" carries with it in the average masculine mind a certain amount of opprobrium. It does not mean anything more serious than "tantrums," "sulks," or a "good crying spell" to those who do not understand. It is believed to be a condition into which a woman will willfully work herself, then indulging it with the irresponsibility of an overgrown child; and that it could be easily governed by the patient herself if she would exercise self-control. Of a bona fide case of hysteria this is not in any degree true. It is often the result of causes beyond the control of the patient. And be it said here that while it is more particularly an affliction among women, men are not entirely exempt, usually from related causes.

In the annals of pathology, or one might rather say psychopathology, this affliction will be found to be closely related to causes which have to do with sex conditions. Unfortunately, this much tabooed subject does not receive its proper consideration in the home. The family physician, while he may fully understand a case, will too often treat, and in some measure simply alleviate the symptoms, without fully explaining or seeking to modify the causes which lead to them. He may make some veiled, distant allusion to them which the mother may or may not understand, or may not choose to understand, or may feel its consideration not quite according to the proprieties.

The physician cannot be held fully to blame. He knows that he runs the risk of mortally offending the mother of some young patient by plain speaking. He knows that in most cases his words would be thrown away were he to talk plainly and emphatically to husband and wife, in some tragedy of mismatching. He knows that when this tragedy has taken place it is the result of prematrimonial ignorance upon the part of one or both; and that the physiological consequences are inevitable. The sanctity of the most sacred relations have been violated because of lack of knowledge and misunderstanding. This ignorance will assume one phase with the man, and another with the woman. Difference of habit and education will most likely make it impossible for the man to understand the woman, and the woman the man. The man breaks into the world, and is fortunate or unfortunate in his development according to the kind of experience and the women he may meet. The average young girl, brought up in her own home, dwells in a chaste, sexless atmosphere. She gleams some understanding of life, or is ignorant according to the rigidity or flexibility of the home rule, her home instruction, her chance associates or her individual temperament. In a very great number of cases, the girl who has been thoroughly protected, and has had an exemplary bringing up, comes to her marriage full of romanticism and ideals, with little knowledge of the masculine nature, nor any clear conception of the offices and responsibilities of marriage. The man, on his part, if his experiences have been such as to give him no understanding of the nature of the sort of woman he is likely to select for a wife, will be equally unprepared for the marriage tie. Bride and groom are strangers to each other, although they may have been brought up side by side from childhood.

Sex has been a forbidden subject in the home. The young person has been taught that it must not be spoken about—that it must be kept in the dark, and avoided with shame.

Is it any wonder that the phase of shameful impresses itself strongly upon the youthful mind in connection with the subject, and that by auto-suggestion the young man invests it with shameful, indulging the natural propensities in secrecy and shame, and that he comes to his marriage with a more or less brutalized conception of the most delicate relations in life—without knowing that his conception is brutalized? His experiences may have taught him but one meaning to Nature's mandates; and that a good woman is far removed from many part in them save in her fulfillment of maternity. He therefore does not try to unravel the mystery of her nature, so inextricably bound up in romanticism and sentiment, but takes it for granted that she cannot meet him on his own plane, and must therefore fulfill her wifehood as a duty.

He is right in believing that she cannot meet him upon his own ground, any more than he could meet her from her viewpoint. But there is common ground upon which mutual understanding and happiness often could be found if delicacy and patience were observed. Neither one realizes the truth, and the result is that the initial mental shock often sacrifices the possibilities of the entire future. Instead of being what it should be to the woman, married life becomes repellant. The eventual result is likely to be hysteria or nervous prostration, or both. The end comes when absolute immunity is prescribed. The heart tragedies that may grow out of this are not within the province of the present article.

Very often hysteria will develop in a young girl, much to the mother's confusion and perplexity. She simply cannot understand the child; and when the child's health begins to deteriorate, the physician suggests guardedly that it would be well to let the young lady marry early. If she does marry before her judgment may have matured, and when her knowledge of life is very limited, there is every possibility that she will rush into one of the physical misadventures that bring wreckage in their wake. The doctor would do better

in prescribing an abundance of outdoor exercise, preferably interesting games, where the body is brought into violent action; tennis, golf, long walking excursions into the country, or mountain climbing, with cheerful, young companions. With girls of "temperament," it will be best for the mother or father to take an interest in the young lady's pastimes and be a member of the party, not restricting the fun, but as far as possible augmenting it, taking care that the ever watchful eye be not discovered. Fresh air and contact with the earth are great equalizers of the circulation, and of the physical forces, as are also wholesome physical exercises, and will have a tendency to relieve any local congestion.

The cold plunge bath every morning is also a salutary measure for the hysteria subject. She should be encouraged in some absorbing aim and ambition. If ambition is not strong in her nature, still the parent should insist upon her devoting her time and energies to the mastering of some study or profession, or even to the mastering of athletics, to keep the mental forces centralized, and the physical forces equalized. At certain delicate periods the mental strain should be suspended, and the young subject kept quiet and free of excitement, preferably in a recumbent position. The hysterical symptoms become more pronounced just before this time. Too often they are ignored, or are met with irritability by the one person in all the world who should know better—the mother. The mother should explain these conditions to her child, and see to the not sits bath and the mustard foot bath, seeking to direct the rampant forces rather than to suppress them.

The writer knows of one superb mother who so thoroughly understands these matters that when she sees the restless, irritable, unreasoning mood awakening in her daughter, she immediately clasps the girl in her arms, kisses away her peevishness, and commences a pretty teasing that results in a romp about the house between mother and daughter, until the latter, thoroughly tired out, is willing to lie down in the darkened room for a sleep, in order to give nature a chance. This was the exact antipodes of another case in which the child was met with violence of temper or ridicule, which developed in her an unhealthy aversion to her family, and her physical health deteriorated from lack of the proper treatment. Repression and irregularity in the natural processes are often the result of emotional repression. It is far better to let the child have her hysteria, as it is a measure of relief and expulsion; and, if possible, in a pleasant way, as in the case of the happy mother and daughter mentioned above.

Of course there are cases of hysteria which are partially the result of ego-mania. The patient wishes to draw attention to herself, and will resort to almost any means to do so. One case is recorded of a hysterical young woman who, every night, took a handful of small coal to her room, and threw it against her own window, promptly falling into a hysterical afterward. The matter was a source of mystery and concern to the family until the truth was accidentally discovered. Another woman would work herself into a crying hysteria, while her young husband knelt at her feet, patting her hands, and begging her to tell him what was the matter. The mother, who had an understanding of the case, one day dashed a glass of cold water into the patient's face. Indignation and cure resulted, spoiling the pretty love episode.

The Kansas City Star tells us of a case in which Rev. Anthony Kuhls of Kansas City, Kan., was once awakened about midnight by a man who beseeched the father to come to his home. "My wife is dying," said the man. "The doctor was there, and said there was no hope."

On arriving at the home, Father Kuhls was wise enough to see that the woman was suffering from a plain case of hysteria. He asked the family to leave the room, then locked the door. A fire was burning briskly in the grate. The priest took the poker, and wedged it in between the hot coals. He kept turning the poker in the embers, and pretended to be deeply absorbed in his task. The woman stopped her moaning and began to watch the priest.

"What are you going to do with that poker?" she asked finally.

"I'm going to brand you with it when it becomes hot enough," he said.

The woman leaped from the bed, and pleaded for mercy. The hysteria disappeared.

"Put on your apron, and go out and wash the supper dishes, and I won't brand you," said the priest.

She obeyed; and, according to Father Kuhls, never again suffered hysteria.

Germs Wear Out Clothes.

Clothes that cannot be washed should be brushed and aired very frequently as this keeps the germs out to a great extent. And as the air is filled with dust which contains the tiny germs, this dust naturally filters into the wrinkles of the outer garments, so that the germs from the outside attack clothes just as the bacteria from the body soil the under garments and tend to destroy them. A test of the truth of this may be found in tearing a bit of cloth that has been around in the dirt for a long time, without use in any manner. It will tear almost as easily as paper, because these acid-forming bacteria have got in their work.

Cleanliness Is Sanitation.

[Good Health:] A sanitary house is a clean house; not merely a cleaned-up but a kept-clean house. Dust is the chief hindrance to cleanliness. We cannot be rid of all dust, for dust is in all places, but we can be rid of much that we are accustomed to tolerate, and it is well worth while.

One authority states that a cubic inch of air in the open country contains 2000 dust particles; in cities,

over 3,000,000; while indoors in furnished and inhabited rooms the dust atoms are ten times as numerous. Even were these harmless, such dust-filled air is very poor breathing material.

And whence comes so much dust to our houses? Some comparatively harmless but undesirable dust in the form of ashes and soot gets to us through faulty construction and care of our heating apparatus. Most dust comes from outside sources. In cities the blame often rests upon municipal neglect. There is too much dust on the outside. The wind blows it in, careless occupants bring it in on feet and clothing, and when once in, there are innumerable fixtures and furnishings just fitted to catch and hold it.

made-to-order homes are more satisfactory than ready-made ones.

\$2500

FOR ONLY \$2500 WE CAN DESIGN AND BUILD THIS SEVEN-ROOM BUNGALOW.



UP-TO-THE-MINUTE IN CONVENIENCE, COMFORT, ARTISTIC QUALITIES AND LOW COST. COMPLETE WITH FIXTURES, STANDARD PLUMBING, HARDWOOD FLOORS, TILE MANTEL AND SIDEWALKS. LARGE CLOSETS, BUILT-IN BUFFET, ATTRACTIVE, COMPLETE AND WELL ARRANGED KITCHEN. A WRITTEN GUARANTEE GOES WITH OUR WORK. PLANS CAN BE ALTERED TO SUIT.

Call for our new BUNGALOW BOOK FREE at office, 35 cents by mail. Building loans made.

WESTON BUILDING COMPANY

666-697 Lankershim Bldg., 126 West Third St.

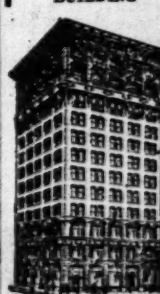
(Please bring this adv. when you call for bungalow book.)

BANK BY MAIL

5%

Interest Paid on Term Savings Accounts

HIBERNIAN BUILDING



No matter where you live you can bank at the Hibernian with the utmost convenience and receive the same interest on your savings as if you lived right here in Los Angeles. We pay 5 per cent on term savings deposits of any amount from \$1 up to \$5000. On sums of more than \$5000 we pay 4 per cent interest. 3 per cent on savings checking accounts. (Savings bank deposits are exempt from taxation.)

Los Angeles HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK

Hibernian Building Formerly Union Trust Bldg. S. E. Cor. Spring & 4th Sts. Los Angeles, Cal.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

ASK FOR BOUVIER'S

BUCHU GIN

THE ORIGINAL

There is Nothing On Earth Like It. A BOON FOR WOMEN. No Home Should Be Without It. That Great Tonic Beverage for the

KIDNEYS

(Sold By All Liquor Dealers) Be Sure to Get Bouvier's.



Housework MADE EASY EUREKA

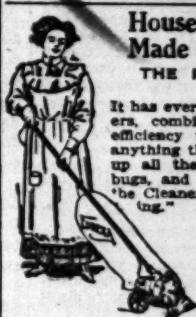
THE PERFECT ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

It has every advantage of the high-priced cleaners, combined with a lightness, strength and efficiency to be had in no other. Will make anything that is cleanable look like new. Takes up all the dust. Flies, spiders, fleas, moths, bugs, and all kinds of vermin disappear where the Cleaner is used in place of "regular sweeping."

LET ELECTRICITY DO IT

Before buying a cleaner, be sure and give it a trial. Write or phone us for free demonstration.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO. 408 West Eighth St., L. A., Cal. Home F4225, Broadway 4791



Norton for Man Power

—highest nerve efficiency, clear brain, vigorous digestion, child sleep. A distillation of plant essence. Druggists. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

Health of the Brain.

Development and the Persistency of Type Considered.

PROF. BOAS, of Columbia, has made the statement that children of foreign-born parents show, during earliest childhood, and throughout life a distinctly different physical formation, including a change in the shape of the skull. It would seem that his conclusions have aroused opposition in many quarters. Dr. Paul R. Radosavljevich, of New York University, in the Science Magazine takes issue with Prof. Boas, contending that under this theory the children would not inherit even acquired characteristics of the parents, but would have to acquire all of them. He says further that Prof. Boas seems to hold the belief that these children tend toward a single fixed type, and that his opposers are right in contending that there is no fixed type in America, "among the native born of many generations." For instance, the Jews, coming from every part of Europe, belong to every European nationality. Prof. Boas is accused of grouping them together as "round-headed," and characterizing their children in America as "longer-headed."

"There is nothing in the statistics gathered by Prof. Boas," says one paper, "to change the opinion of leading anthropologists that the form of the head is the most unchanging physical characteristic of the human body."

This statement is right, with qualifications. The head and skull are slower in their response to change than any other part of the body. Muscles may be built out by physical exercises, and the contour of limbs or trunk may be filled or reduced to symmetrical proportions. The blood vessels may be expanded by a full, free circulation through exercise, and living in the open air. The lungs may be developed by deep and complete respiration. The shape of the head may be influenced only in a slight degree by bodily conditions; and such changes as these effect pertain only to the lower part of the face, and the lower back part of the head. When the vitality of the body is increased these become somewhat fuller and heavier. Of course the brain has a generally greater power of activity in healthful bodily conditions.

But any radical change in the shape of the skull means that there has been a change in the shape of the brain beneath. And change in the shape of the brain means that that particular part in which the change has taken place has either deteriorated from disuse, or has developed by unaccustomed usage. And as the skull is, the continued pressure against it by the unusual exercise of some portion of the brain beneath, gradually changes its shape to make room for this new brain muscle and substance. The life principle itself, in all its persistence, is at work. It is known often to throw a stone wall out of shape, and eventually topple it, through the insistence of the most tender plant growths.

A child will not exactly reproduce the type of its progenitors. The emigrant, coming into new surroundings and new conditions of life, must himself undergo some modification in order to fit himself to the new environment. His mental horizon is broadened by new scenes, new experiences and new customs. His mind is given exercise of a new and unaccustomed character. The act of thinking exercises the fibres and minute muscles of the brain. A change, very slight, perhaps, takes place in the development and shape of the head. It may be so slight as to be practically imperceptible. But the parent in whom this change takes place, furnishes the tendency; and the shape of the progeny's skull is found to be further developed along the line of impulse. It is like and yet unlike that of the parent; and every year brings about a further dissimilarity. The child mingles with mixed associates, is educated in American schools, and under American institutions. He becomes a more complex mental type than his parent. Dr. Radosavljevich could not walk through any district where the foreign element habitates, and point out a single baby or half-grown child that absolutely reproduces the type of its progenitor, long-head or round-head. It is literally true that many foreigners who come of a race where there is great breadth between the ears will show modification of this development in succeeding generations after migration. The reason is obvious. The earlier type was produced by the necessity of physical aggressiveness for self-preservation. When self-preservation becomes more a matter of mental acumen than of brute force, the breadth of the head between the ears becomes modified, and the frontal development of the forehead more pronounced. And as intelligence increases, the standard of moral ethics is likely to become better; and the moral faculties, in the higher portion of the brain, push upward. This entire development would produce a head longer in proportion to its breadth than that of the progenitor. And this may be an explanation of Prof. Boas's statement.

However it be, exercise of the brain is as necessary to preserve the mental health, as exercise of the body is to the conservation of the physical health. The brain which is humored in idleness must inevitably deteriorate. There are unnumbered instances, especially among women, of great mental brightness and activity in youth, which, subsiding with the assumption of domestic duties, leaves the brain inert and incapable of sustained specific effort. Physical and moral deterioration are more marked when this is the result of lassitude. Those parts of the brain which the subject has ceased to exercise, or at least exercises very little, become flabby and passive, just as a muscle will become flabby from disuse, and less subject to the control of the will. This means that the cells

of that particular member are not in a healthy condition; that the blood is not circulating through it freely and feeding its tissues.

The brain is a wonder box given into the keeping of the individual, to do much as he may please with it. It cannot be done all at once, nor within a short time; but if the subject will persistently exercise the faculties of the mind in any desired direction, giving a certain amount of time each day to some certain study or studies, the valves will gradually open up, and every time they are exercised will show an increasing responsiveness.

The writer knows of a case where a man was lacking in perceptive development—that part of the brain which lies beneath the skull immediately above the eyes, and lends quickness and completeness in observation of all external objects. This man went to Edgar C. Beall, the eminent phrenologist, and had a cast made of this part of his forehead. Almost a depression in the perceptive region was noticeable. "I am coming back to you," the subject declared, "in two years. And I will have developed my perceptive faculties." He did as he had promised, having another cast made of his forehead. This time a fullness above the eyes was highly apparent. He had accomplished the development by simply using his eyes—looking at external objects specifically, and continually observing all of their details.

G. F. R.

Predigested Food and Dyspepsia.

[Nashville Tennessean:] The old saying, "Train up a child the way he should go" has been changed by leading medical experts, following various experiments and discoveries concerning digestion and indigestion, to "Train up a stomach the way it should grow."

And there seems to be a whole lot of common sense in this, as medical authorities have made it plain that a stomach trained to predigested foods cannot stand the healthy plain foods eaten and relished by the normally healthy man.

There is no more need for a normally healthy person to eat predigested foods than there is for a strong, healthy, straight-limbed man to go about with crutches. On the other hand, it is doing your physical self an injustice to stuff your stomach with predigested foods if you are strong and healthy. Your stomach is on duty solely to digest these foods, and if you are well your stomach needs the exercise of digesting just as much as you need the exercise of walking if you lead a sedentary life.

An example of the evils of giving healthy children too much predigested food is cited in a case where a baby came into the world in a strictly modern home under the best of conditions. Trained nurses watched over him, the nursery was kept dustless and spotless, tutors came to the immaculate study room to instruct him and he was kept in spotless white and away from the dirt in which the average youngster loves to play. His mother's health failed and the child was sent to his grandmother's. Before this he had been fed on sterilized milk and predigested foods. His grandmother, after the manner of most dear old-fashioned grandmothers, couldn't bear to hear the little chap tease for food, so she gave him a piece of pie, a doughnut, a banana and some rich cake. The pampered stomach rebelled and the child died!

An ordinary child could have eaten twice as much and suffered not at all, or merely with the usual stomach ache of childhood. But this child's stomach, although starting out healthy enough, had been forced to "go on crutches," as it were, by means of predigested foods and the like, until it was not strong enough or "exercised" enough in the matter of digesting to stand the hearty foods.

"My twelve-year-old twins are ill," a mother complained to a famous physician. "What do you suppose ails them? I am so careful of their diet, still they don't grow at all as they should. They have never tasted any gravies, nor any meat except a tiny bit of well roasted beef."

"Enough!" blustered the physician. "You are coddling them to death. I prescribe corned beef and cabbage. Good day!"

While the physician may not have been very diplomatic, he told the truth in a few words. When a stomach is healthy why coddle it and make it unhealthy?

According to Prof. Graham Lusk, a pint of meat extract contains no more nutritive elements than a pint of milk. You take a teaspoonful of the extract of meat and think it is helping you, yet you get no more actual nourishment out of it than you would out of a spoonful of milk. And how long could you live on a teaspoonful of milk at a time diet? Besides this, the meat extract costs \$2, the milk costs 5 cents.

For the normal person, juvenile or adult, anything which tends to limit or monotonize the diet has a bad effect upon the system. If you wish to make invalids of your children pamper their stomachs—take away the divine right of hearty meals, such as childish appetites crave—and take away the divine right of a Christmas or Thanksgiving stomach ache now and then, until their appetite juices cease to flow properly and they become dyspeptics.

For Bone-Setters.

[Harper's Weekly:] A recently-invented aluminum apparatus makes the most minute details of a fracture distinctly visible. Aluminum is no more an obstacle to the X-rays than clear glass is to the sight. As the metal is transparent to the rays the operating surgeon can examine the fracture without haste or difficulty, closing his apparatus only when every fragment has been put in place.

NATURAID

A PROVEN BALM FOR EVERY ILL.

CURING SYSTEM
WITH A Golden Rule(d) CONSCIENCEJ. Adolph (NaturAid) Petter
DECEITLESS, SKUMLESS AND KNIFELESS.

HEALING

PRACTISING IN LOS ANGELES FOR 15 YEARS, HENCE I AM



INDICALLY YOURS TO COMMAND FOR INDUCING IN YOU THE MOST VIGOROUS HEALTH, LOVELY FACE FORM AND CHARACTER, THE GREATEST WEALTH EARNEST OR BUSINESS EFFICIENCY AND THE LONGEST ATTAINABLE LIFE—A HUNDRED YEARS OR MORE—CONTINUALLY SURROUNDED WITH ALL THAT MAKES LIFE DELIGHTFULLY INTERESTING, PEACEFUL, HAPPY AND WORTH THE WHILE. WHY NOT?

INSTEAD OF YOUR TELLING A DOCTOR WHAT AILS YOU, KEEP SILENT, AND MAKE HIM KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT HIS BUSINESS TO TELL YOU. JUST LEAVE IT TO ME AND NATURE. YOU, WHOM I INDUCE TO CURE YOUR AILING-HUMAN NATURE BY EVERY KNOWN METHOD OF NATURAL HEALING EVER DEvised. MAY I CALL NATURAL LAW TO YOUR AID?
525-527-529-531-533 FANTASIES THEATRE BLDG.
536 South Broadway.

R UPTURE
HERNIA
CURED

M ISPLACED
WOMB
CURED

TRUSSES strictly constructed to measure only as well as every other required supporting or orthopedic appliance.

Correct Eye Glasses

Cure Headaches, Eye and Nerve Strain, Blurring of Vision, Floating Spots Before the Sight.

Being president of the Los Angeles Optical College in this city and teaching others the profession for the last 10 years we ought to be able to give better satisfaction than 3 months' graduates in Optometry. After graduating in the best schools of medicine in this country, we had the advantage of study in the best schools of Ophthalmology in Europe, graduating from the University of Vienna.

FREE TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. Joseph Cook, druggist, on Downey avenue, says: "I have been fitted by the most eminent oculists in this city, but I never knew what sight and comfort glasses could afford until I had Dr. C. C. Logan fit my eyes with his special ground-to-fit glasses. His prices were very reasonable."

DR. LOGAN, 315 S. SPRING ST.

Try Our Home Cure for Chronic Constipation



We can say with candor that electricity, combined with dilatation as we apply it, is the most natural, simple and curative remedy known to the world.

Our appliances are sold under a positive guarantee. Four dilators and one battery constitute a complete set. If you suffer from Constipation, Piles, Rheumatism, Nervousness or Poor Circulation, write and we will gladly send you our free booklet, which fully explains our treatment, or if convenient call and let us explain the merits of our appliances. Do not buy something just as good; insist on the best and only electric dilators. ELECTRIC-SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO., 408 E. W. Hellman Bldg., 411 South Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

DO YOUR FEET HURT?

Then immediate and lasting comfort is guaranteed if you come to me. Treatment is positively painless. If you have a foot ache or pain bring it to me—relief assured or no pay. Examination free.

DURANT, THE FOOT SPECIALIST,
406 Consolidated Realty Bldg.,
Corner Sixth and Hill Sts., Los Angeles.

ASTHMA Full test free. I cured my Asthma—no relapse—no return of the disease, and have cured so many others with THIRIACA that I offer FULL TEST prepared for each sufferer. Neither FAITH nor BELIEF is required—test it yourself. For immediate relief of the spasm and curative treatment, visit the ASTHMA CLINIC, suite 425 Union League Bldg., corner Second and Hill streets. Hours, 11 to 12, and 2 to 4. I SPECIALIZE Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Rheumatism. If out of city, write.

W. F. Thurston, M.D.; M.R.C.S., Eng.
(Formerly of Hot Springs, Ark.)

Special attention to Diseases of the Skin, Kidney, Bladder and Prostate. Chronic Diseases, 211 1/2 South Spring St. Rooms 10-11-12.
Office Hours—10-12, 2-4 and 6-8 to 7-30.

Exercise and Cell-flushing. Essential to Inspiration and General Circulation.

ONE of the paramount objects of exchanges is to send the blood coursing vigorously into every part of the body. Almost any exercise, undertaken with interest and energy, will increase and deepen the inspiration, this in itself stimulating the action of the blood. But after the ordinary exercises, for bringing into play every part of the muscular system, have been accomplished, a few may be added for the purpose of altering the main blood pressure, and thoroughly flushing the blood vessels in every part of the body.

Assume a sitting posture on the floor, with the feet extended close together straight before you, and the hands loosely clasped in the lap. Lower the body until you lie flat on the back. Remain that way for a time, then rise slowly without assistance of the hands. Repeat these movements a number of times. The main weight and pressure of blood is in the back of the recumbent limbs, body and head. Incidentally, this exercise strengthens the spine.

Lie flat on the face, with the palms on the floor. Holding the body absolutely stiff, raise and lower it by the arms alone. This also must be done a number of times. Do not be discouraged if this cannot be accomplished at once. A little practice will make it possible. Look at your face in the mirror afterward, and note the liquid, fresh, pink appearance of the complexion. The blood vessels of the face have been thoroughly flushed and refreshed, and the cuticle revitalized. This exercise, persisted in morning and evening, will bring about a decided improvement in the complexion.

Lie on the left side, placing the left forearm at right angles with the body, underneath it, and about parallel with the breast, palm downward. Bring the right palm to the floor beside it. Raise and lower the body, keeping it perfectly stiff. When it comes down, allow the head to sink to the floor. Repeat the exercise, lying on the right side.

Kneel on the floor, with the body and upper limbs straight, the arms extended above the head. Sink the body back as far as possible, letting the hands back to support it. Eventually you will be able to touch the floor with your head. Then bring the body forward, touching the floor with the head in front.

Still kneeling, bend the body as far as possible to one side, letting the hand come to the floor, the head following, and touching sideways. Bring the body to position, and bend to the other side.

Place the feet and the palms of the hand on the floor, with the body held straight, face upward, the length of the lower leg from the floor. Without bending the body, bring it forward knees first, until they touch the floor. Then raise the body upright, on the knees, still keeping it straight, the hands above the head. Bring the hands forward to the floor, letting the rigid body down until it lies extended flat on the face. Raise it, still keeping it rigid, until it is once more upright on the knees; then throwing the hands back to the floor, catch the body as it descends backward, gradually raising it from the knees, until it is in the first position. This may be repeated as often as desired.

In a kneeling position, facing the wall, place the head and hands on the floor, with something soft beneath them; throw the body up over the head as in turning a somersault, until the feet are against the wall. Then try to raise the entire body with the arms. It may take days to accomplish the feat, because it is not well to remain long at one time in this position. The mere position, without raising the body, is sufficient to thoroughly flush that part of the brain which becomes so painful to the intellectual worker when there is not a sufficient flow of blood to the part to adequately sustain its labor. The lifting of the body in this position is merely an additional exercise for the splendid development of shoulders, arms, and chest.

Care must be taken in all of these exercises to guard against inadvertent slips or twists that might result seriously.

To Live 100 years.

[Nashville Tennessee:] A great scientist, Dr. Alexis Carrel, has shown by some wonderful experiments that it is possible to take away portions of the body, such as the heart or the kidney or the muscular tissue, cultivate them in a glass tube and keep them alive weeks and months. He has, for example, kept a piece of the heart of a chick pulsating for eighty-five days. From this he concludes that "permanent life is not impossible."

The question really is not so much whether it is possible to prolong life as whether it is desirable.

Permanent life has long ago been demonstrated. Some lower forms of plant life have a continuous existence, which seems to be terminated only by accidental causes. There are parent plant bodies that live through many divisions, and seemingly indefinitely, yet they never seem themselves to suffer natural death.

This is true also of certain of the higher plants, some of which attain giant size. The famous dragon tree which Humboldt discovered many years ago, and which was overthrown in a storm in 1883, was then examined and was calculated to have lived several thousand years. There is a baobab tree growing in Cape Verde which is computed to be at least 8150 years old.

There are many fishes, birds and reptiles which live well into the centuries—several centuries, some of

them. The age of a pair of tortoises up in the Bronx Park has been placed at three centuries.

As a general rule (which, of course, has its exceptions) the duration of life decreases as the complexity of the organism increases; the finer and nobler a being must be the shorter lived.

It is estimated that any creature's natural duration of life is six or seven times that of its period of growth. A man's growth is generally attained by his adolescence—about the fourteenth year. So by this estimation our span of life should be rather five score than three score and ten. And, indeed, centenarians are not as rare as many would believe. In France nearly 150 people die every year after having lived a century or more. And in Eastern Europe the number of those who live to 100 years is still greater—in Greece nine times as many as in France.

The great French physician, Metchnikoff, has attributed such longevity in part, at least, to soured milk, the kind Abraham offered to his guest, as narrated early in Genesis; the guest, Bible readers will recall, found that this milk "was good."

Preserve the Balance.

[Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette:] Pain due to neuritis, sciatica, rheumatism or injury is relieved, and in the incipient stages of "cold" where there is sneezing, coryza, and sensations of chilliness, the hot bath is almost a positive relief. Muscular spasm (as we well know in the convulsions of children) is almost certainly helped, the lymphatics are urged on to duty and the kidneys are relieved of work, while every organ in the body is given only its proper amount of work to do. If one organ shirks its duty, or is unable to perform what is normally required of it, other organs suffer.

Now some organs can do their own work, and what is thrust upon them by diseased or otherwise inadequate neighbors, without suffering very much or disturbing the circulatory equilibrium of the body, but others cannot. The liver is a good-natured organ and will do an immense amount of work without striking. But the kidneys quickly resent an imposition. If the skin and lymphatics refuse to act freely, the kidneys soon break down; they utterly refuse to share burdens with the liver and pancreas. So, in the long run, is it with the liver, the pancreas and finally with the heart, although this organ stands a great deal of abuse, and will always renew its youth if it has a good chance.

Hope and Health.

[Thomas J. Allen:] If a dozen criminals were confined in a room, limiting the air supply to about a third the normal amount, but so sterilized that no consumption germs could pass into the room, although it were normal air in other respects, and if no one were allowed to go near enough to communicate a bacillus of tuberculosis, while they were fed on such a ration as the average American eats; and if they were allowed to exercise only to a limited extent, within a few years one or more would develop consumption, one or more would die of cancer, or apoplexy or paralysis, or of pneumonia. If one of those men should be allowed to exercise systematically, should be restricted to a diet of whole-wheat bread and water, and should be impressed with the belief that he should live and be liberated at the end of five years, he would survive in as good health as the average person who had a much better supply of air but who did not exercise as well and who fed viciously, notwithstanding the fact that the supply of air is inferior.

The Summer Dietary.

[The Hygienist:] In the spring, on account of the warm weather, the system is unable to use the same quantity of heavy food as during the winter. Since food which cannot be used is always a burden and a menace to the body, to have health and a normal amount of physical and mental energy, the food supply at this time must be materially reduced. Failure to do this will overwork the body organs and lower the disease-resisting power. Spring fever, which is unimportant except as it indicates that something is wrong, is caused in this way; while many of the spring and summer diseases are the direct result of these habits of eating. The man who has spring fever is usually the man who gets run down as the hot weather comes on, and who frequently falls a victim of the diseases peculiar to the season.

The practical application of these facts is this: Cut down your heavy foods until you have struck a balance between supply and demand. When you have done this you will possess the vigor and energy that is seen everywhere in nature at this season of the year.

Health and Muscular Activity.

[Dr. Frank E. Dorchester, in Health Culture:] Man's muscles show he is destined for an active existence. Only through activity can health be retained or regained. "By the sweat of thy brow, shall ye earn thy bread" might be transposed "Only by the combustion created through exercise, and the consequent increase in circulation, excretion, vitality and absorption, can health be maintained." Whether a man be a manual or a mental laborer, physical exercise is absolutely essential to the best efforts of either. Do not therefore allow your bodily or mental vigor to deteriorate, but make up your mind to start exercising today and ensure health and wealth. Keep always before you that your physical fitness is not merely a duty to yourself, but to your family, and above all to your country, for a Nation's greatest asset is her people, and the condition of that people.

Develop Your Bust in 15 Days

A Full Firm Bust is Worth More to a Woman Than Beauty

I don't care how thin you are, how old you are, how fallen and flaccid are the lines of your figure or how flat your chest is. I can give you a full firm, youthful bust quickly, that will be the envy of your fellow-women and will give you the allurements of a perfect womanhood that will be irresistible.

They say there is nothing new under the sun but



Develop Bust New Way

I have perfected a treatment that I want to share with my sisters

What it did for me it can and will do for you, and I now offer it to you. Others offer to build up your figure with drugs, greasy skin foods, creams, dieting, massage and expensive instruments and devices. I have done away with all these injurious methods and have given a legion of women a luxuriant natural development by a treatment never before offered the public. No massaging, nothing to take, nothing to wear.

Why be skinny, scrawny, flat and unattractive? I claim to be the highest priced artist's model in the United States, and what I did for myself I do for you.

I don't care what your age may be, I ask only that you be at least sixteen and not an invalid, and I will undertake to develop your bust in two weeks. All I ask is five or ten minutes of your time every day.

Write Me Today for My Treatment

It will only cost you a penny for a postcard and I will mail you this wonderful information in a plain cover so that no one will know your secret.

Don't let a false pride and silly sense of shame keep you from enjoying to the full the charms you should have to be a perfect specimen of womanhood. Let me help you. Your communication shall be held in absolute confidence and secrecy. Write me today.

ELOISE RAE

1325 Michigan Avenue, Suite 1243
CHICAGO, ILL.

Glasses Rightly Fitted

We fit glasses for you and guarantee satisfaction in every detail. Twenty years experience. Seven years in Los Angeles. Specialty made of Toric and Kryptok lenses.

C. L. McCLEERY

Ophthalmic Optician
455 So. Broadway
Over Owl Drug Store

with her skill through her decorations in the Church of All Angels in that city, where an altar in mosaic, designed by her, represents the ascension, with two curving side pieces representing the Heavenly Hosts.

The floats in the great pageant in Philadelphia, celebrating its 25th anniversary, were all designed and painted under Miss Oakley's personal supervision. It was a colossal work, and she had but ten weeks in which to make all of her plans, and to complete all work. Experts declared its accomplishment impossible. But Miss Oakley undertook, and successfully completed, the tremendous task on schedule time. An army of laborers, artisans, artists, modelers, costumers and actors were at work under her supervision. But the one woman planned all of the innumerable floats, and was the directing mind of the entire work.

La Esposa y Madre Chiquita.

And Her Wise and Timely Observations About Familiar Things.

BY GENEVIEVE FARNELL-BOND.

I. DO'S AND DON'T'S FOR THE "GOOD WOMAN."

CULTIVATE generosity with your goodness. Learn to appreciate and love a beautiful woman, whether you are or are not beautiful. One of the most lovable women in the world is a great beauty, who, when she meets another beautiful woman, burns incense at her shrine. There is ample incense for all beauties, even in clusters. One star differeth from another in glory.

Tear from your heart the ugly, marring quality of suspicion. Be even ready to doubt that seeing is believing. How many of your kind have condemned, and thrown the tarnish of your own souls upon the innocent name, through some absurdly small circumstance!

Be sure that the woman who is quick to suspect another of guilt hath sinned in her own soul, be she ever so pure of body. The clean, innocent mind does not carry the thought of foulness.

Learn to know yourself, and to realize that much which you would classify as righteous indignation and condemnation has its source in the most human qualities of envy, jealousy, and your own thwarted passions and emotions.

If you have a set of rigid, narrow, conventional ideas, rules and regulations, lay them down for yourself, and follow them if it please you. But do not exact that others shall follow them also. This is the height of arrogance. It is like exacting that a queenly woman of stature should don the garb of a child of 6.

When you do meet the woman who is "bad," according to your standards, treat her gently. She may need the love of such a woman as you. Do not cram your narrow creed down her throat. Show her the wide love, the nobility and beauty of purity. If she sees it shining through your personality, it will do more to lift her from the dust than if you show her the stern, forbidding face of judgment. Remember the Nazarene.

Never thank God that you are not as other women. You know not the day nor the hour when the basest of human emotions may present themselves in your heart under the luring mask of Love.

When you wish to bring up your boys and girls in ignorance of the laws of life, and of their own beings, the first book you must hide is the Old Testament. It may give rise to embarrassing questions.

Do not congratulate yourself that you have kept the facts of Nature from your children because you yourself have told them nothing, and because your puritanical attitude has forbidden their confidence. You are not the alpha and omega of revelation to them. The law of the preservation of the species is more potent and persistent than you. If you do not teach them the law, tintured with purity from the lips of a good woman, they will learn it in a more tarnished form—yes, even in the years of their childhood. Your children are in the same mold and clay as other children—neither better nor worse. Do not conceive that what may not exist in you cannot possibly exist in them.

Beware of repulsing and chilling the warm heart of him who has given you his name, and made you queen of his hearth. A little coyness will lure and please him; coldness will turn him from you.

Beware of taking your recreations apart from him—of spending your summers away in some delightful spot, while he toils at the wheel. And if you do so, be brave enough to abide by the consequences.

Cultivate the virtues of humility, charity and love. The truly good woman is too often unbearably intolerant, conceited, and self-sufficient. Spiritual vanity is the most incurable and intrusive vanity of all vices.

In fine, be assured that the truly good woman is not conscious of her goodness; and she is the finest flower in God's garden.

II. THE STAR CHILD.

Blustering winds blow out of the West.
Shaking the windows; away in the night
Glitters Aldebaran's far ruddy light.
Clinging and curled in his soft warm nest,
Close to a love-laden, brooding breast,
Peering afar at that star all bright.

The scion of numberless aeons lies—
Yet not so old that the still surprise
Of dawn has fled from his mystic eyes.
"I lived in that star world in ages past,
Before you were mine," he whispered, "but cast
My love through the silence, seeking you, dear,
Until your love caught me. Lo—I am here!"

III. BABY'S BOWELS.

Baby's diarrhoea is generally a sign of intestinal inflammation, mainly caused by unsuitable feeding. It is kept up by lack of nourishment, which is a usual sequence. The baby has not been digesting his milk, and will pass it in curdled, putty-like lumps, with a little acid greenish discharge from the intestines. When this lasts for any length of time, it is exceedingly wasting, and baby is said to have consumption of the bowels. But he has not. He is simply the poor little victim of ignorance. Too often the milk diet is continued in these cases, when it should be promptly abandoned, and some other dietary substituted; for baby has shown plainly that he is not properly digesting his milk.

The unfortunate little one is too often dosed with opiates, soothing syrups, or vegetable astringents—such as aromatic powders—when he will very promptly get worse, and is likely to die. He will vomit, and sink into an exhausted state because of lack of nourishment.

The cow's milk must be discontinued, and some other dietary which will afford nourishment, substituted. Following is a diet professionally recommended: Beat up the white of an egg with half a pint of water, sweetened with sugar, and adding a little milk. Alternate feeds may consist of whey, made with rennet and milk and cream. No ordinary, undiluted cow's milk may be given. The food should be administered in small quantities quite frequently—perhaps every hour and a half to two hours according to the conditions, which must be watched. Baby should remain quiet. His stomach, bowels and feet should be kept comfortably warm. When the curds have all been discharged from his bowels, he will begin to respond to his nourishment, and recovery will be rapid.

IV. WISDOM IN WOMEN'S WAYS.

An excellent home-made floor polish is recommended by the Philadelphia Times, consisting of plain beeswax and turpentine. The proportions are to every pint of beeswax three pints of turpentine. The beeswax must be cut into small pieces and put into a pan. Set the pan into another vessel of boiling water, and allow the beeswax to melt thoroughly. This must then be removed from the fire and mixed thoroughly with the turpentine—at a very respectful distance from the fire.

Here is such a simple suggestion for transporting hats in a trunk that all of us must wonder why "we haven't thought of it before." A cone of firm cardboard is made, covered with scented wadding, with an outer covering of silk. It may be Dresden silk, or any other dainty variety, garnished with little bows. This simple device will fling defiance in the teeth of the baggage smasher.

Somebody suggests the use of a stocking under the bathing cap, to keep the hair dry while in bathing. Use a woolen stocking, as it best absorbs the water. Tie a knot in the center of the stocking; then drawing the hair all up from the face and neck, adjust the knot at the back of the head, and stretch the stocking around lengthwise, tying over the forehead. The rubber bathing cap may then be pulled down over the hair, with the edges of the rubber bands covering the stocking folds. This makes the rubber cap fit much closer than if the stocking were not underneath, and any water that may seep through is quickly absorbed.

A simple, pretty pattern, by which a quantity of inexpensive gowns may be made at home, has a tunic, consisting of a blouse, low-necked and short-sleeved, with peplum joined; and a skirt made of two pieces, with self-trimming of four puffs and finishing flounce at the bottom. The tunic is edged with puffs of the same goods, and is worn over a lace yoke. The frock may be made of white silk, flowered cotton voile, or any other summery fabric; and the yoke may be as fine or inexpensive as you please. It is pretty in sheer white organdie, over a white silk underdress.

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times, July 2, 1912.]

THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., southwest; velocity, 8 miles. Thermometer, highest, 74 deg.; lowest, 55 deg. Forecast: Fair Tuesday, high fog in the morning; light east wind, changing to west.

TO INQUIRERS.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. Those desiring personal advice should write to the editor of the department for particulars. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

TO FAR-AWAY READERS: One distinct object of the publishers is to make the Illustrated Weekly a publication intensely interesting and positively valuable, not only to California and Pacific Coast people, but to distant readers—to eager and intelligent men and women in New England, New York, Canada, the Middle States, the Central West, Europe and Mexico—all of whom can keep themselves in touch with this great empire of the Southwest, by regularly reading the Illustrated Weekly. Being of a permanent character, complete in itself, it is particularly well suited to the needs of readers at a distance seeking a "net" California weekly instead of the more ephemeral sheets of a daily paper. For the very moderate yearly subscription price, \$2.00, postpaid, the subscriber is supplied within the year with more than 3000 large, handsomely-printed pages filled to the brim with good reading.

From and after this date, every person, whether a new or an old subscriber, who signs a contract subscribing for the Daily and Sunday Times, including the Illustrated Weekly, for one year—all costing \$5 payable quarterly in advance—will receive an EXTRA COPY FREE of the Illustrated Weekly, and for \$3 cash in advance, the Weekly will be sent free for twelve months.

[39]

Can't Sleep? Can't Eat?

Do you need more BLOOD? Do you need richer BLOOD? TAKE MAG-PO-TINE.

Are you CONSTIPATED? Are you NERVOUS? TAKE MAG-PO-TINE.

Are you troubled with your STOMACH? Are you troubled with INDIGESTION? TAKE MAG-PO-TINE.

Are you troubled with RHEUMATISM? ACES, PAINS AND HEADACHES? TAKE MAG-PO-TINE.

MAG-PO-TINE is normalized OCEAN WATER—the latest Scientific discovery of this progressive age.

Send for our booklet, a Scientific treatment with NATURE'S ELEMENTS for revitalizing the system.

MAG-PO-TINE MFG. CO.
803 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

BECKLEY & MCCREA,
332 Citizens National Bank Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Cal.



Are You Suffering From Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken Down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc.?

Call On Us for Relief.

There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat foot that are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent. of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supports are made by perfect measurements, and are guaranteed to relieve every case. WESTERN ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCE CO., 731 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

WHY BE SICK?

Our famous Herbal Remedies are well known all over the American continent for their marvelous curative properties especially in the following Diseases: Dropsy and Gallstones where given up as hopeless. Tumors, Cancers, Old Sores and Rupture without the knife. Hundreds of cases considered hopeless have been restored to health. Tumors and supposed malignant growths of the female organs and other troubles common to women can be successfully treated without operations. The heart when so far exhausted that breathing is an effort and great weakness is experienced; stomach troubles so severe as to be pronounced Cancer or Ulcer are quickly overcome. Valuable Book FREE. Write today.

All Nervous, Blood, Skin, Kidney and Liver diseases successfully treated. Tape and all other Worms removed. 15 Years in Los Angeles. Write or Call. FOUNTAIN OF LIFE HERBAL MEDICINE CO., 114 E. Fourth St., Los Angeles, Cal. Phone F2333. F. E. Chamberlain, Proprietor.



THE DEAF CAN HEAR

Ordinary tones, easily, comfortably with the aid of the STOLZ ELECTROPHONE, the standard hearing device. We give 30 days' trial on rental before purchase. Used by thousands. Write or call.

Stolz Electrophone Co. 330 Central Bldg. Sixth and Main.



RUPTURE CURED

Or Will Make You a Truss
NaturAID PETTER
202 Pantages Theater

DR. FRANK LAMB WILLSON

NATUROPATHIC PHYSICIAN

Practice limited to Eye and Nerve Disorders. Suite 422 and 423 Exchange Bldg., Cor. 3rd and Hill Sts., City. A8418. Formerly 340 Bradbury Bldg.

MENTAL AND NERVOUS CASES

Permanently restored to normal by rational scientific process of definite efficiency in conditions of Nervous Anxiety, Phobias or Fears, Obsessions, Hypnotic Influence, Dissociation of Personality, Delusions, Hallucinations, Mania, Perversions, and other disorders of mind or function. Commitment to institution permanently prevented. Difficult cases especially desired.

Haydon Rochester, M. D., Psychopathologist

1532 ORANGE STREET, SUITE 104.

Hours 2 to 4 and by appointment. Phone, Willsboro 2302.



THE WAY TO HEALTH

512 Bryson Bldg. 145 S. Spring St.
Free Health Talks every Thursday, 2:30 p.m. 400-page Hygiene Book free. Dora B. Smart Ramsdell, Manager. Hours 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. A2319, Bdw 5943.

FEET ailments are numerous. Why suffer when these can be corrected? I make special appliances for bunions, deformed toes, weak ankles, rheumatic feet, broken instep and painful heel (Bursitis). Other diseases common to and upon the feet removed antiseptically. DR. HOWELL, Chiropodist. 244 Mason Bldg., FOURTH and BROADWAY. Home F1929; Second Main 1232. Lady attendant. Instruction given in Chiropody.

Your Living Cost---

- May be increased in some ways—but the people who are buying *Bis-Bis* Crackers are paying the same price for them today they did three—five—ten years ago.
- No increase in the cost of living for buyers of *Bis-Bis* Crackers. The cost of the materials used in the making—which are always the best that can be bought—the cost of the package, label and labor have all increased, but this cracker that is always above par in quality, freshness and goodness, still sells for five cents a package.
- You would enjoy to the fullest one meal a day of fresh, crisp *Bis-Bis* Crackers and a glass of milk or a little cheese—and the cost will be almost nothing.



BISHOP & COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

Advertised by its loving friends



Rich
Aromatic
Delicious

The Test of Time



From the Cellar Crock to the

Baldwin

Dry Air Refrigerators

BALDWIN'S have been the leading Refrigerator for the past 35 years, because they are the

Coldest, Sweetest, Dryest Refrigerator Made



*Takes Much Less Ice
Keeps the Food Colder*

Honestly Built

*At Moderate
Prices*

\$8 to \$225

James W. Hellman